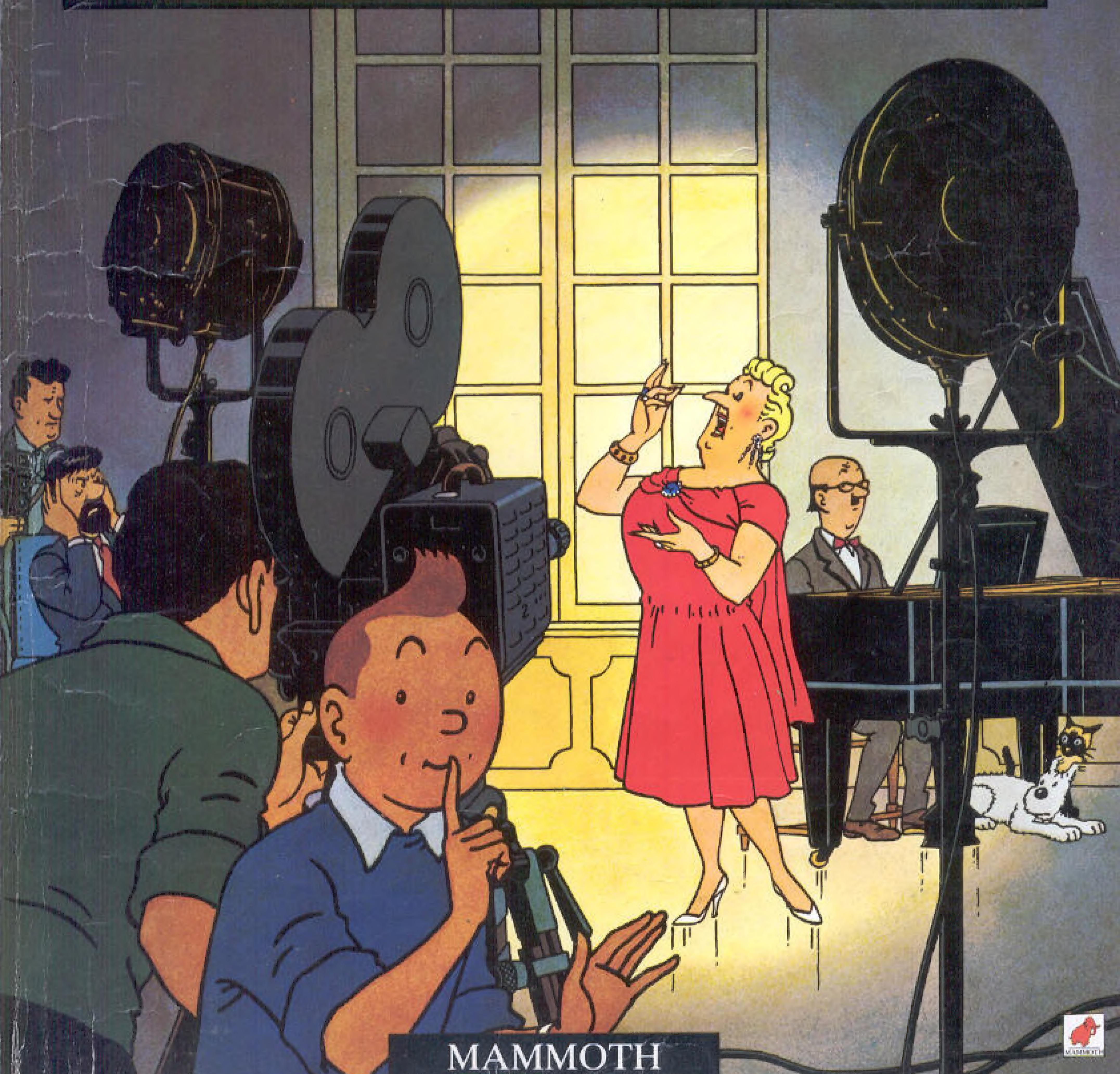


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN



# THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



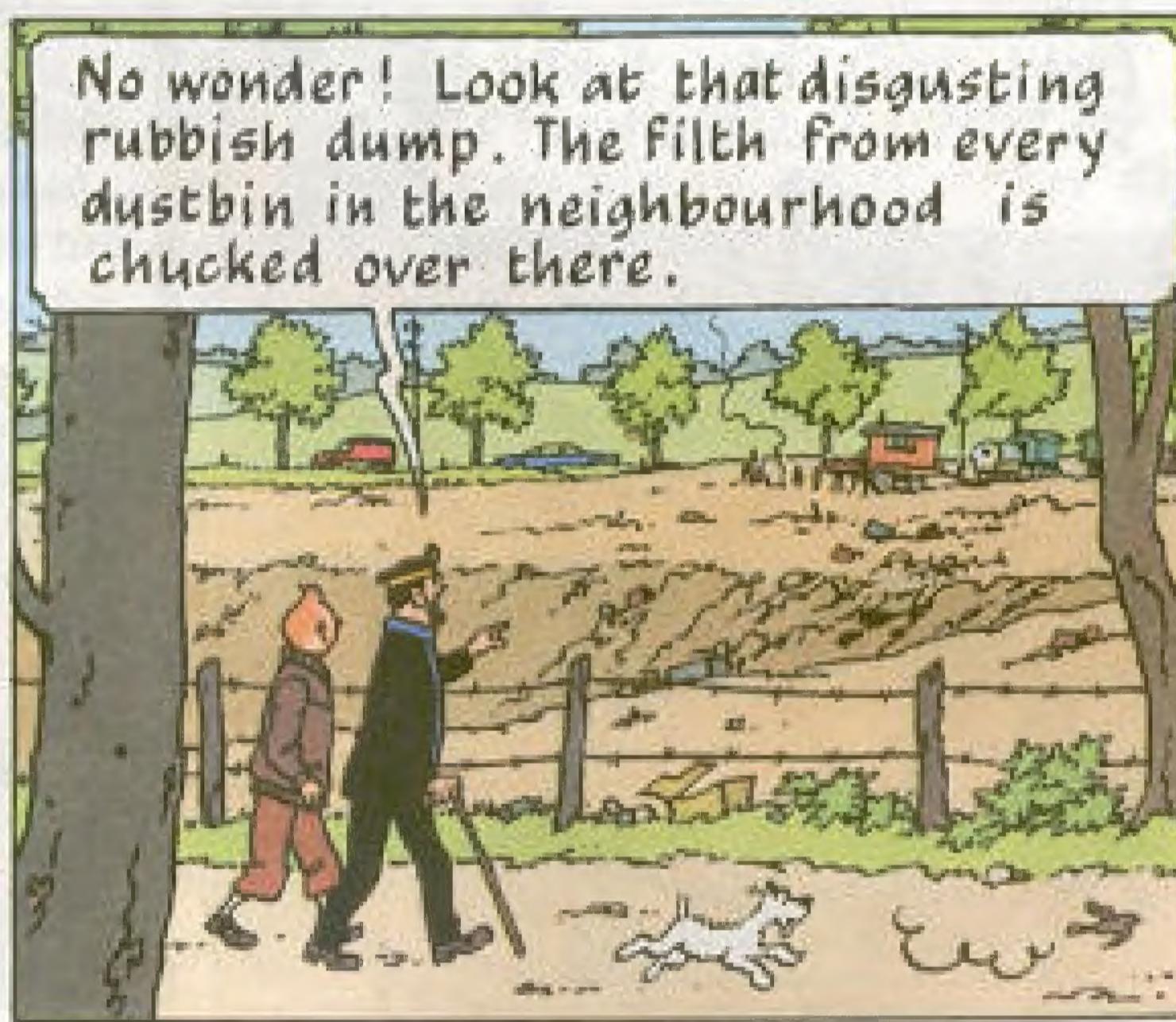
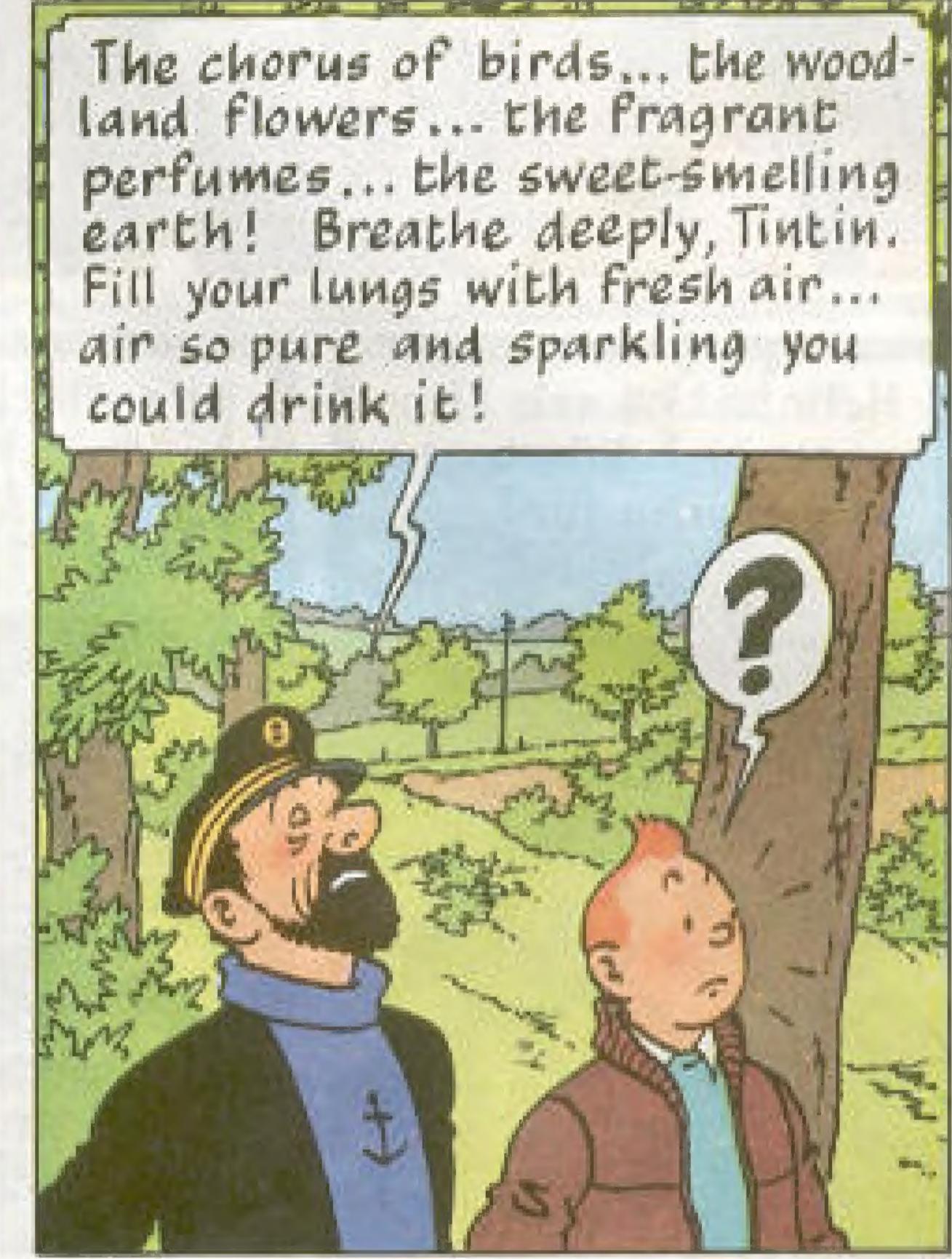
MAMMOTH

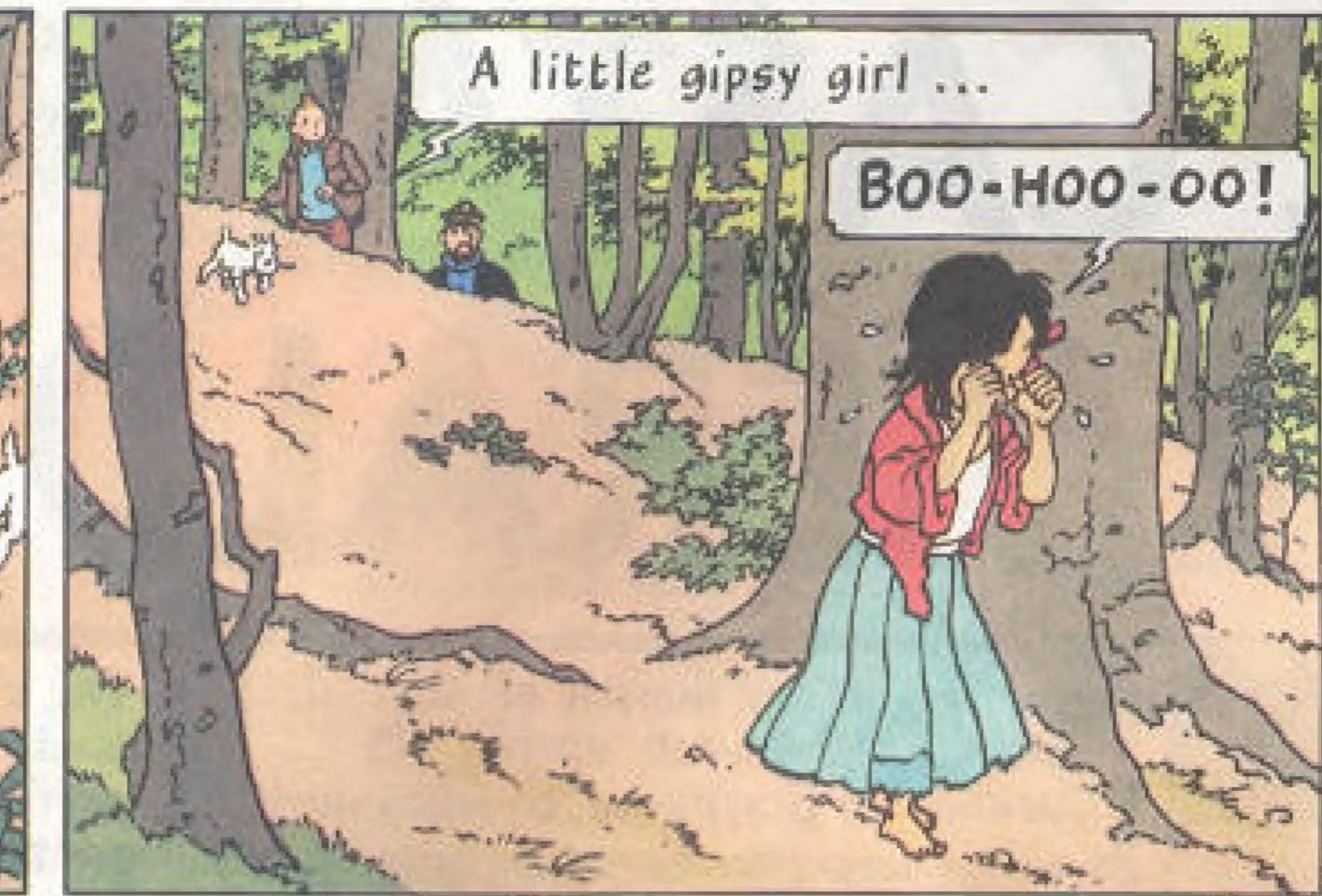


# THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

Acc No : 146

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I. I. T., KHARAGPUR





Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree-root.

You haven't cut yourself, have you?... No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a jump, that's all. Little goose!

Please, don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother... Can you stand up?

KILIKILIKILI!

O.K. now?

A few minutes later...

Mama!

Miarka!

To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!

I know.

Good day to you!

We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she...er...she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.

You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!

No, thanks. Definitely not!

Er... It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.

A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!

Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune... you cross my palm with silver...

No, no! Please leave me alone!

OOOOOH!

What is it?... Tell me!

Trouble!

Well, if that's all you can see, I can tell your fortune, too!



You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious... I see you in a carriage... AAAH! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH!... A terrible disaster...

Go on, go on!



The jewels are gone... vanished!... stolen! You cross my palm with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, no! That's enough! Let go of my hand!



Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune! ... The jewels will disappear!

Me too!... That's enough mumbo-jumbo for one day.



Well, goodbye, and take care of that little cherub. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rubbish-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...



D'you think we're here because we like it? D'you imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth?

You mean...



Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this gajo.

Me, a gajo?



That's what we call anyone who isn't a Romany... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

So that's it!

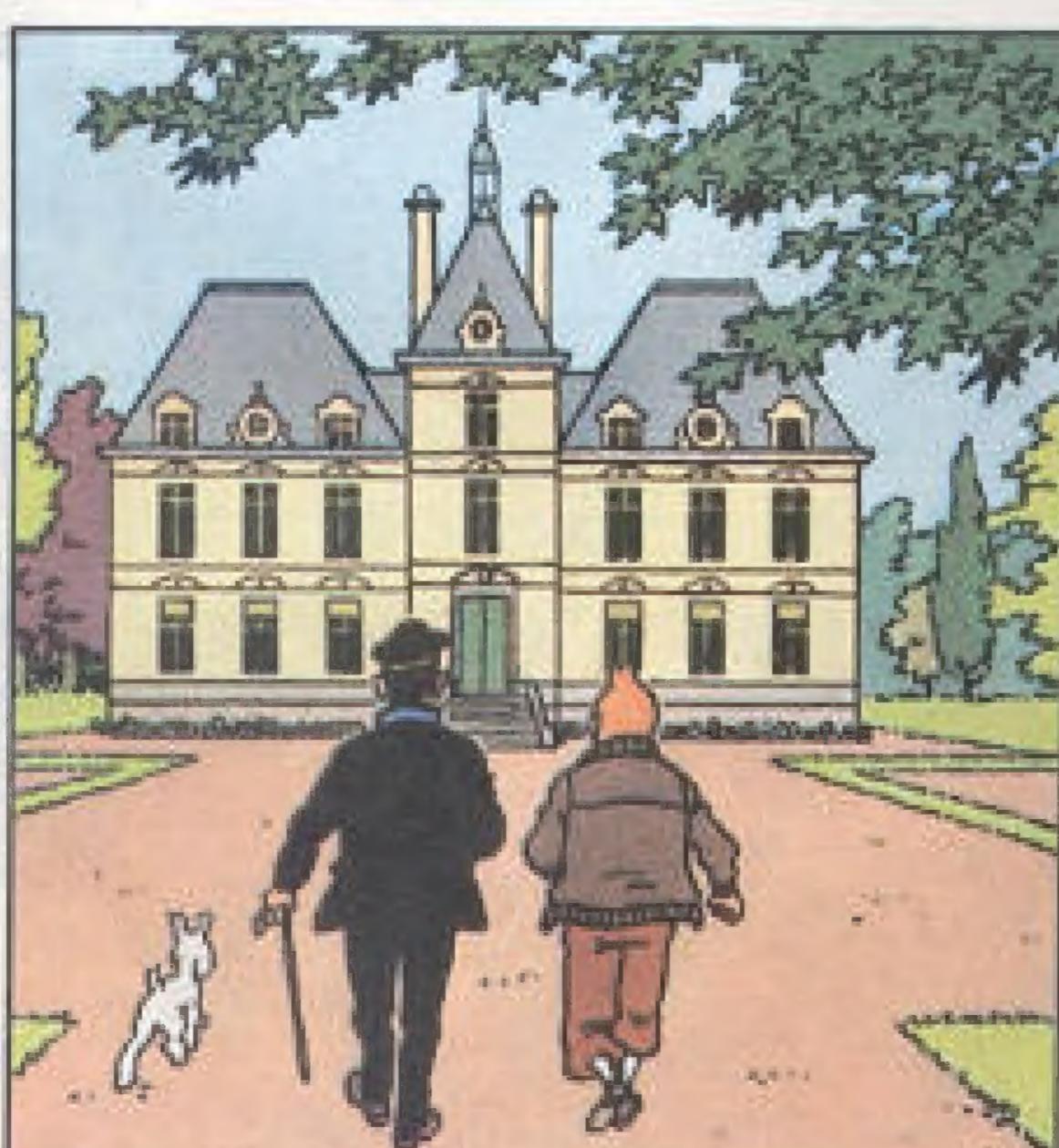


Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You're not staying here!... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.



Making people live on a dung-heap like this. It's revolting!

I'm glad you could help them.



Poor Professor!... Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!



I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...



Hello?... Hello? Mr. Bolt?... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir, ... Not at all, sir.



Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tiresome... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When? ... Well, yes, I... I'll come along...er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.



That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink: the fresh air makes me thirsty!... All well, Tintin?



What a nice lad he is.



Bianca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!



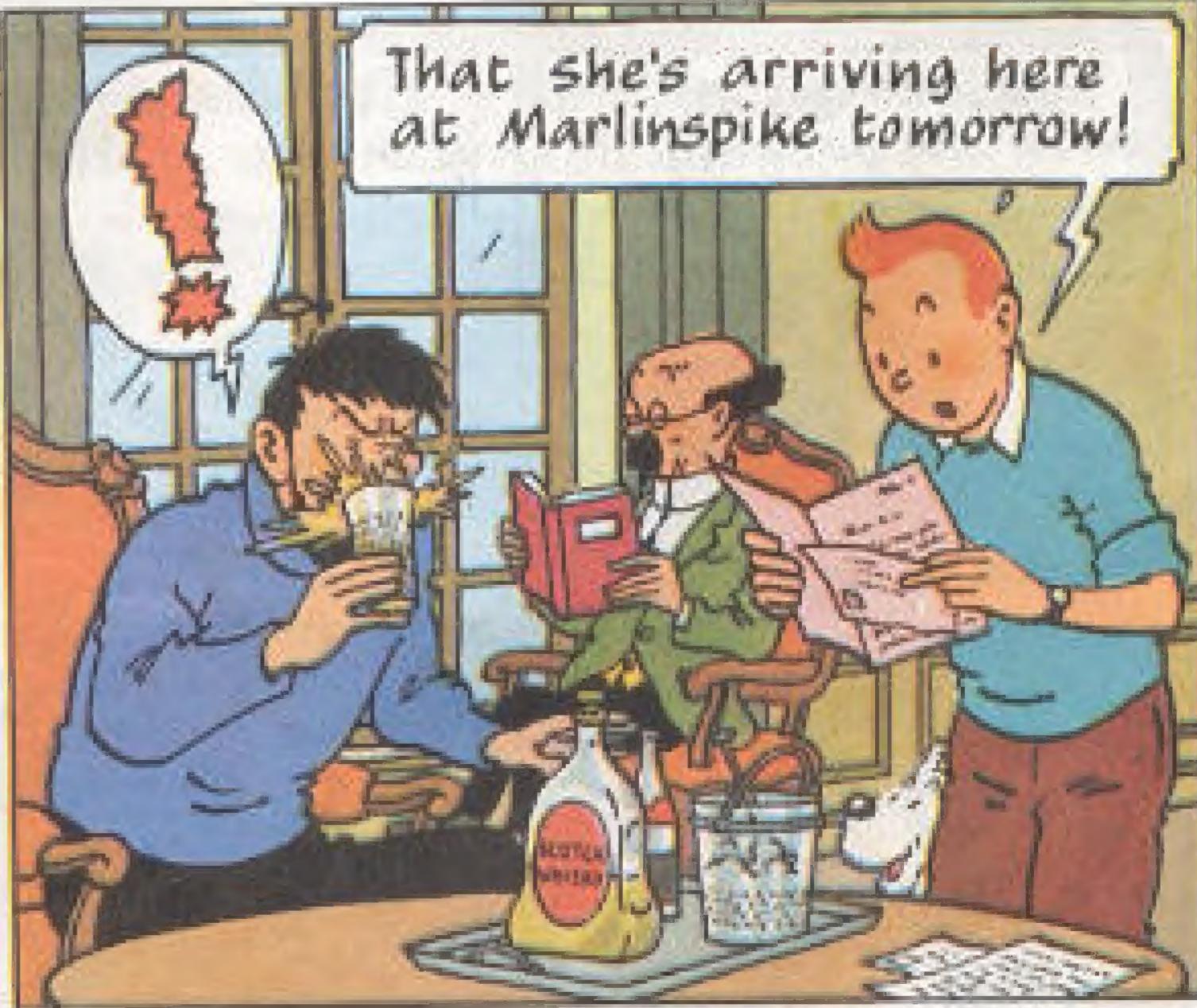
... past compare... Ma-a-a-argarita!

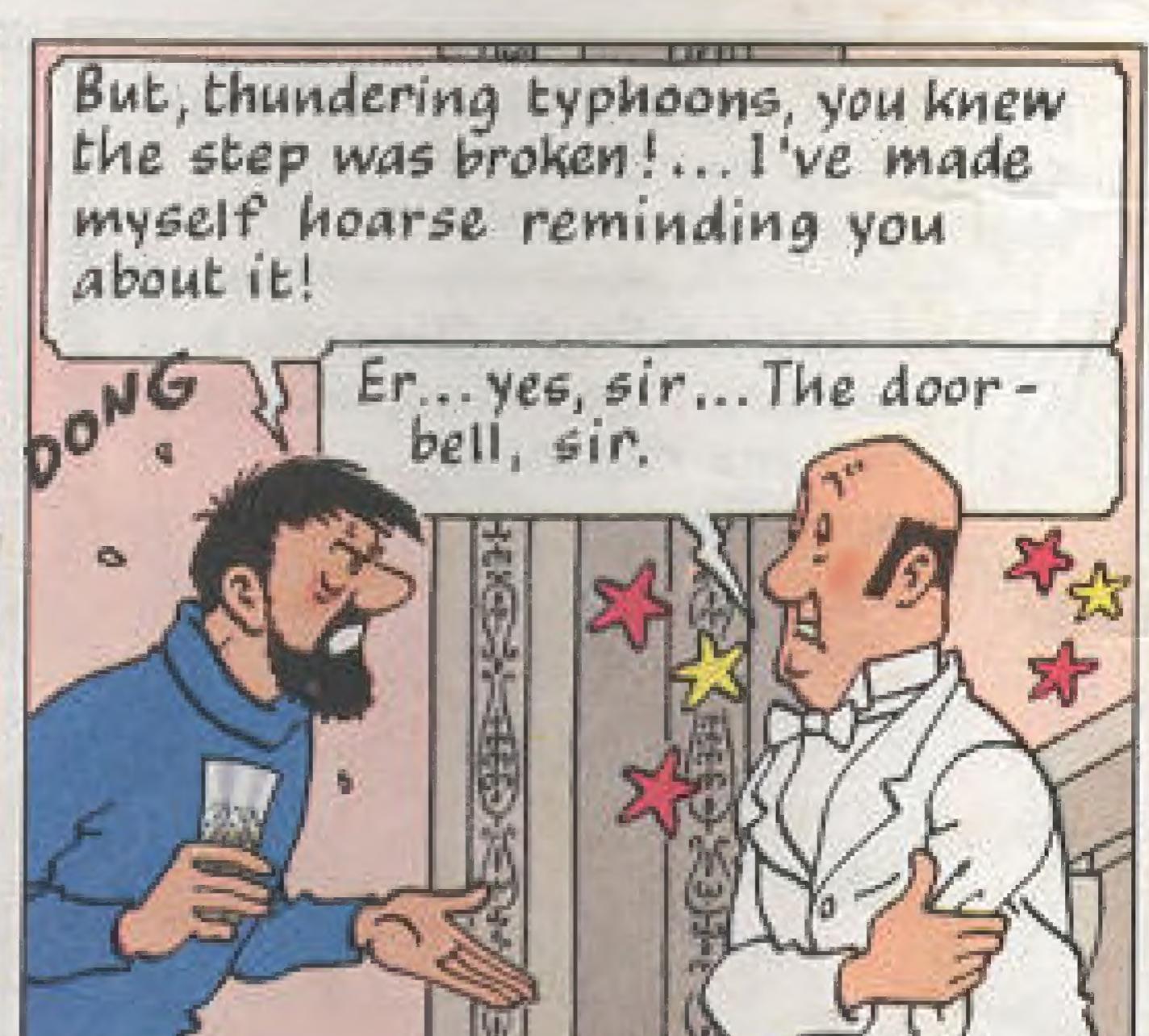
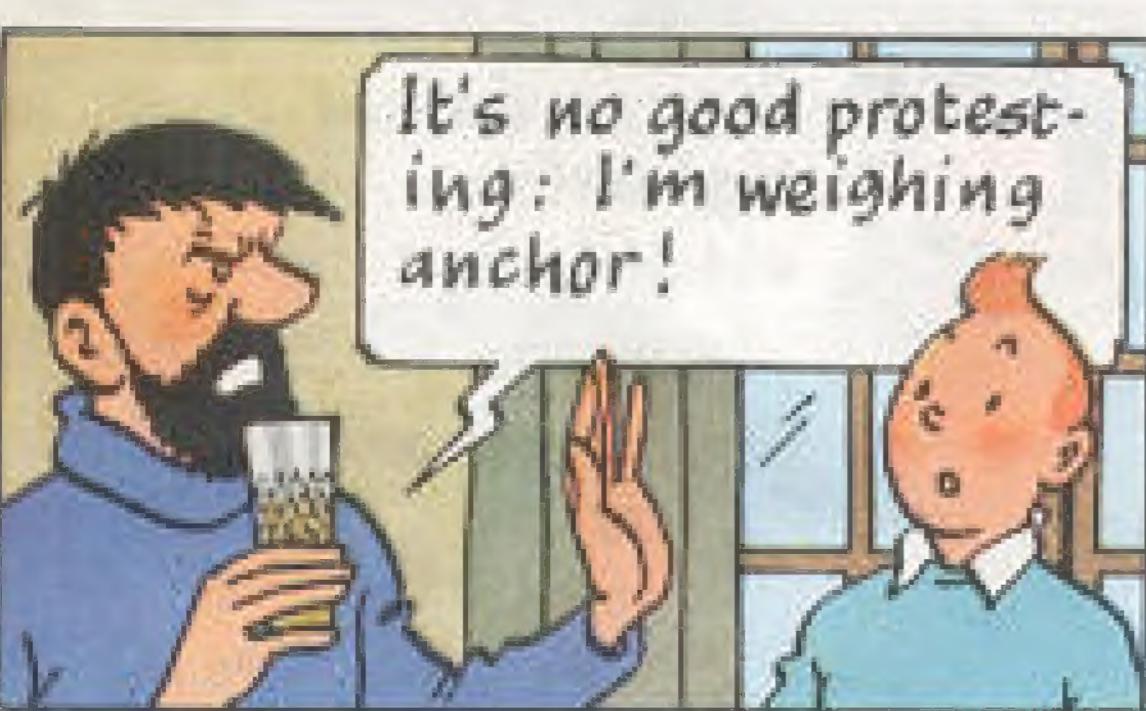
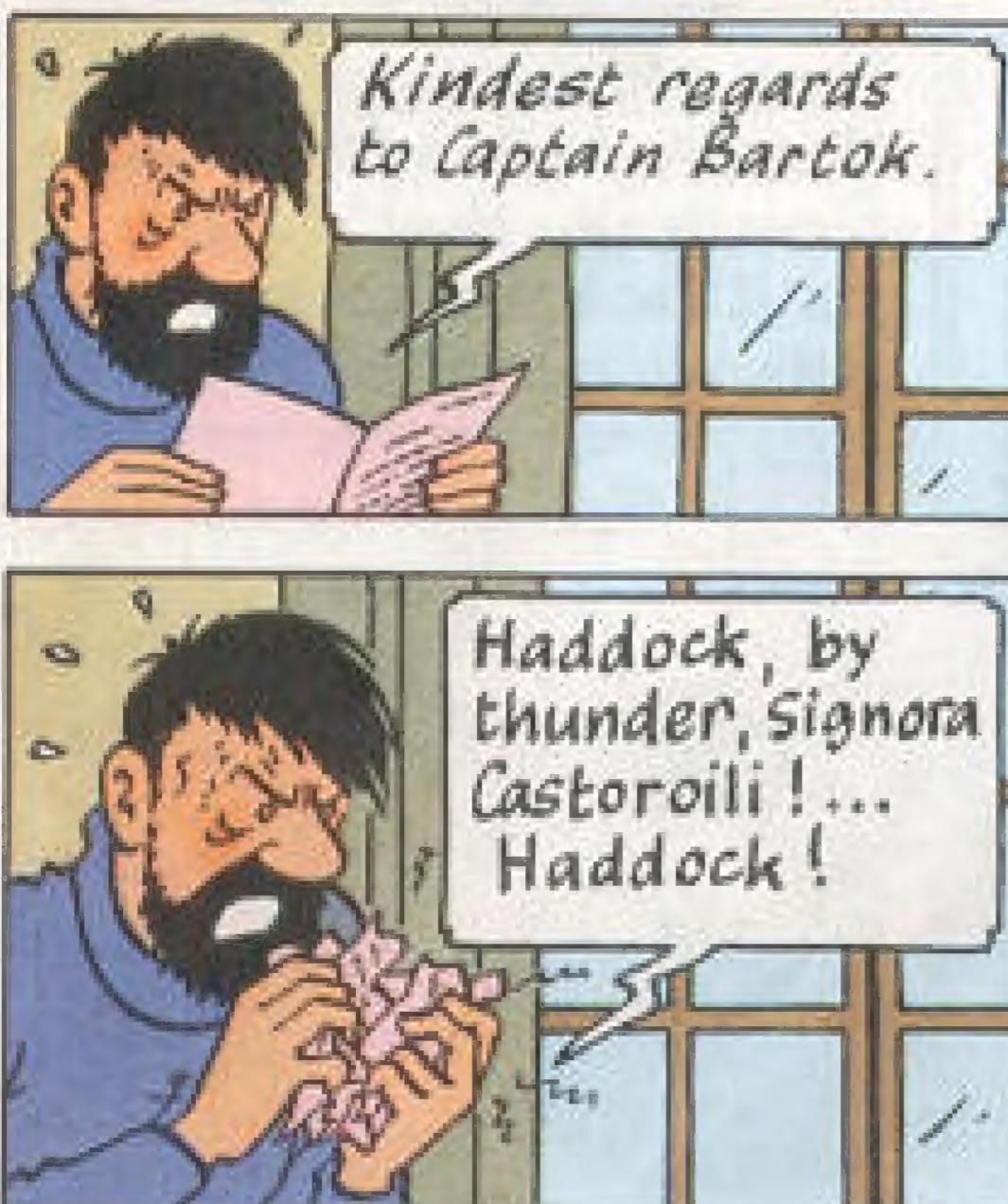
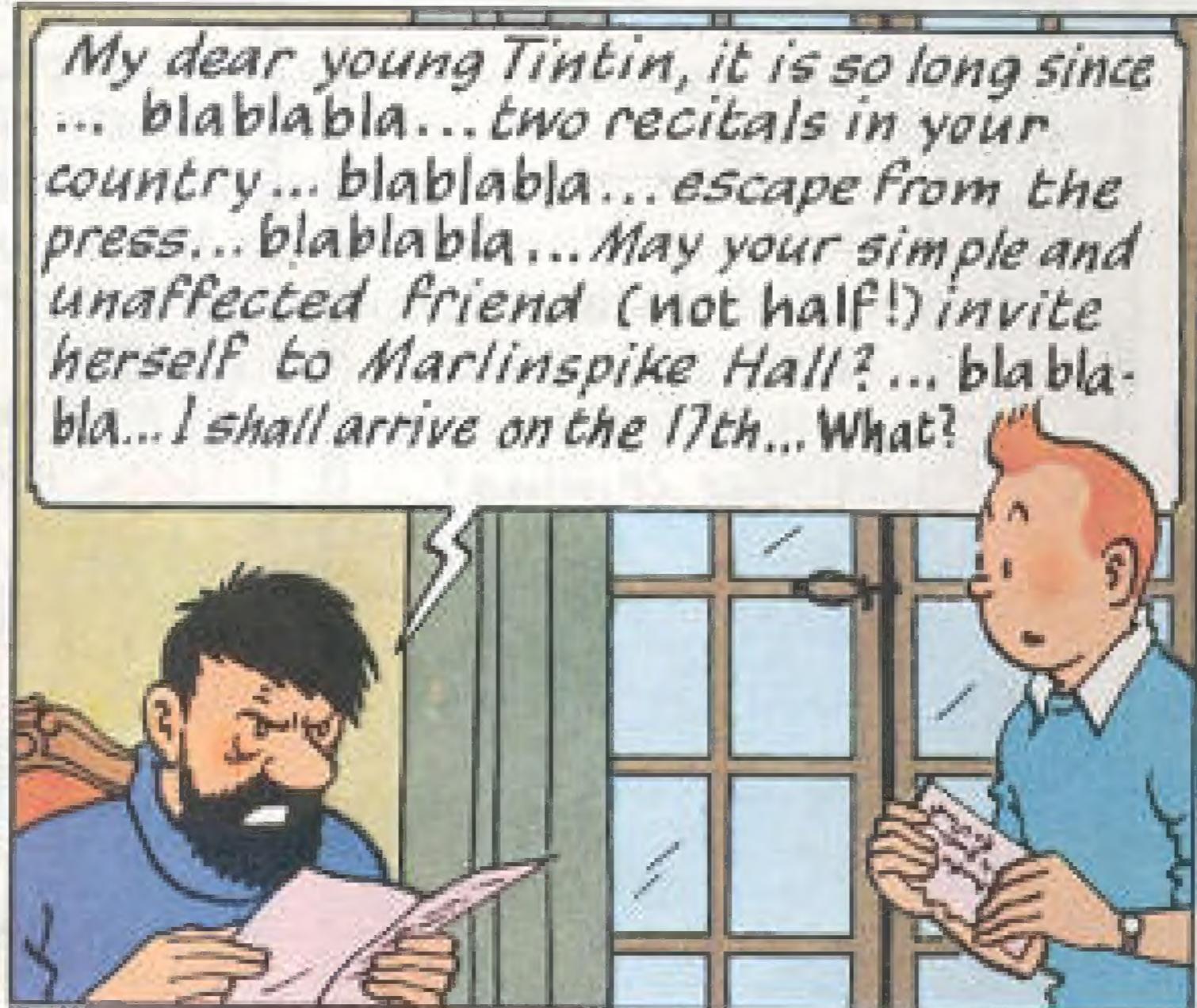
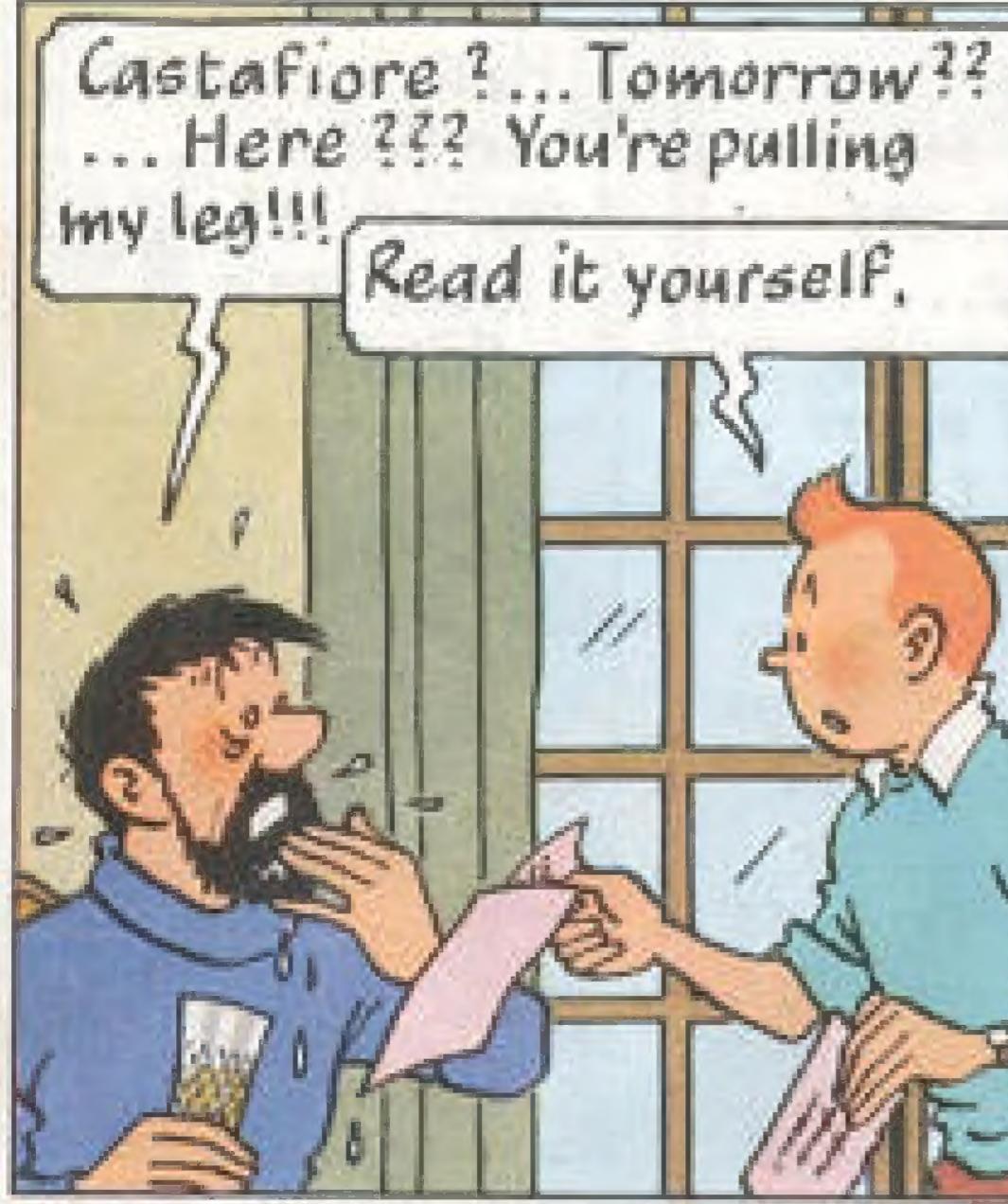


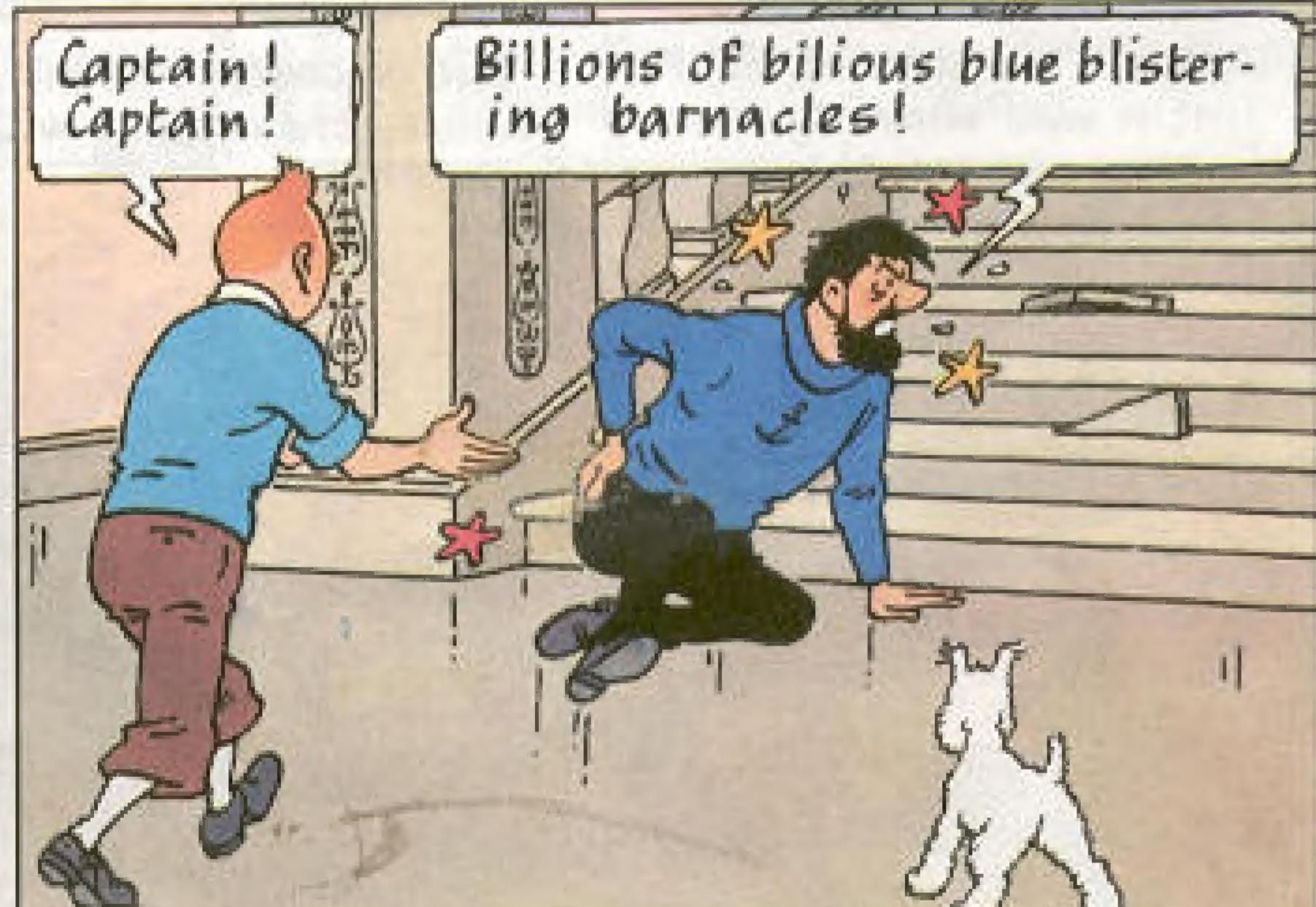
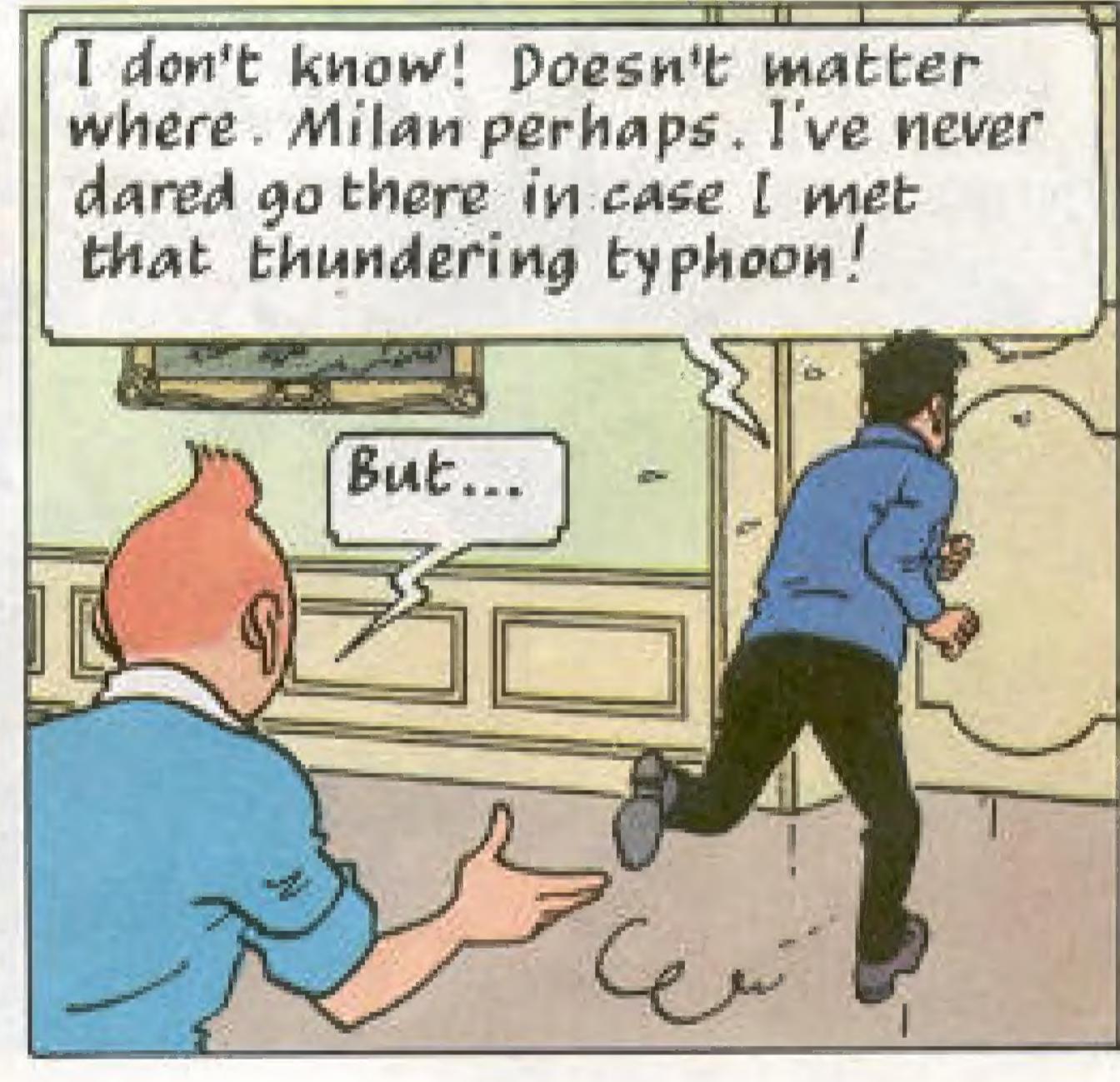
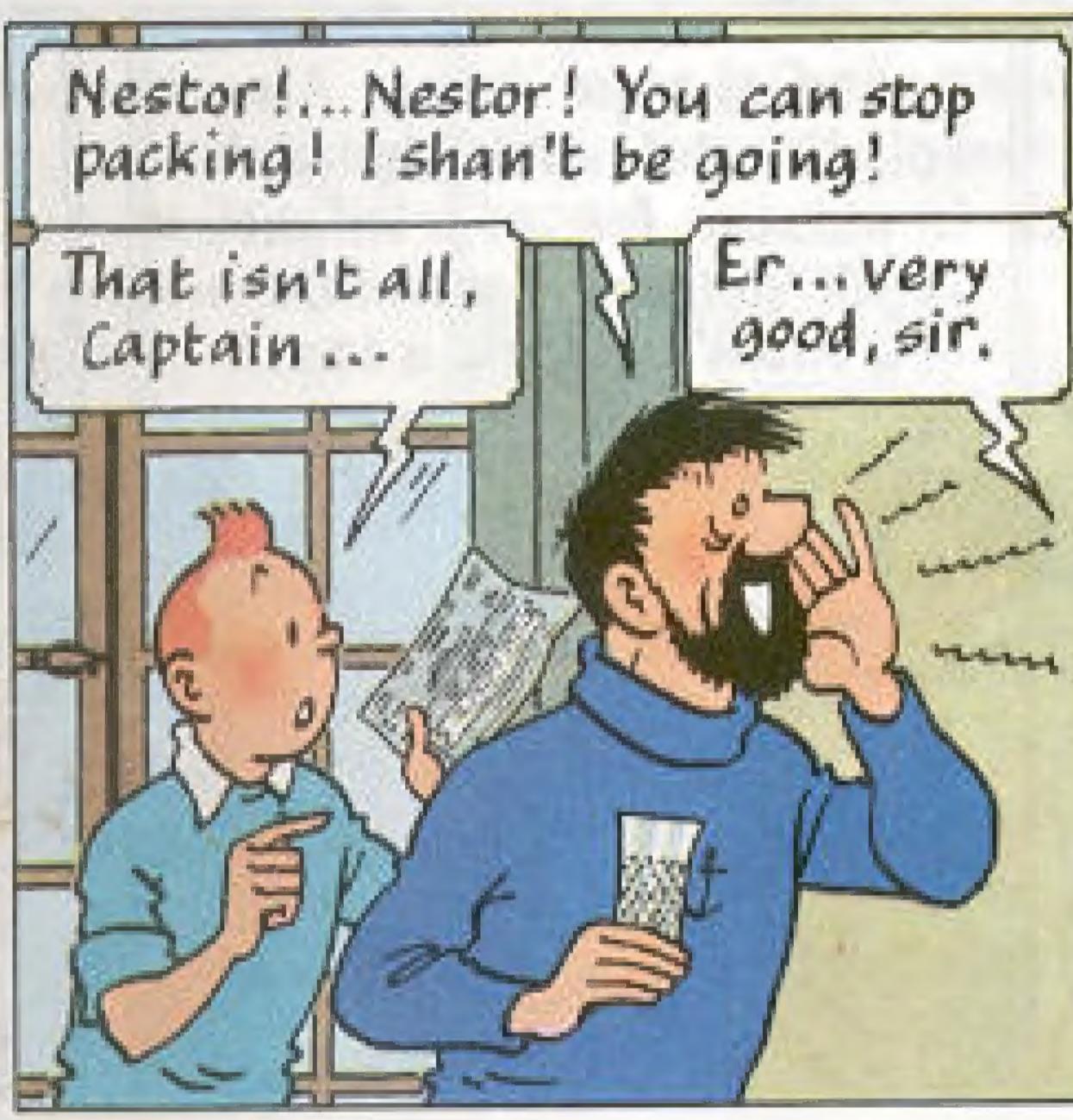
And what has that delightful creature to say?



That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!

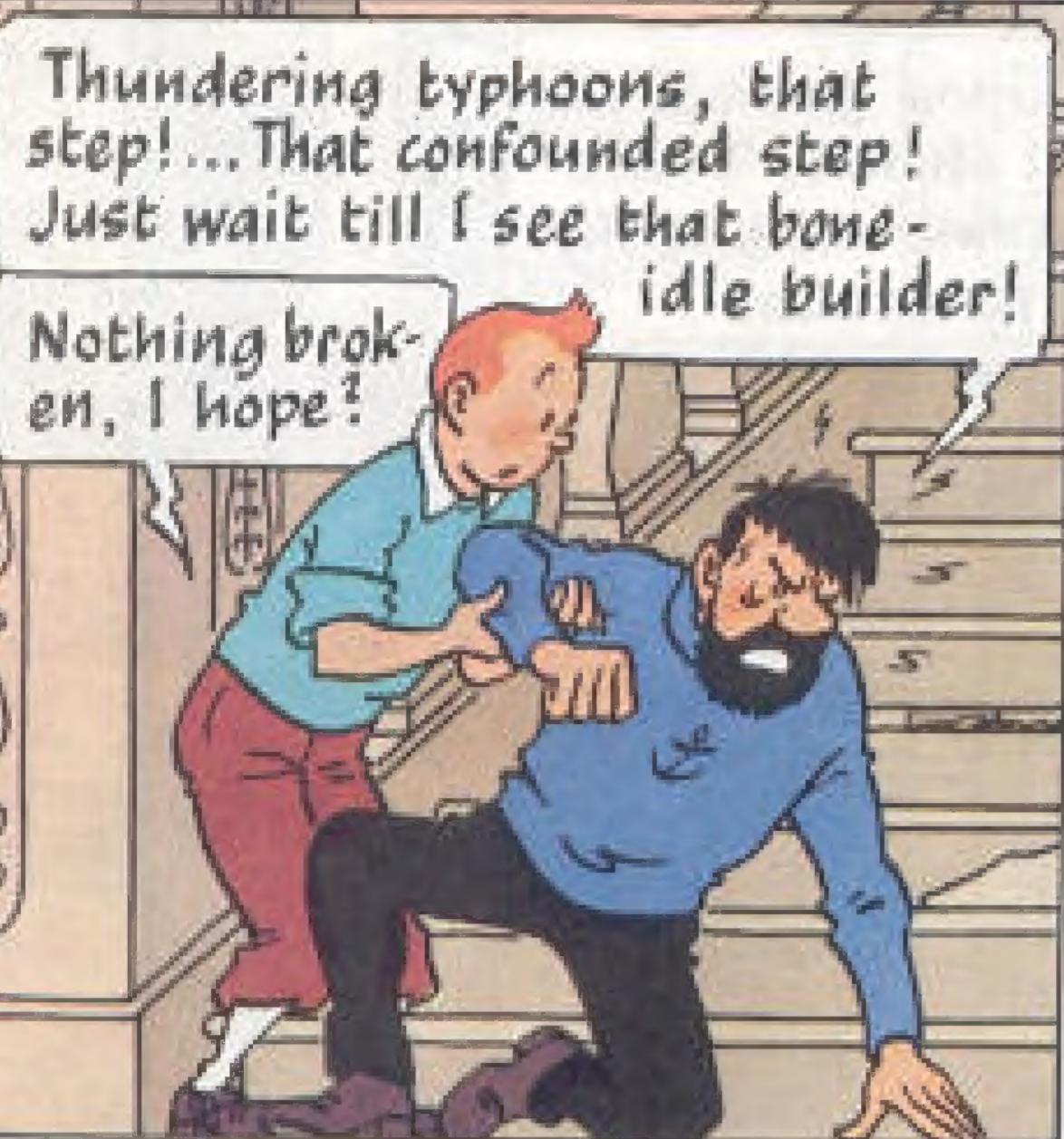






Thundering typhoons, that step!... That confounded step! Just wait till I see that bone-idle builder!

Nothing broken, I hope?



Tomorrow I'll put it in plaster...

In plaster!!... A sprained ankle?!... But doctor, I'm leaving today for Italy.



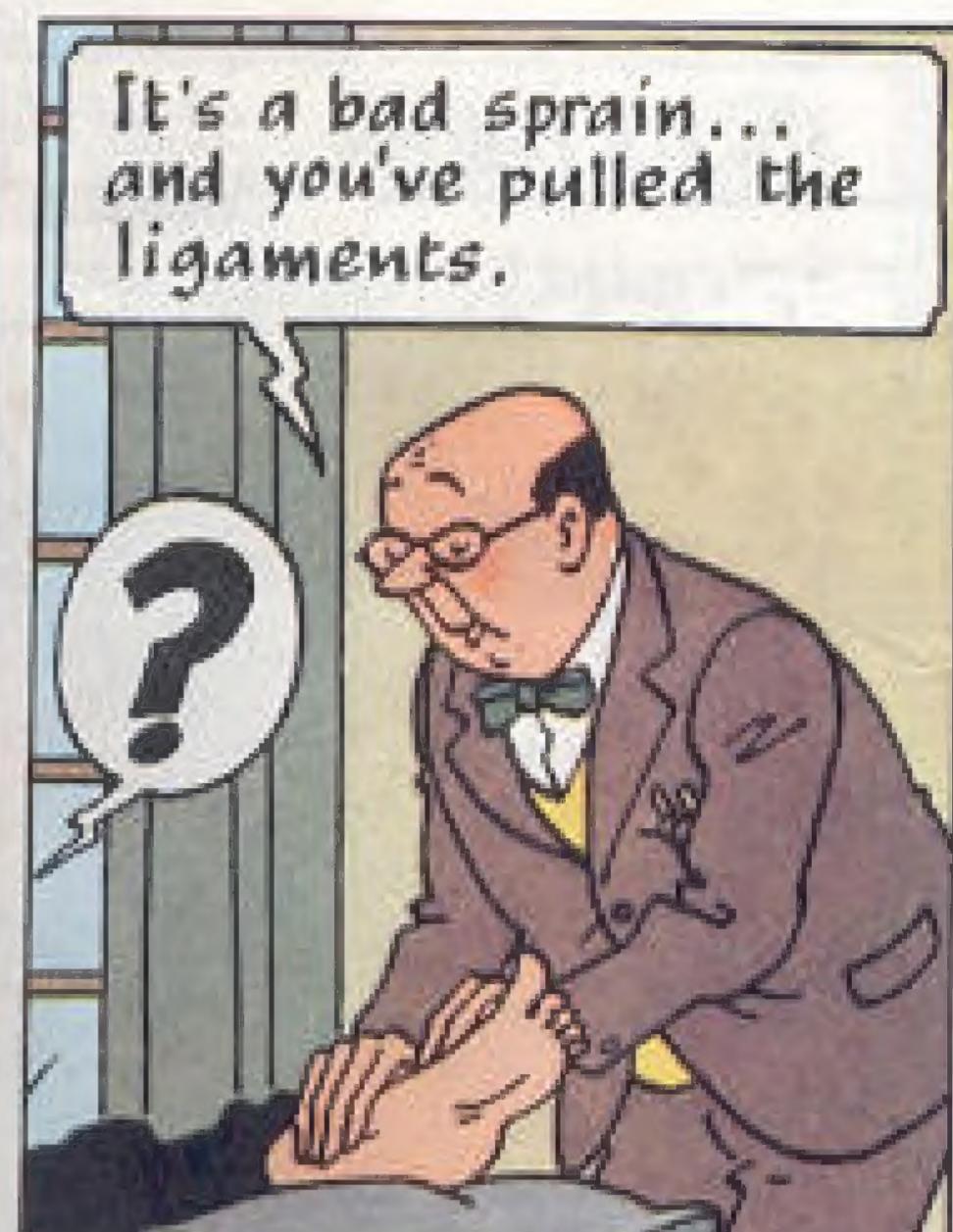
Luckily not. Though I might easily have sprained something ...



YEOW!



It's a bad sprain... and you've pulled the ligaments.



Luck? If that's luck, give me disaster!!



CUCKOO



Ah, dear Captain Fatstock!... How too divine to see you again!



Misericordia! What has happened to you?

A sprain! But... how did you get in?

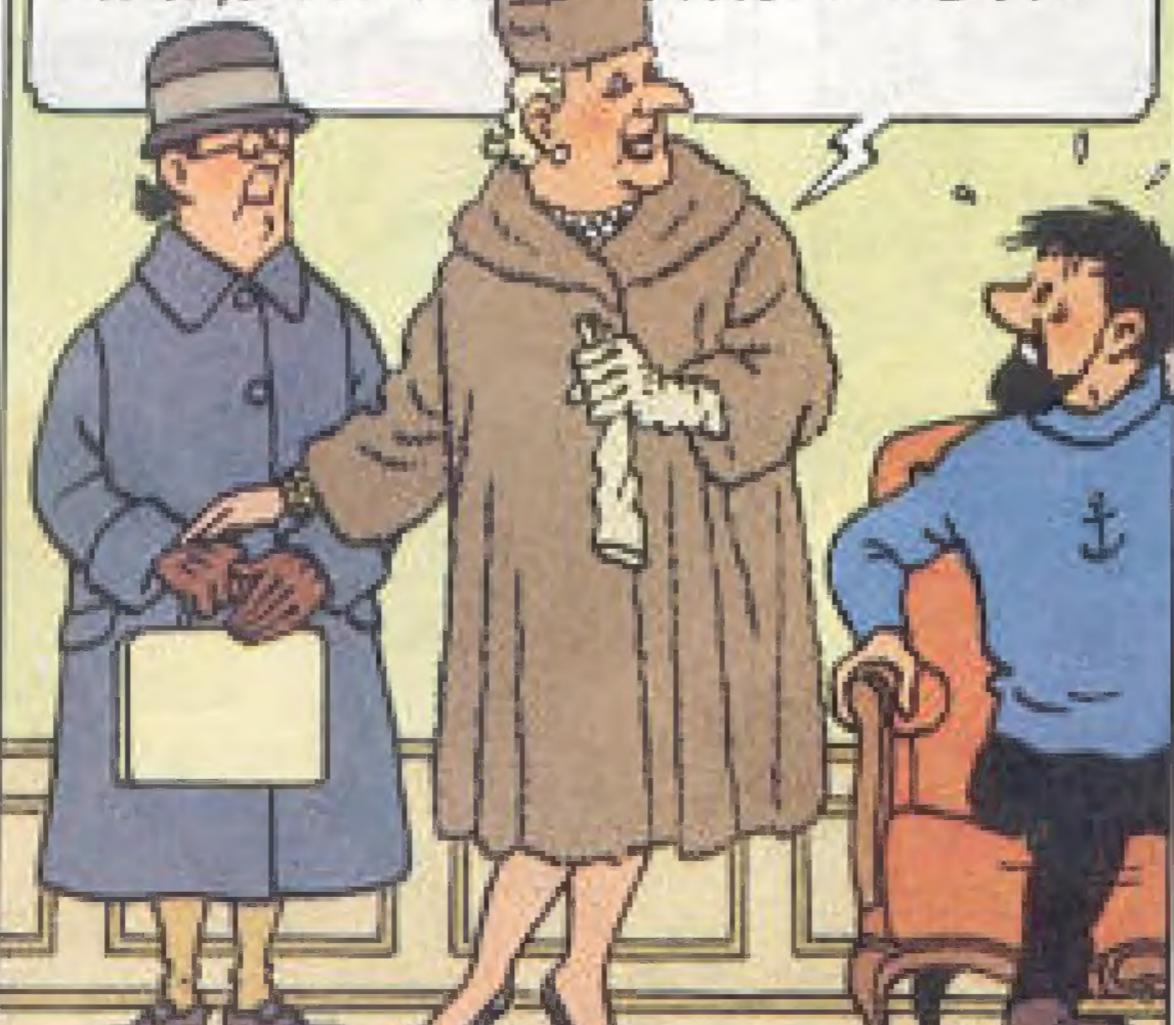


Just as we arrived, dear Tintin was showing someone out. So we didn't need to ring.

"We"? There can't be more than one of you!



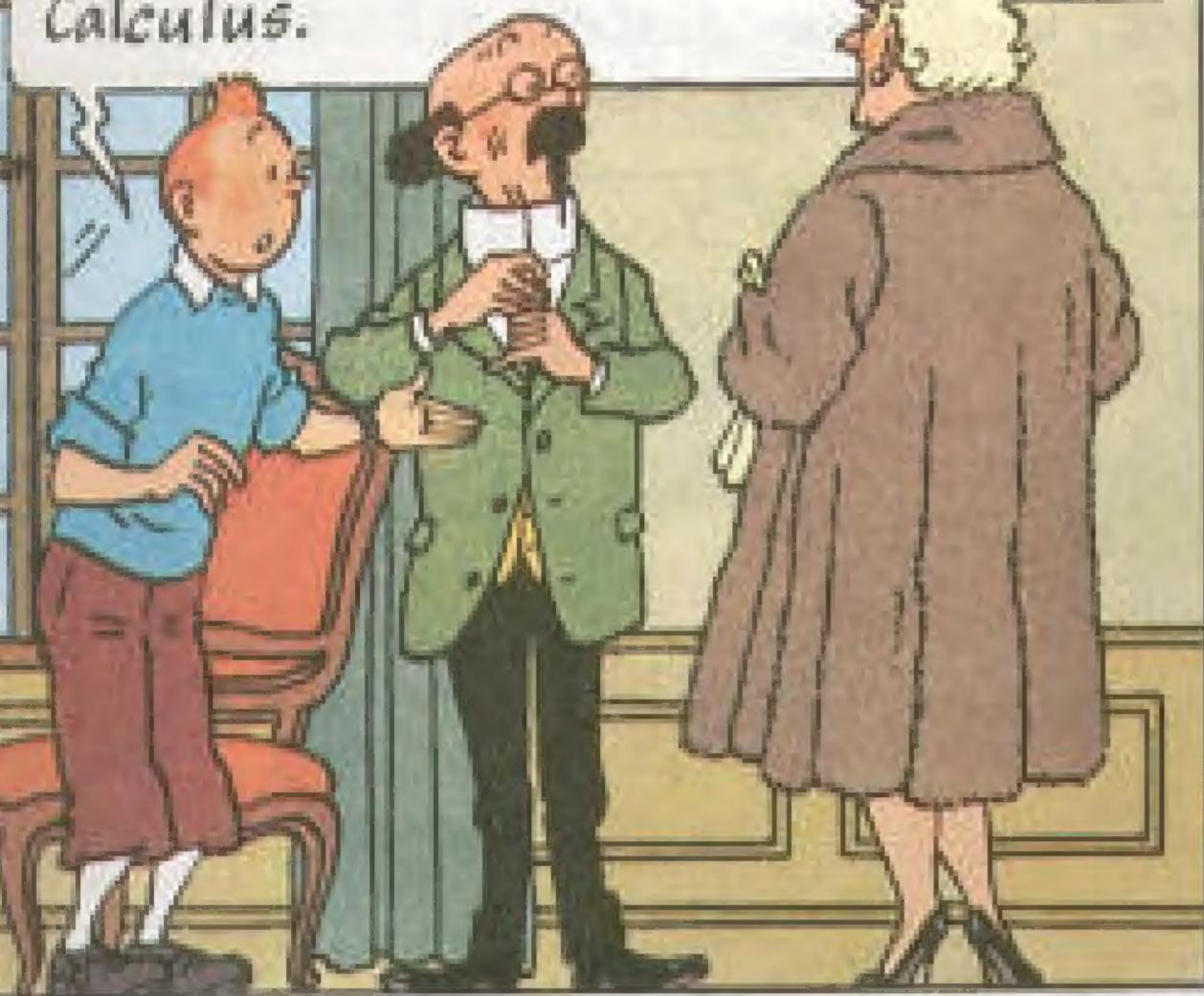
But of course! Irma, my maid, always travels with me...



... and so does my accompanist, Igor Wagner, who obviously has to... ha! ha! ha... accompany me!



Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you; the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...

Professor, you make me blush!

I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.

Nestor, please show the signora to her room.

Yes, sir.



How kind... But first...er... Irma, where is the...er... the little something for dear Captain Drydock?

In the taxi, madame. I'll fetch it.



I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat... Il povero capitano!

That's very kind of you, but...

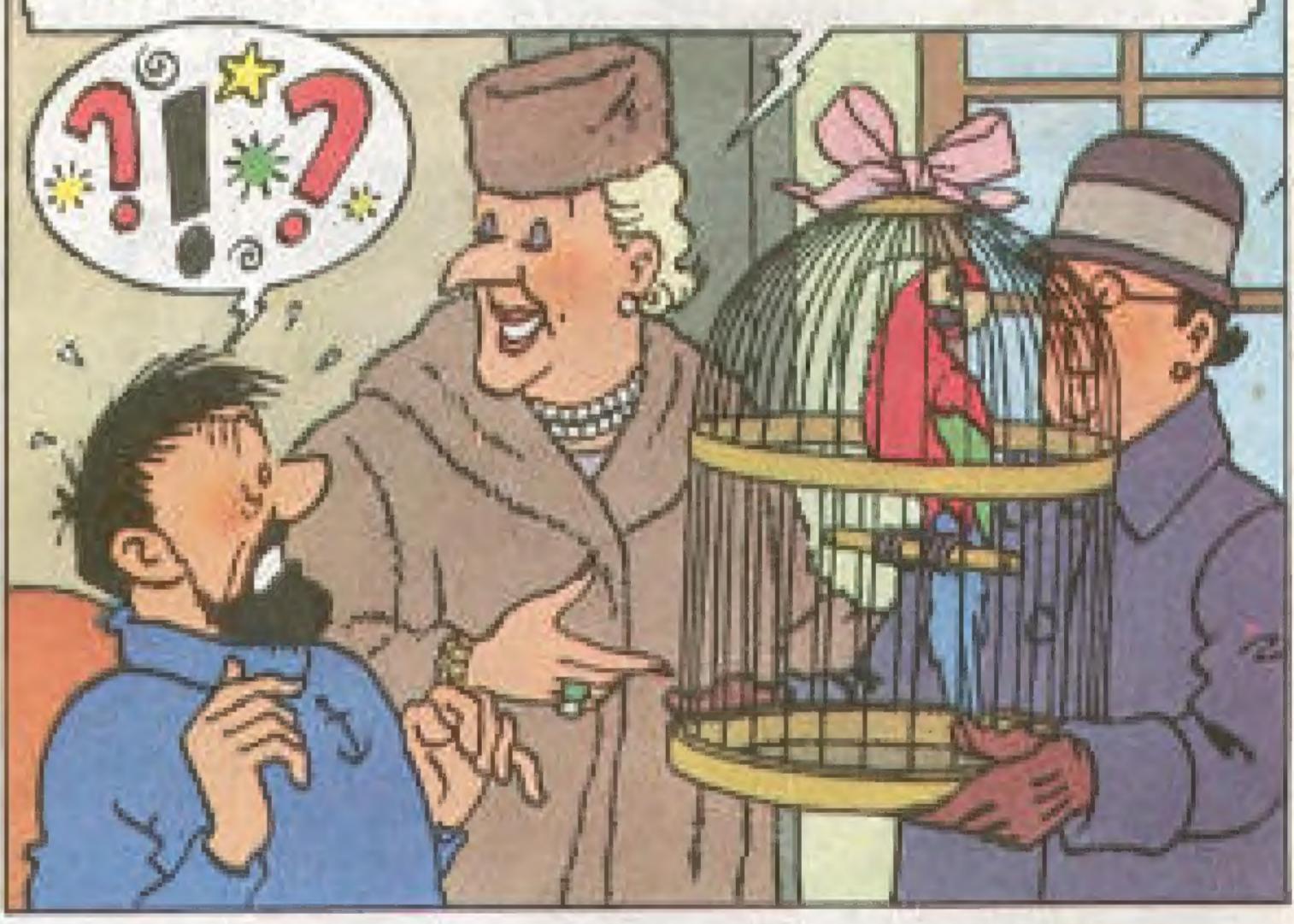


I knew you'd adore...

Here, Madame.



... this pretty polly to be your constant companion.



I... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me...er... greater pleasure.

Aha! I knew it!



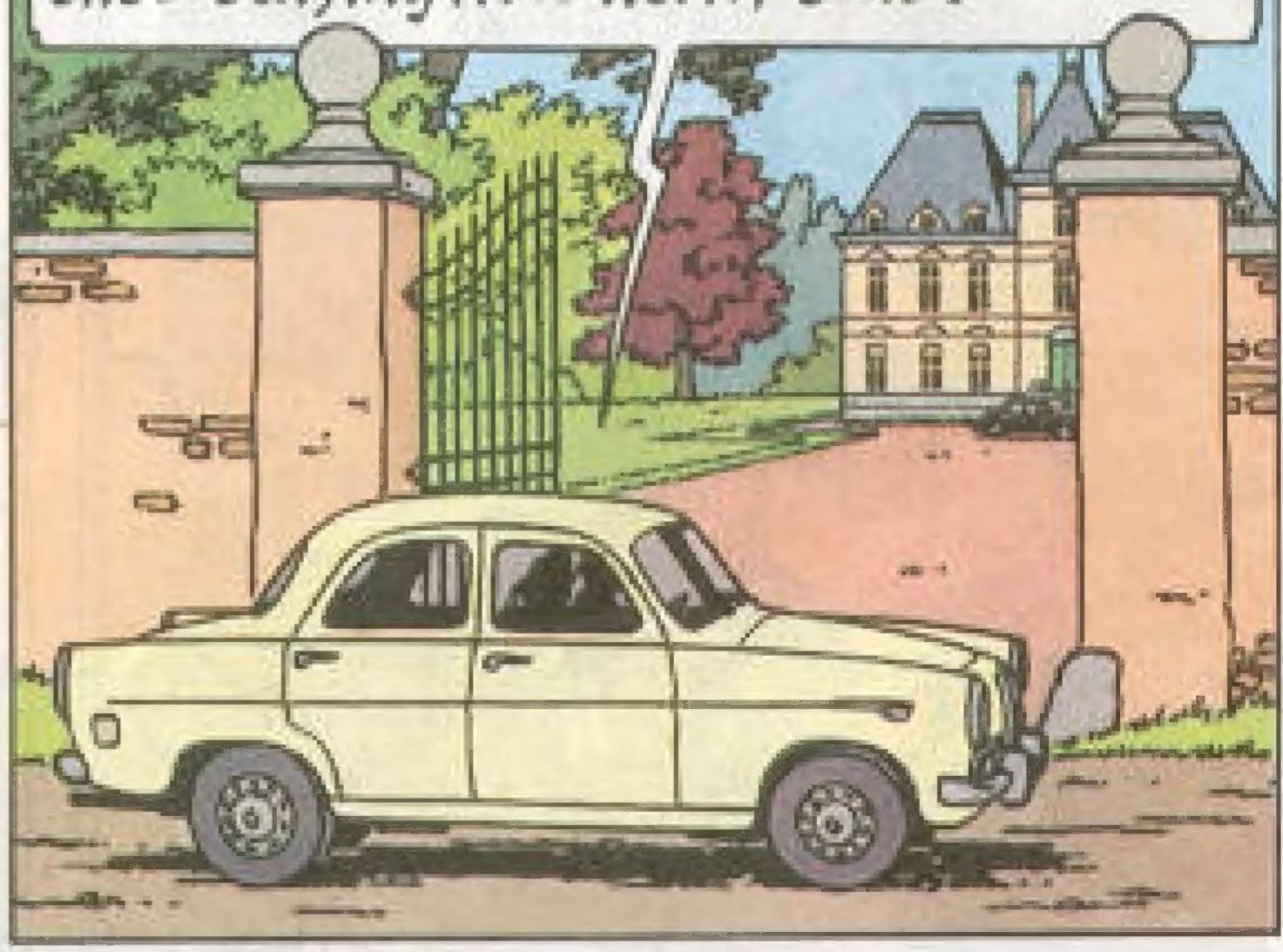
Here, Irma, put him on his perch.

Yes, madame.

I can't stand animals who talk!



They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!



He's called Iago, a compliment to dear Signor Verdi... He's so affectionate... We love nice Captain Hopscotch already, don't we?

Stroke him, Captain, don't be afraid; he wouldn't hurt a fly.

KILIKILIKILIKIL!

How sweet!... He's taken to you already... Ah, animals have an unfailing instinct: they immediately attach themselves to those they love.

You think so?

YEOWWW!

Billions of bilious blue blistering barbecued barnacles!... Cannibal!... Bashi-bazouk!... Vampire!

Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Please, Captain Stopcock! Such language!... Poor pollikins might learn it!... Show me your hand.

CRO!

Now, now... our finger is just a teeny-weeny bit sore... Irmaaa!... The first aid things, please!

Here is the case, madame... and... this...

Of course, I forgot! Dear Tintin, this is just a little gift from me to you.

There we are... A pretty little butterfly to comfort the poor sailorman.

The Jewel Song!

I'm very grateful, signora. It was very kind of you to think of me.

Not at all, not at all! I thought it would remind you of our first meeting in Syldavia. Do you remember?

Shall I ever forget it! Of course, that was the first time I heard you sing the Jewel Song from "Faust".

Ah, yes, the Jewel Song...

MERCY!... MY JEWELS!

Here, madame; I've got your jewel-case.

Oh, so you have. I can breathe again!

Now, my man, if you'd be kind enough to show me to my room...

As the signora wishes.

Oh, I almost forgot... The reporters will probably run me to earth here. May I ask my brave sailor to protect me?... Not a single interview, no publicity, no photographs... nothing! I came here incognito; you must help me to escape.

Of course!

May I point out to the signora that the fourth step is broken.

Yes, yes, I see.

The signora's room.

Ravishing!

What delightful old furniture!... and a four-poster bed. It's... er... Henry the Tenth, is it not?

Charles the First, signora.

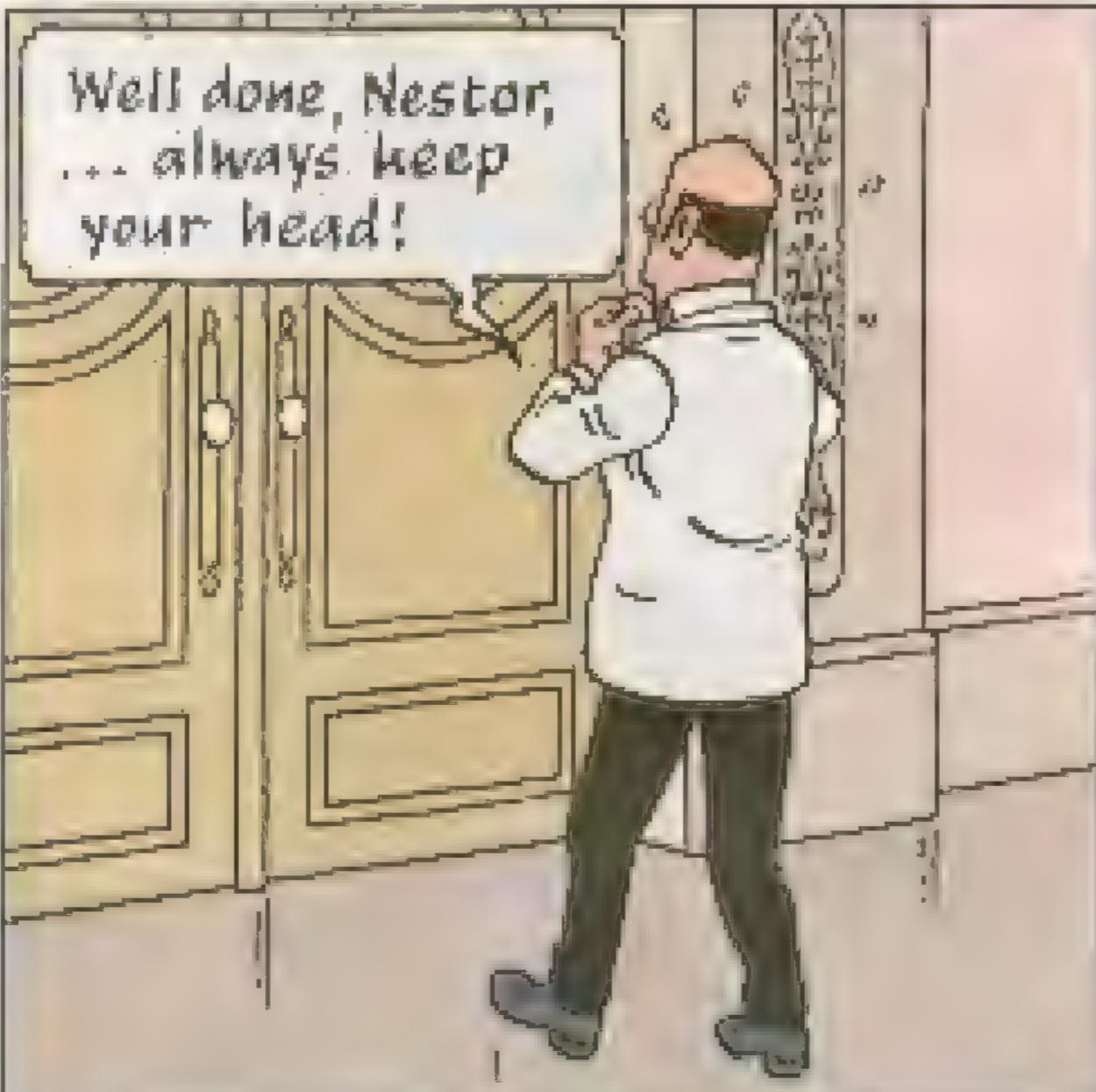
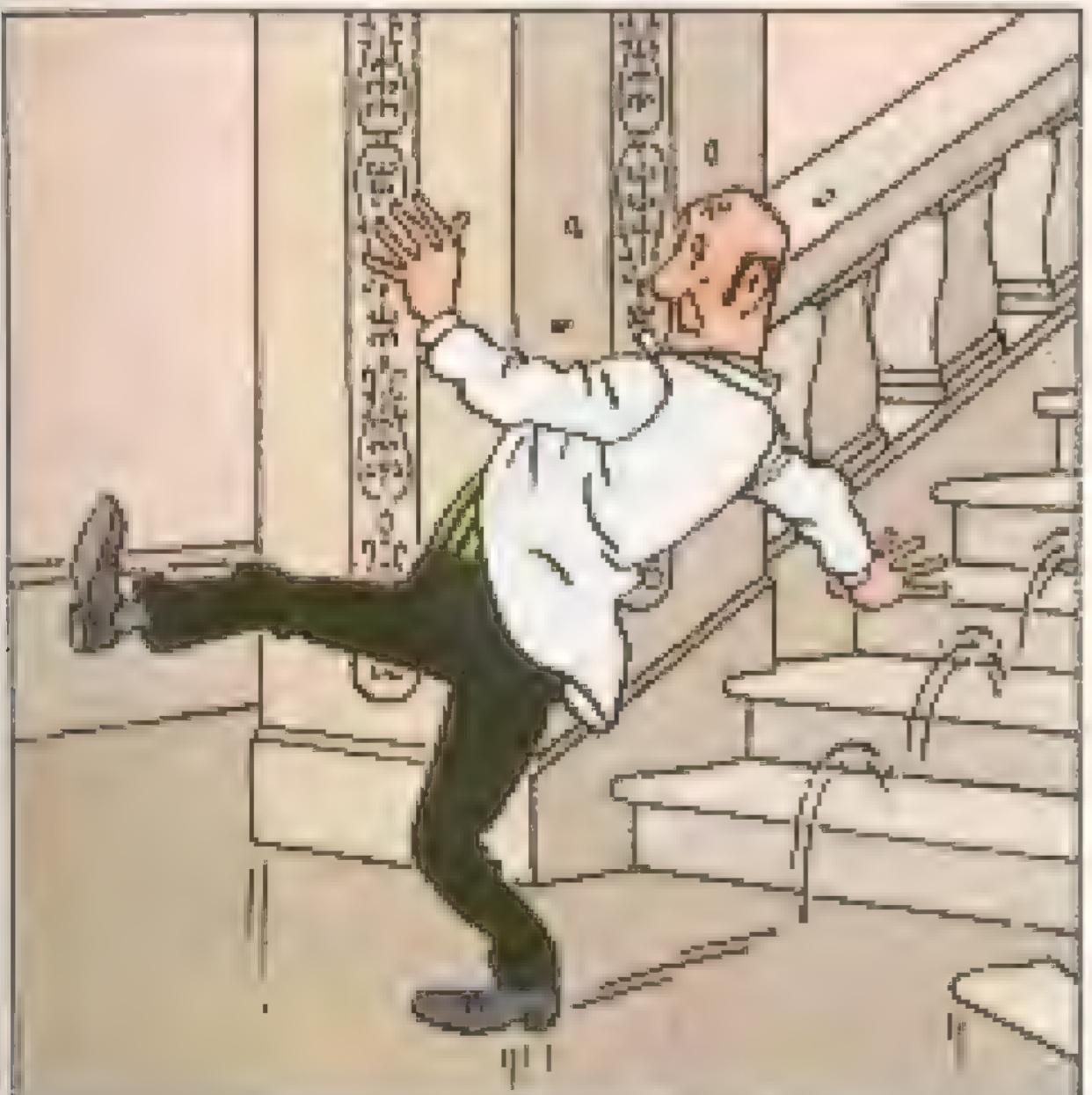
Precisely what I meant, of course.

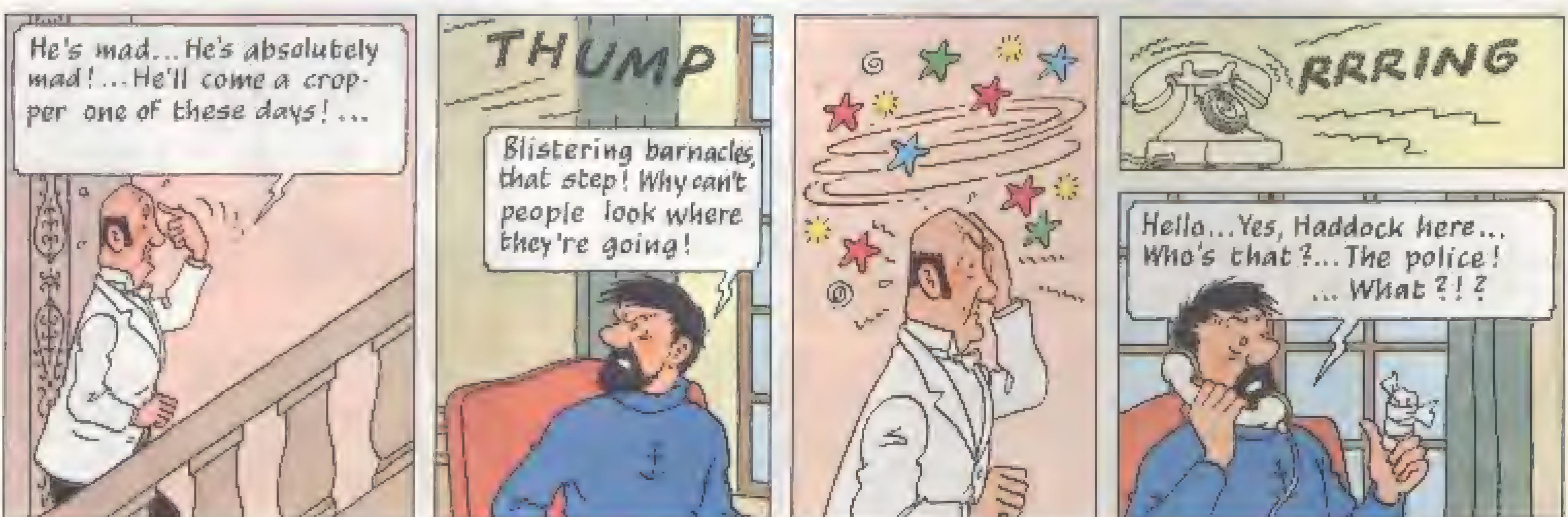
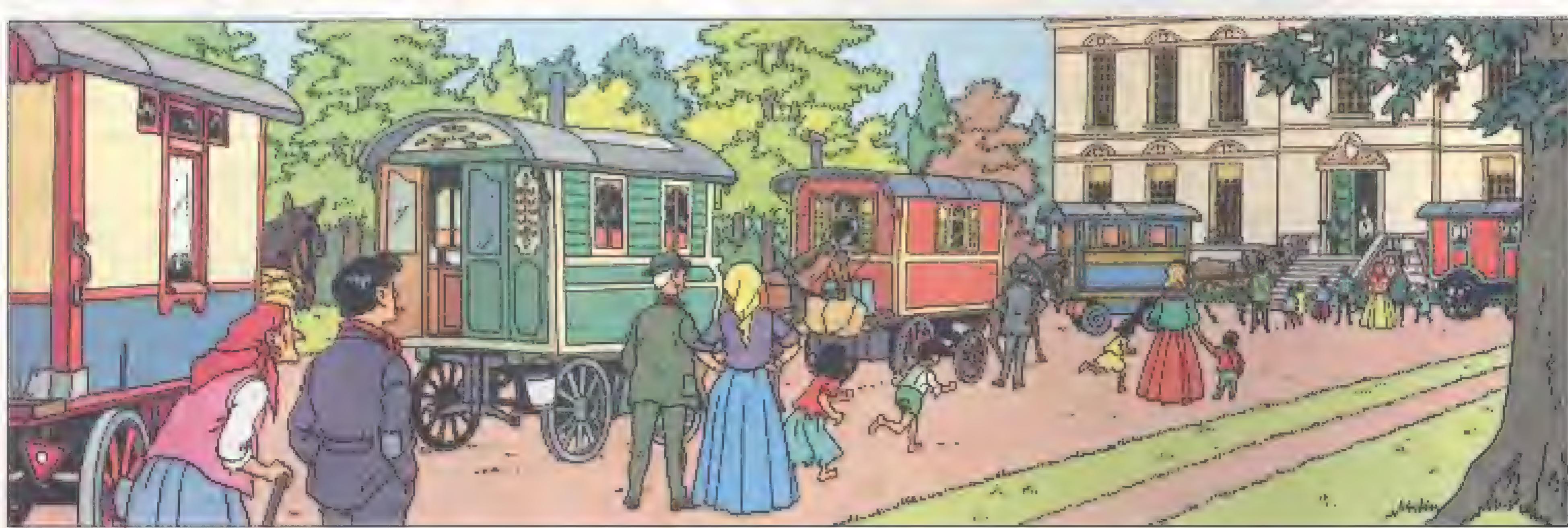
If the signora will excuse me: the door-bell.

You may go.

Fiddle! What is it now?

Oh dear!... The step!





Ah, Captain: my men report that some gypsies who were camping by the main road have moved ... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land ... Is that so?



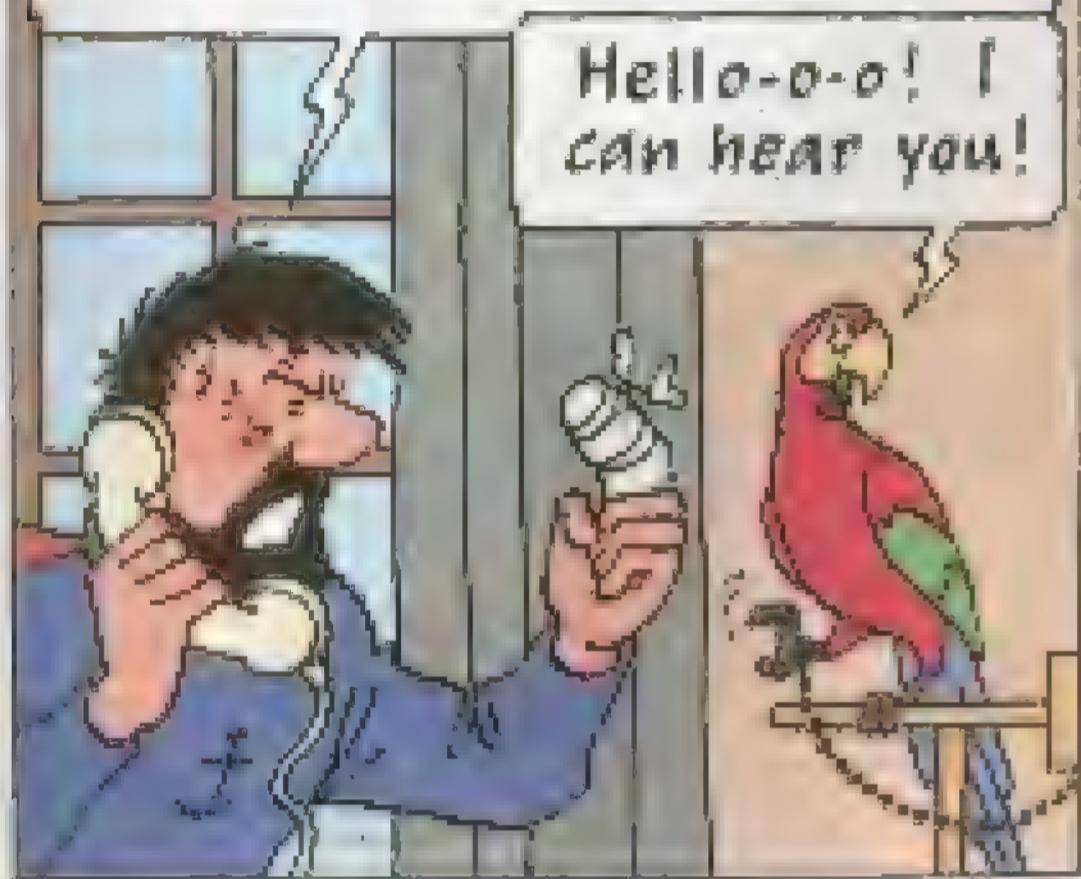
Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello? ... What? ... You can hear me? ... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon ... Did you say shut up?



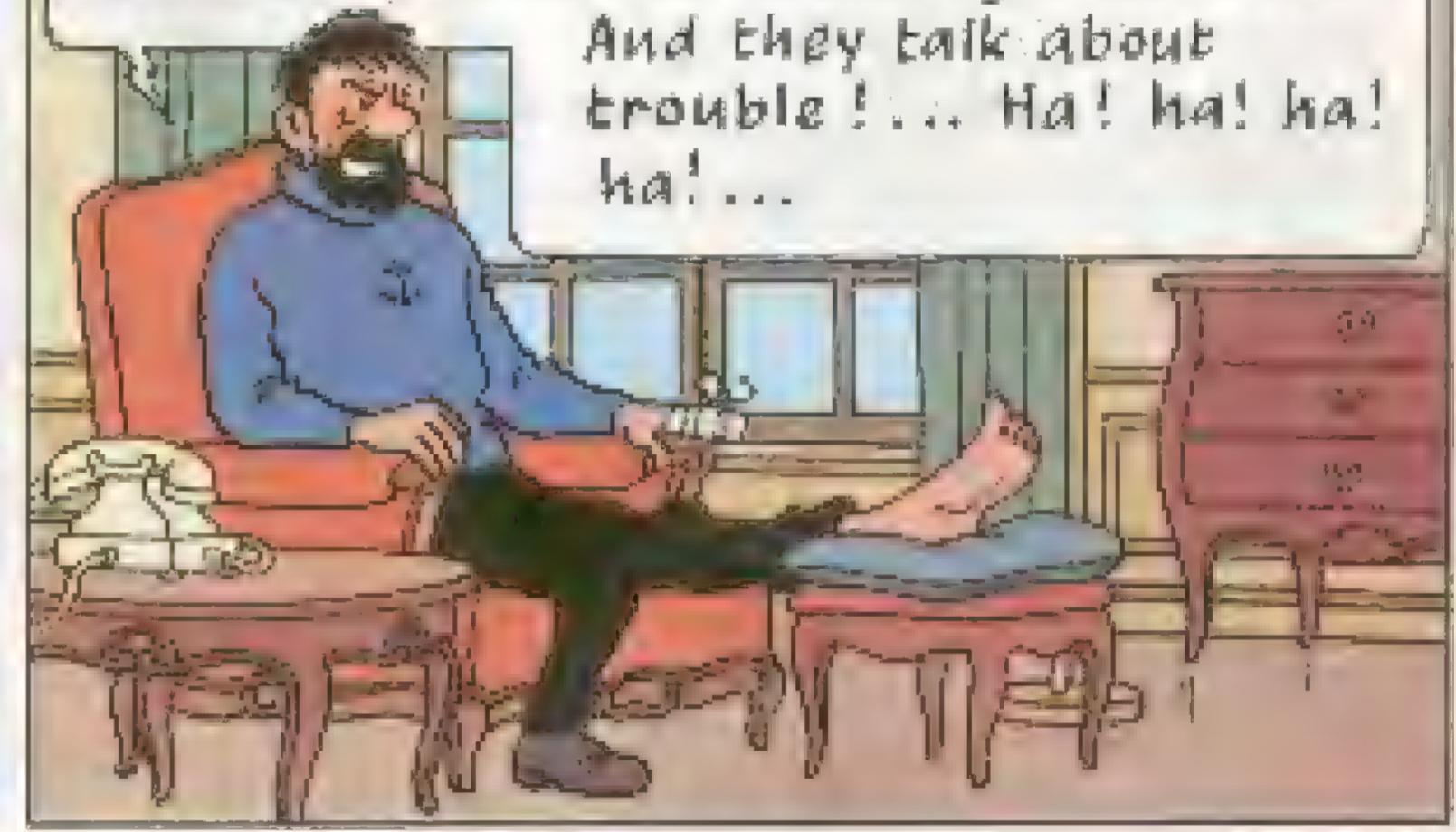
No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you ...



Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gypsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble! ... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot! ... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble! ... Ha! ha! ha! ...



Meanwhile ...

Mission completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us ...



GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello, what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.

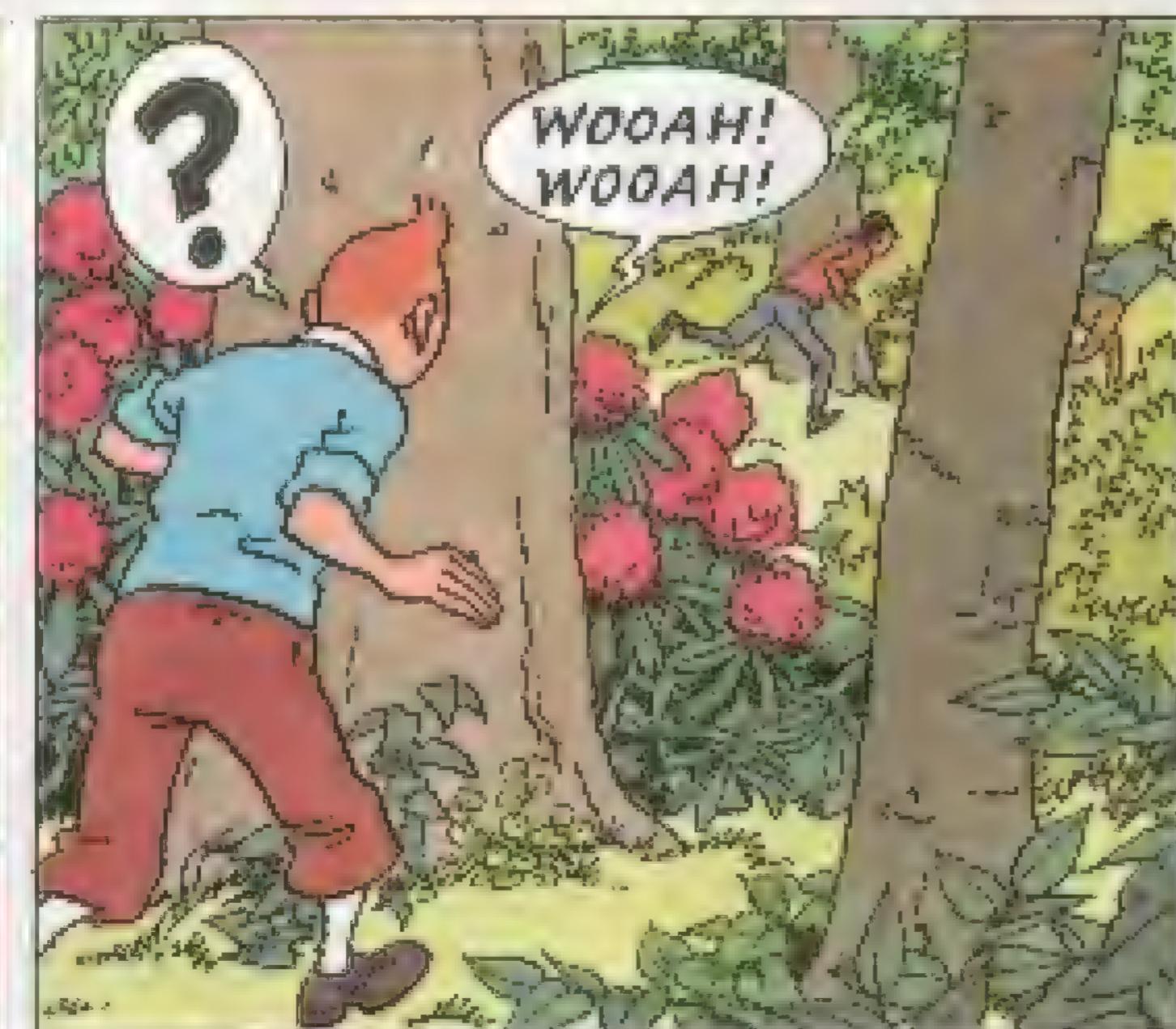


WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR! GRRR!

Snowy! ... Here, Snowy!



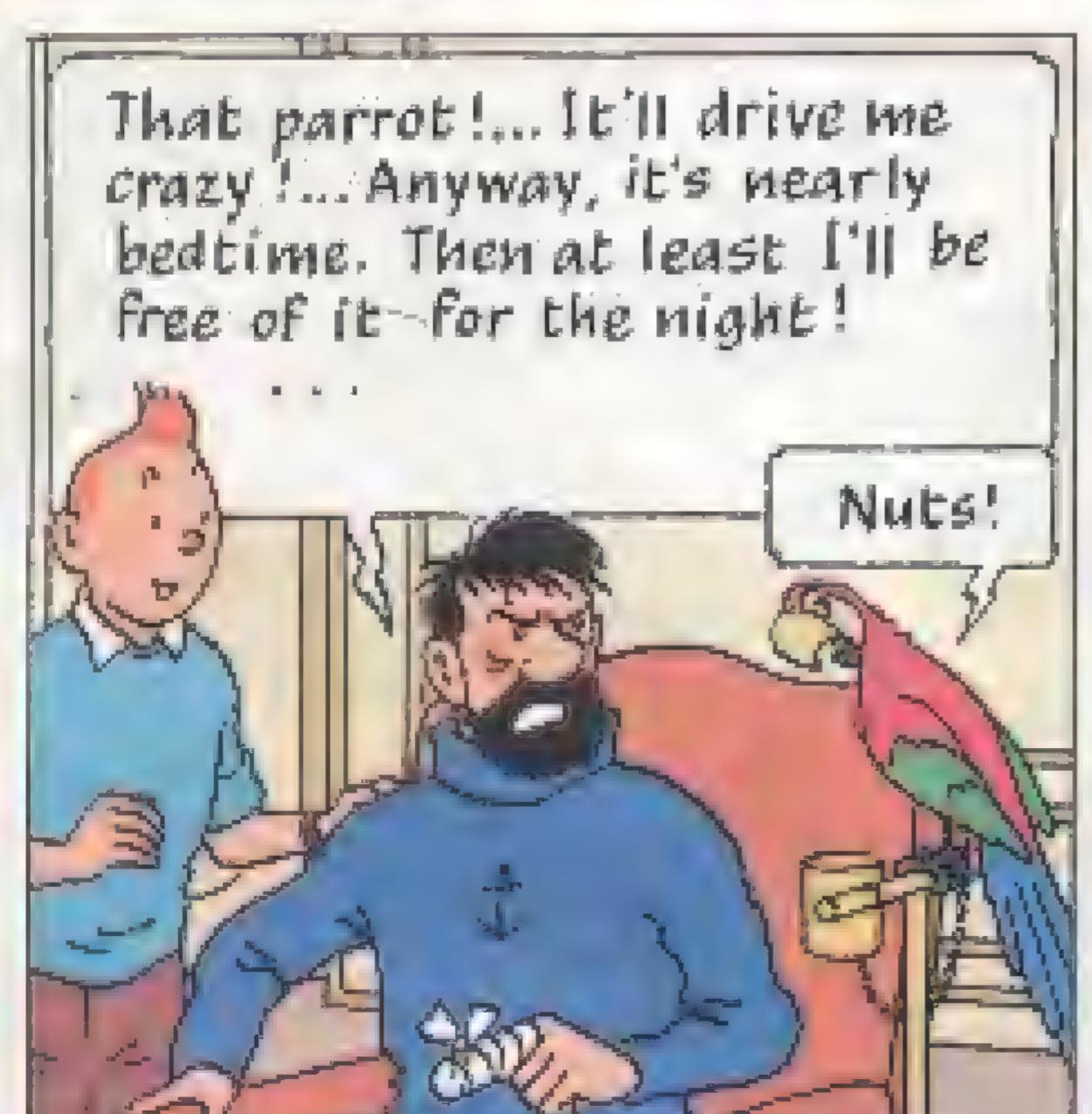
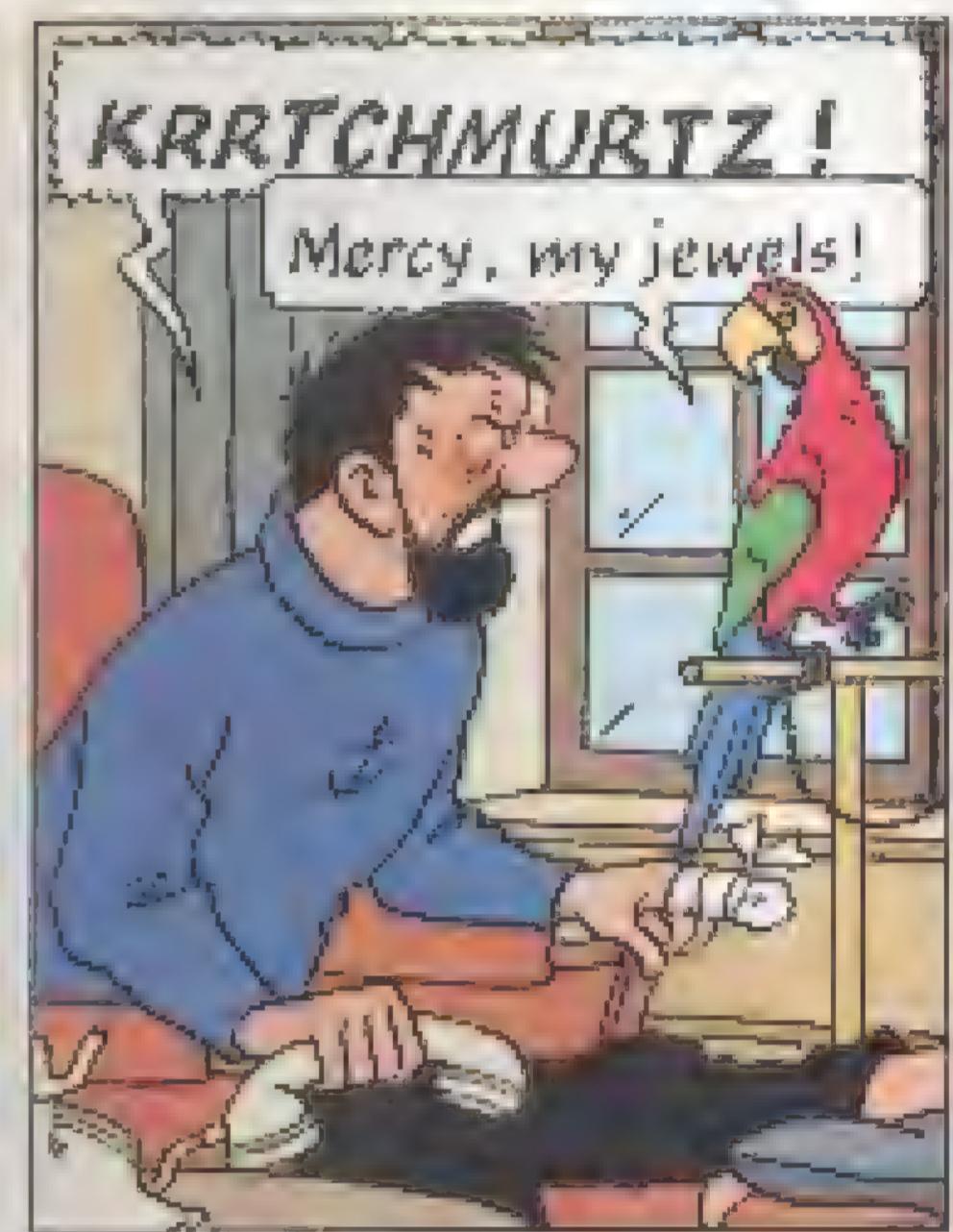
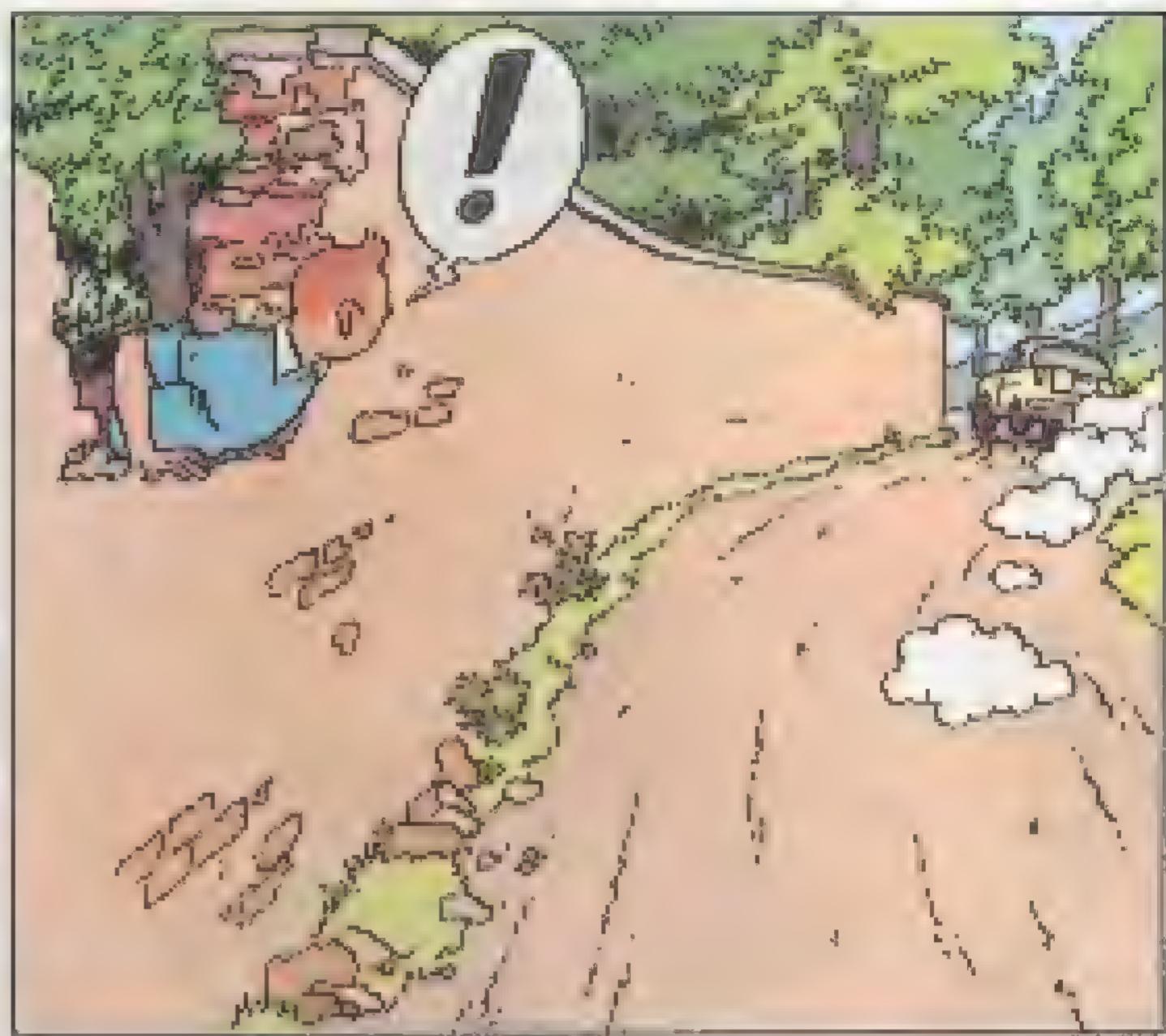
WOOAH! WOOAH!



Hey, who are you? ... Stop!

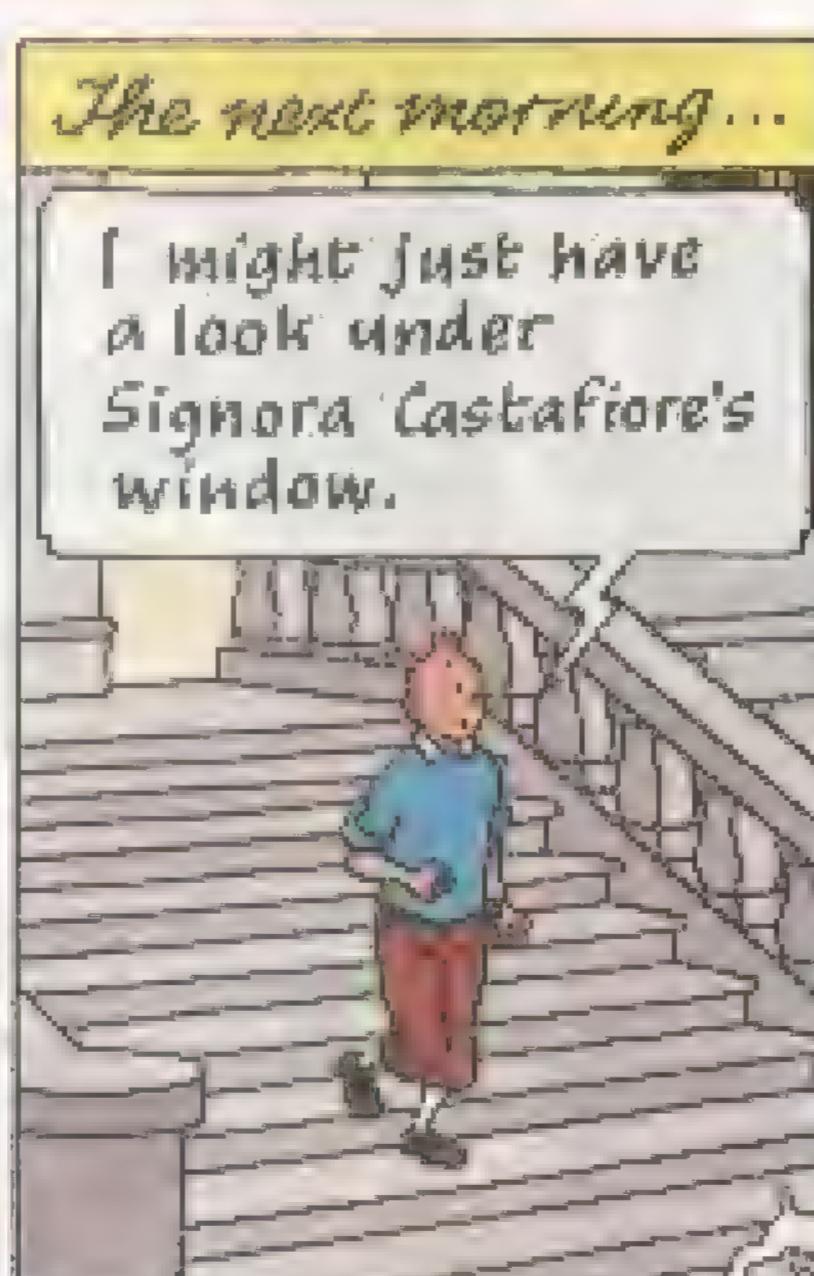
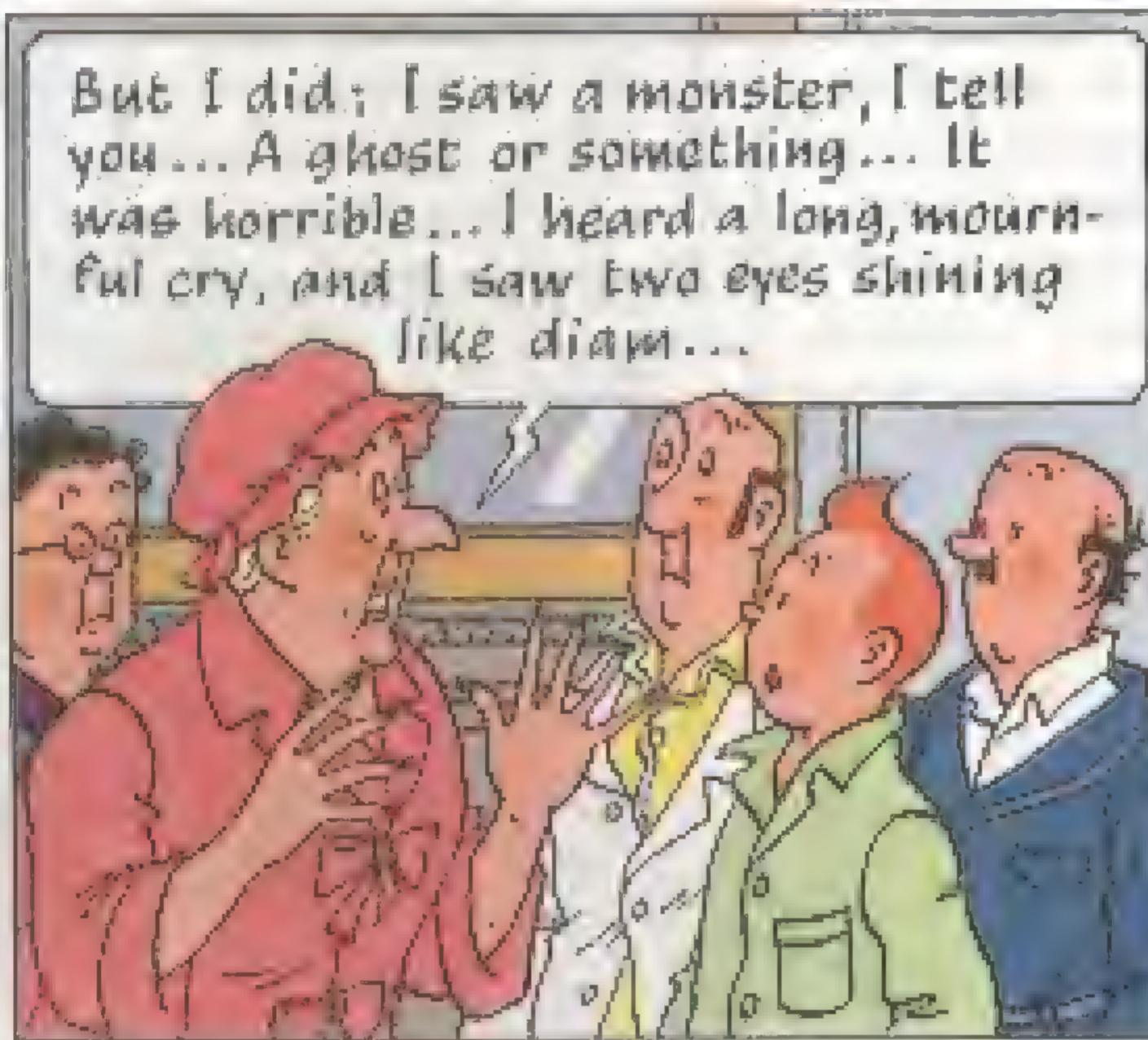
WOOAH! WOOAH!







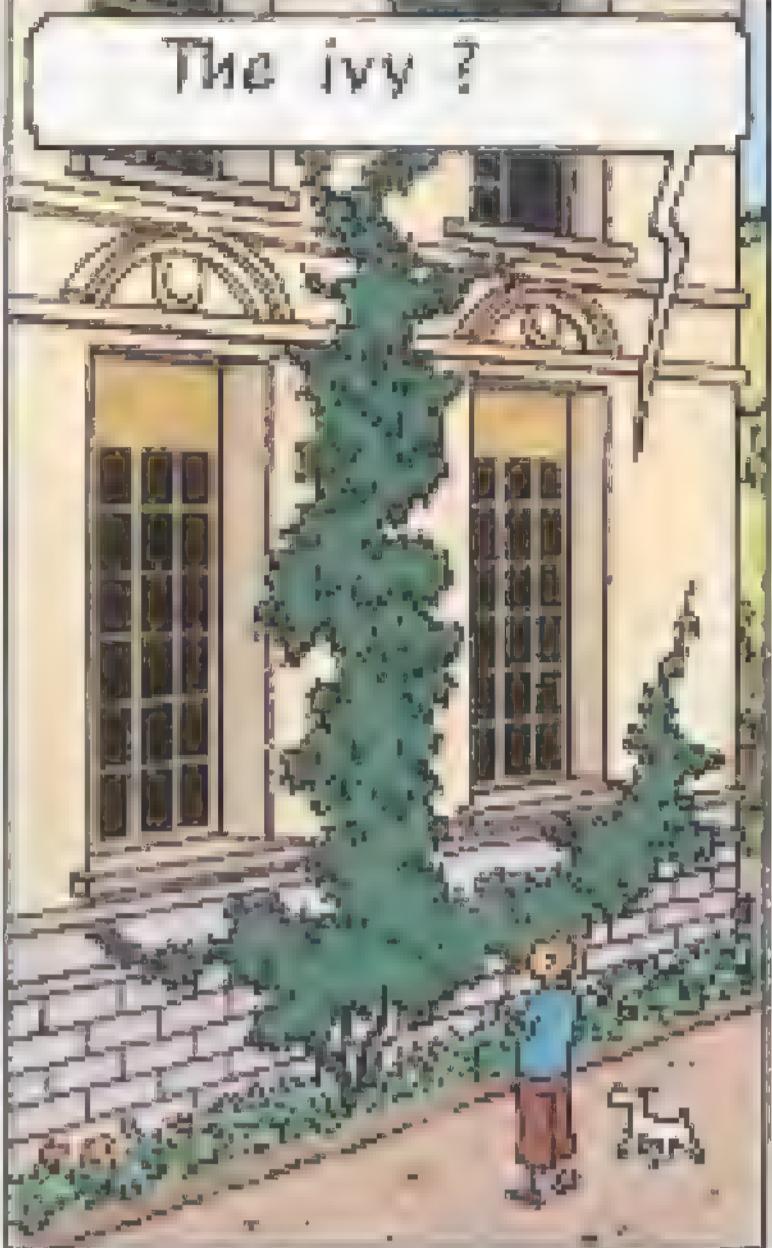
A monster?



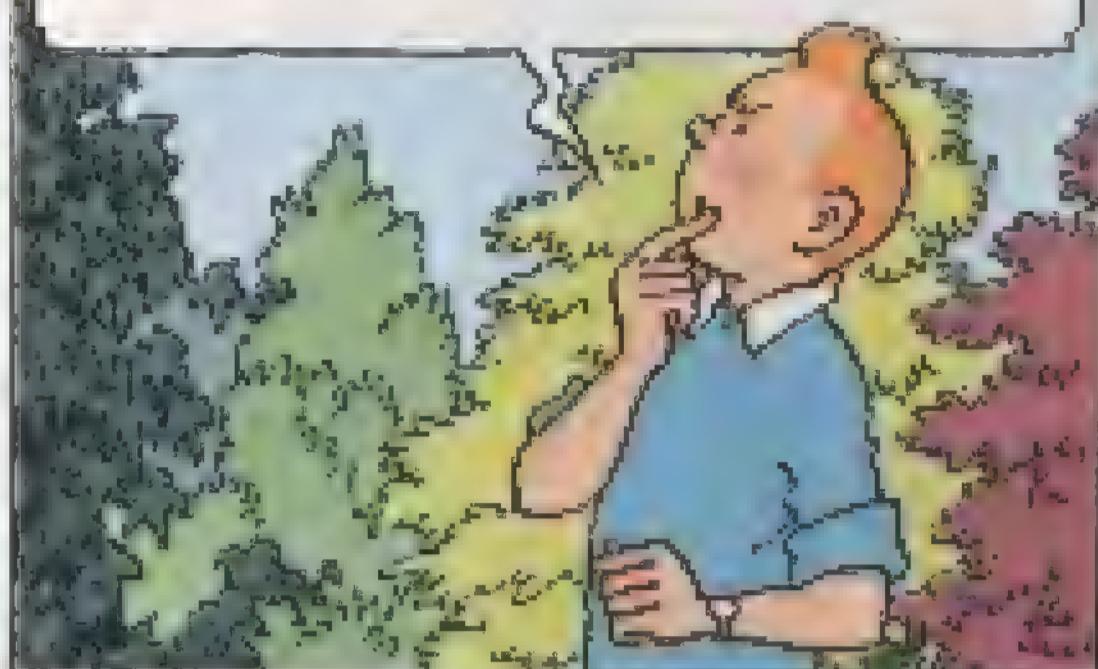
Footprints!...Right under the window!... Was she telling the truth, then?



The ivy?



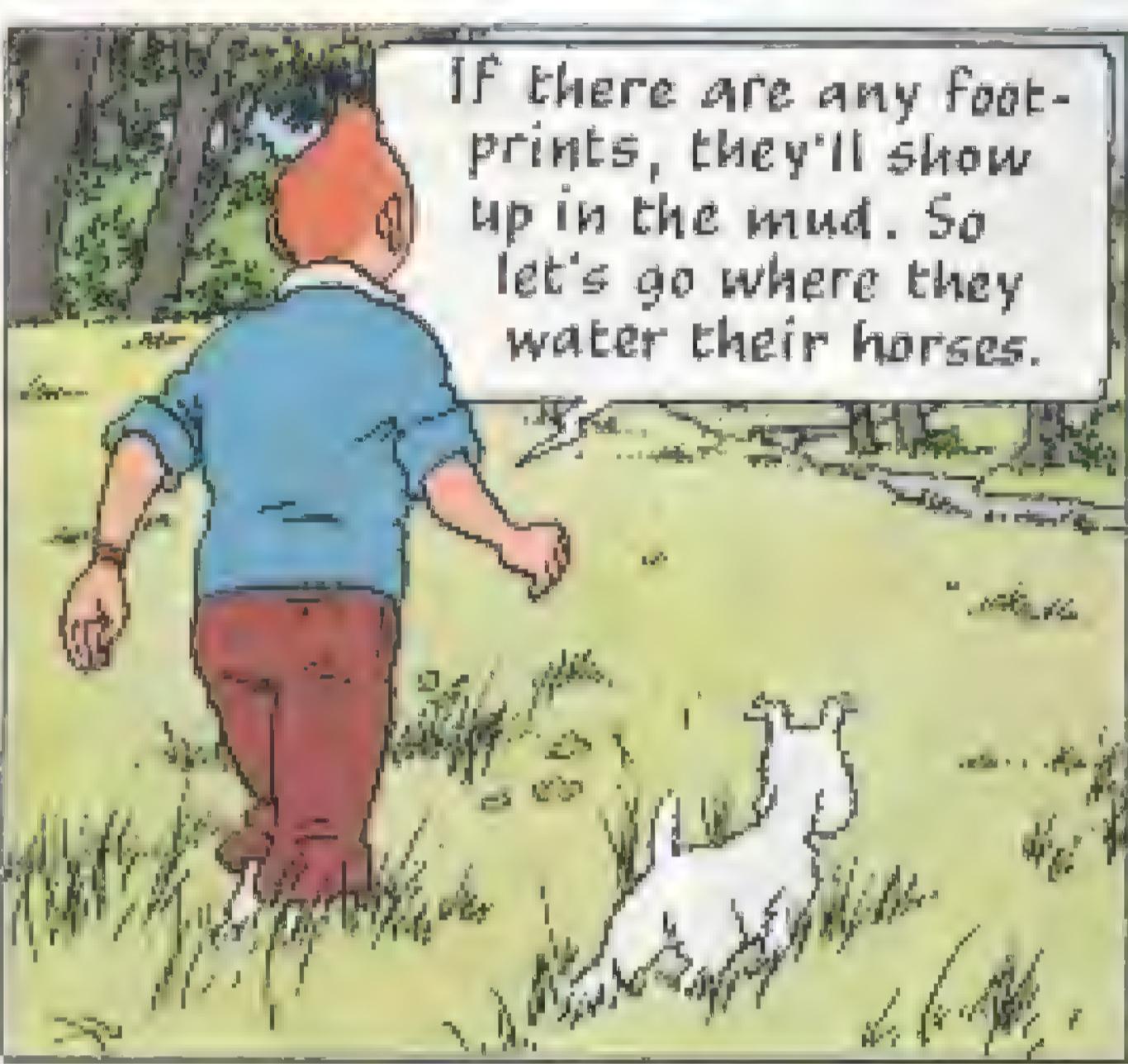
No. It would never support a man's weight...A child, maybe?... But then there'd be traces of the climb... Anyway, the footprints are those of an adult...



... But whose? That's the problem... Someone from the house?... One of the two strangers I chased yesterday?... A gipsy?



Here, Snowy. We'll take a walk down by the encampment.



No, none like those we saw in the flowerbed.



There he goes. Ha! ha! He didn't wait for a second round, the little brat. I don't like the way he's always snooping around.



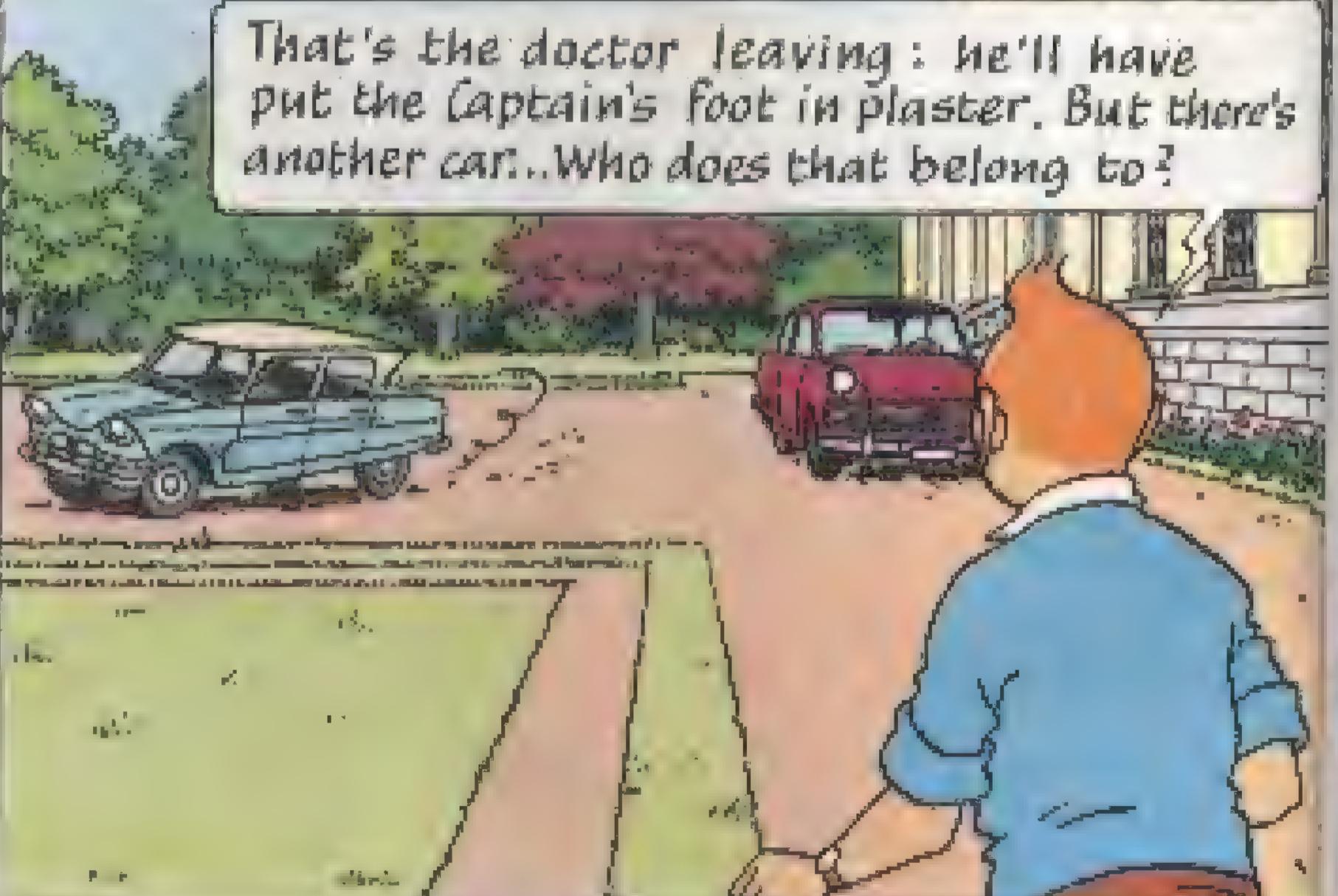
So, that's who it was... that gipsy... he threw the stone. But why?

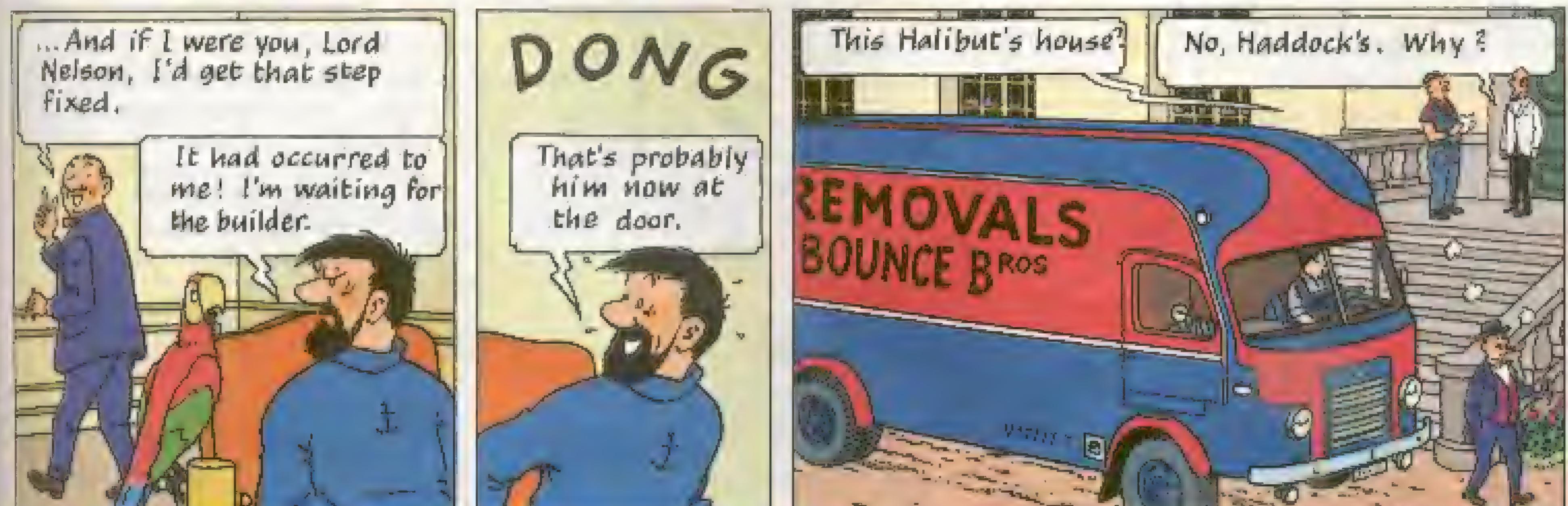
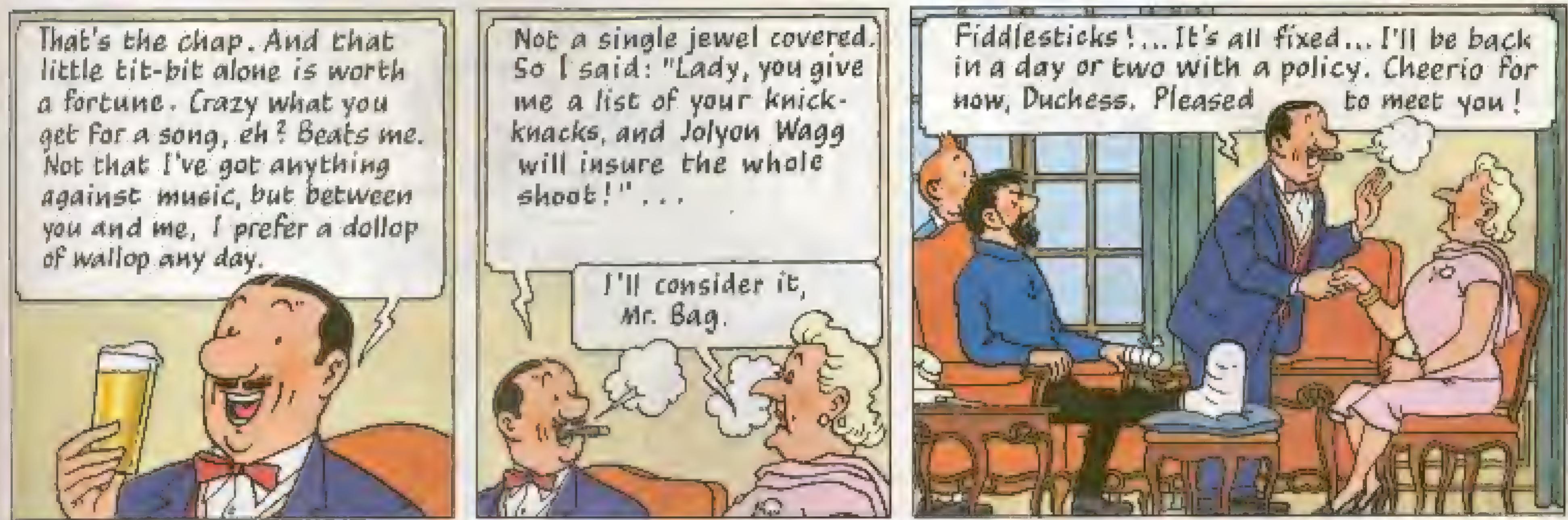
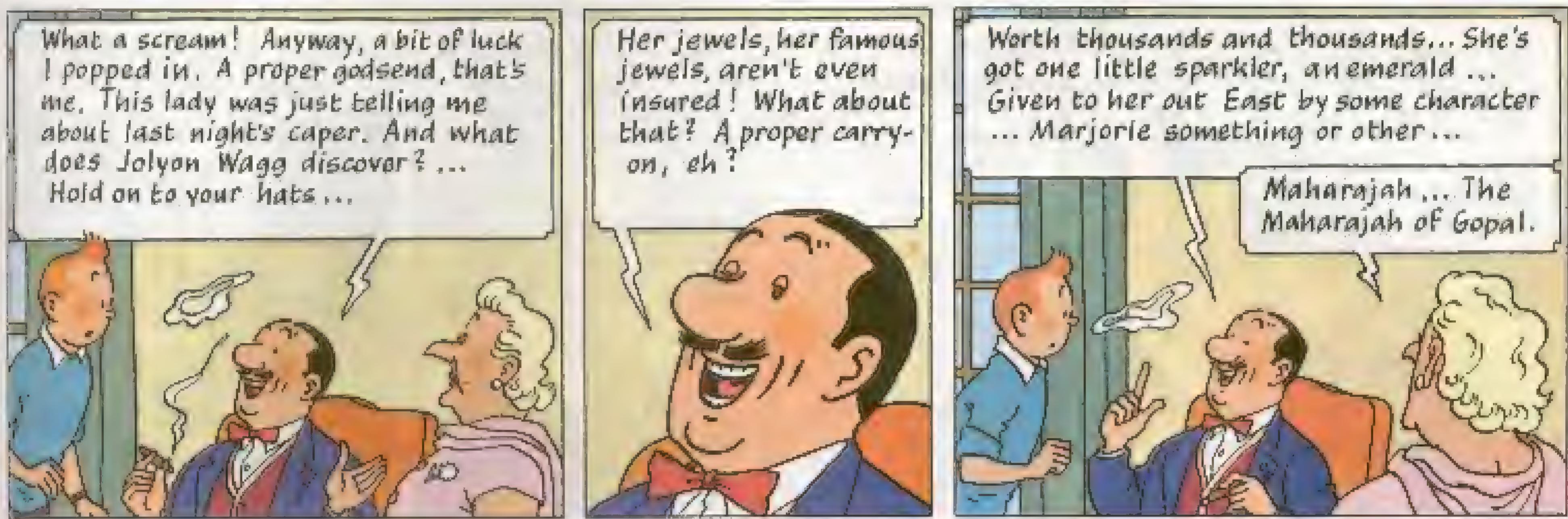
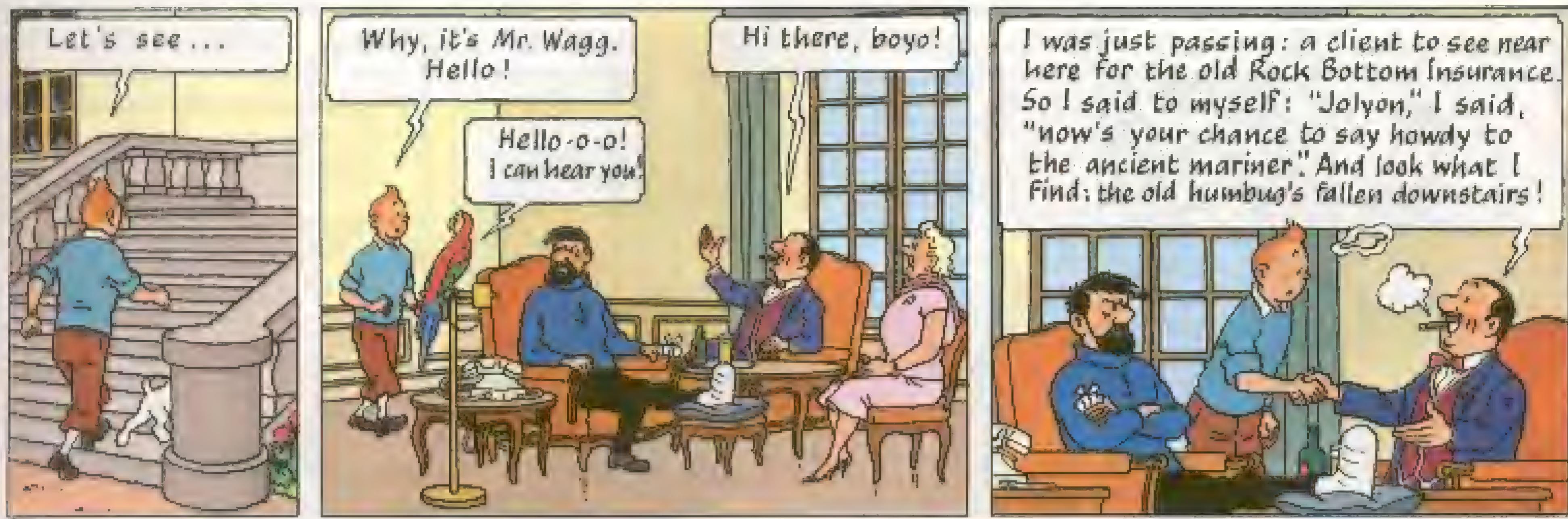


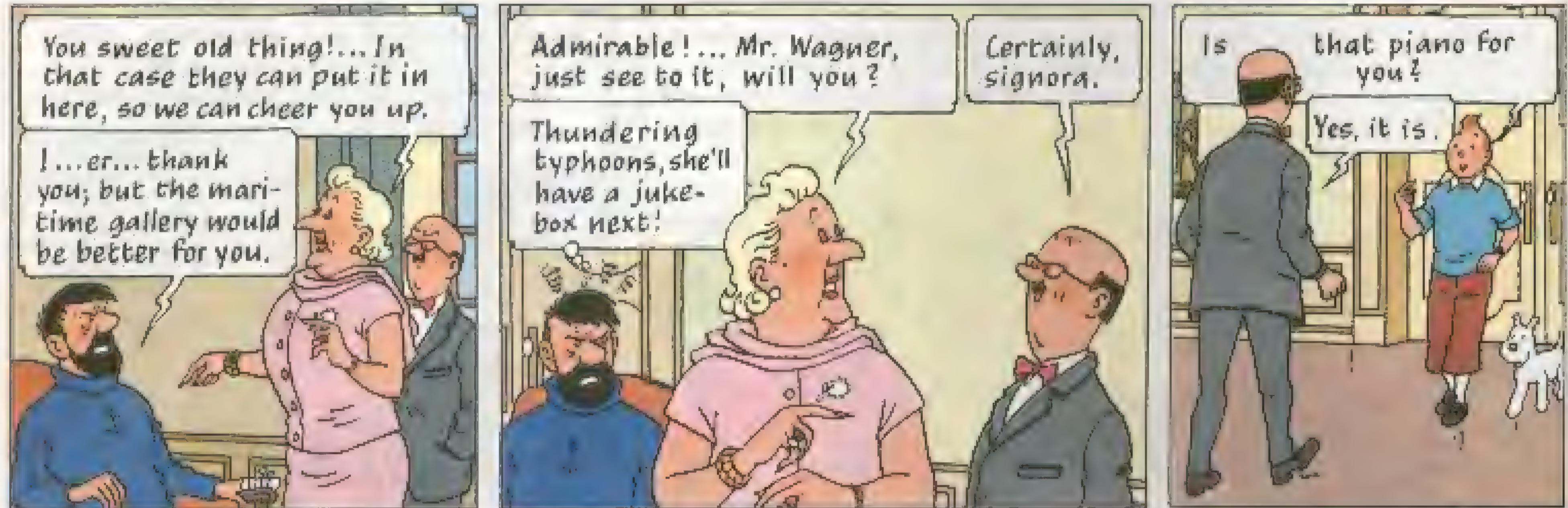
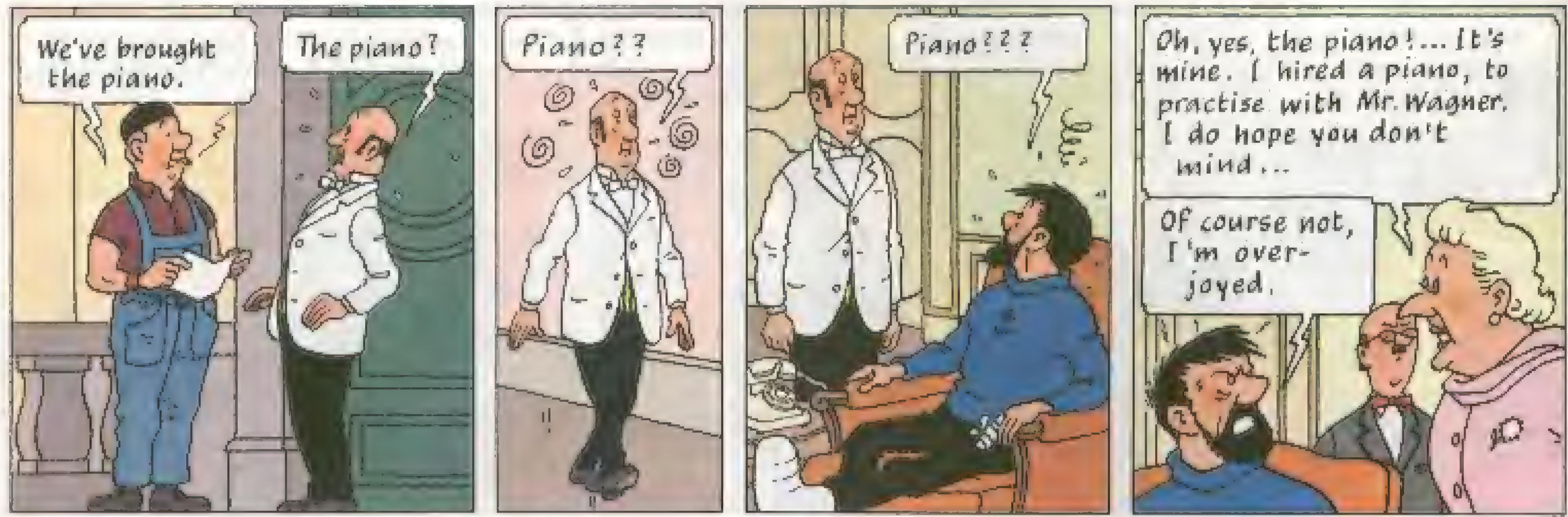
We don't seem to be much further on... Come on Snowy, ... home.



That's the doctor leaving: he'll have put the Captain's foot in plaster. But there's another car... Who does that belong to?







Journalists! They hound one to death!  
...There's no escape!... Oh well, one must  
expect it... The price of fame.

But you definitely  
said: no interviews,  
nothing...

Oh, but "Paris-Flash" is  
Paris-Flash, you know. Not  
like those pigs on "Tempo  
di Roma". Not a flicker  
of respect for an artist  
... So I refuse to  
receive them  
now.

But, I must practise with  
Wagner... Bye-bye... I'll  
put dear Iago  
beside you.



The next morning ...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.

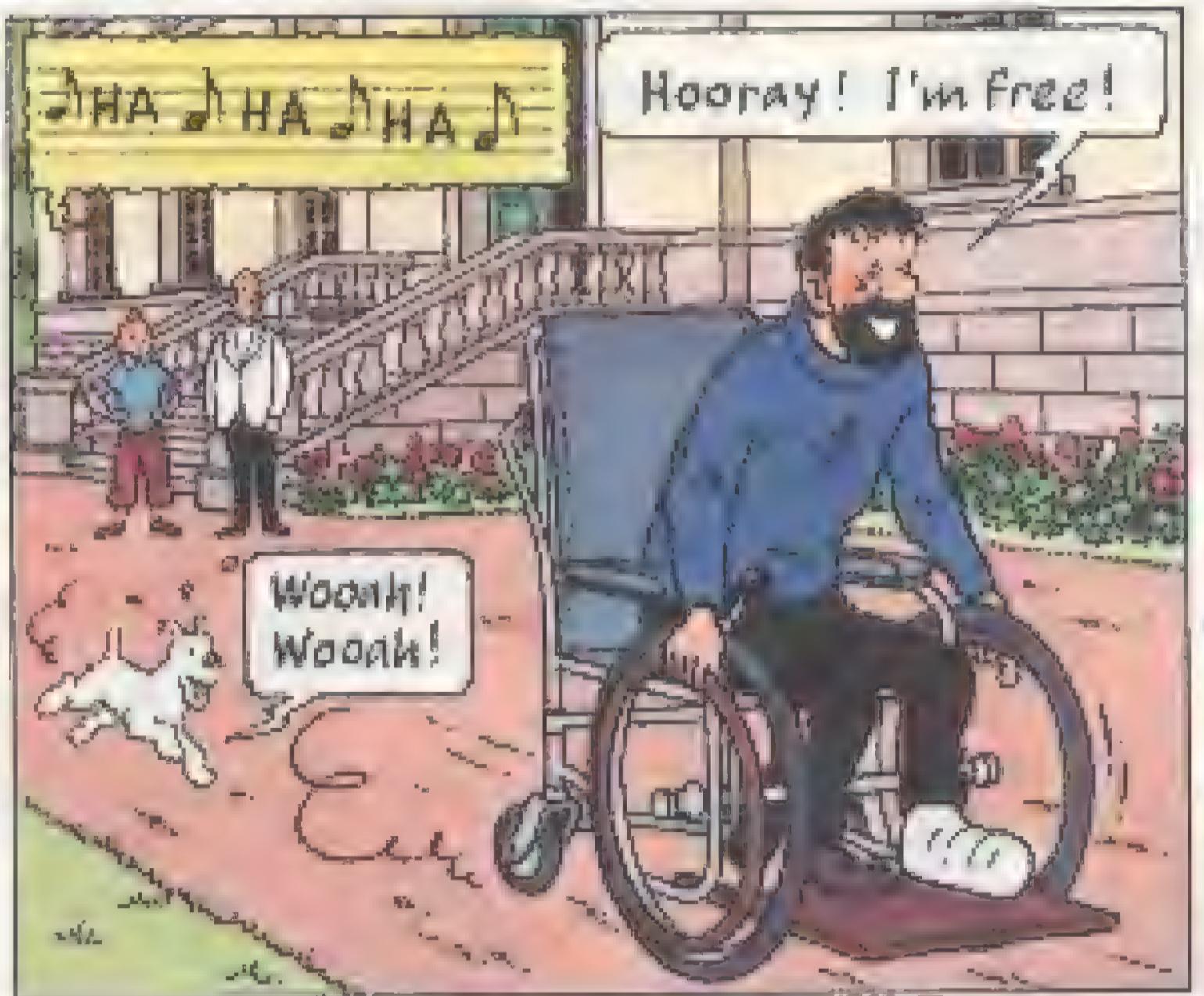
Captain! Captain!



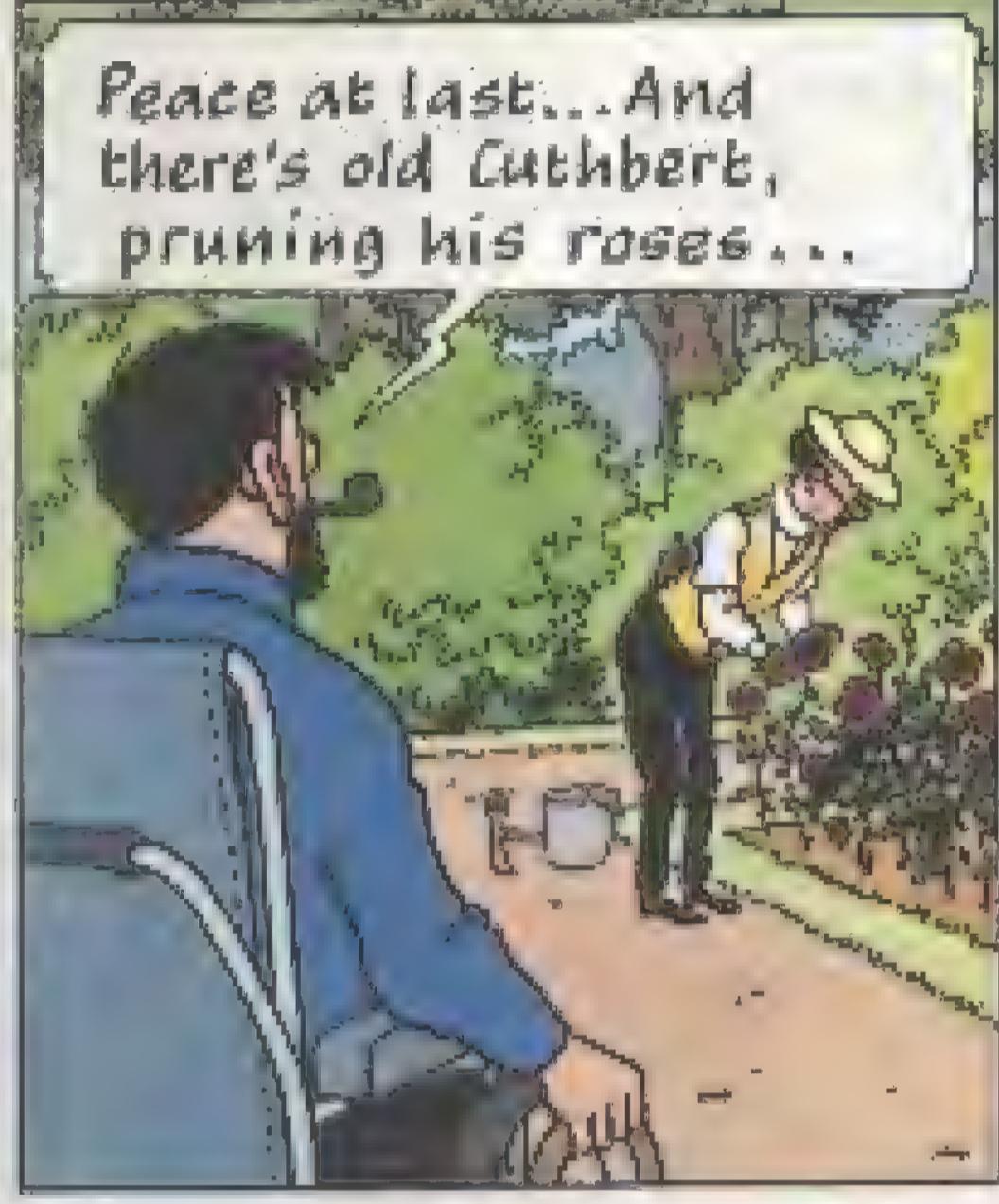
HA HA HA HA HA

Hooray! I'm free!

Wooah! Wooah!



Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...



Meanwhile ...

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen. I will inform the signora.



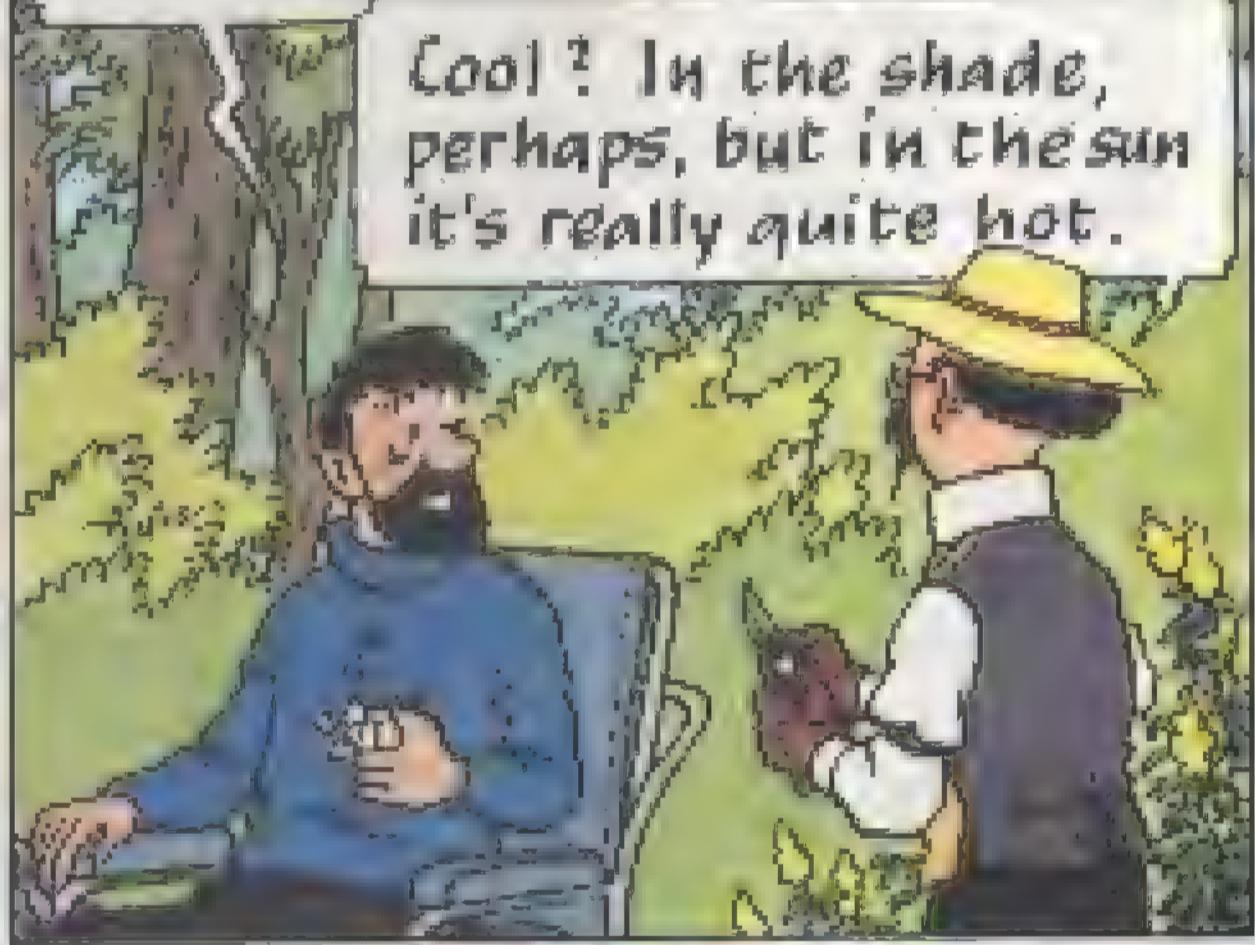
Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you? ... How's the foot?



Oh, not so bad! ... Anyway, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.



Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

Well done! Splendid! ... Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue,



No, no, white! ... But such a white! ... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate! ... And the shape-perfect! ... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.



OW!

And the name? Aha! You will never guess...



What was that? Who shouted?

I've had an idea - I think I may say an inspiration.

Hi! ... Stop, who-ever you are!

Idiot! Did you have to put your great feet into a wasps' nest?

As I told you, the rose I have created is white. Now, what is white in Italian?

Bianca, of course... Bianca! You follow me?

Bianca! Bianca!... Who were those ectoplasms, bolting like rabbits? That's what interests me!

Yes, Bianca, like our delightful guest. This rose shall be called "Bianca Castafiore". A charming compliment, don't you think?

The scoundrels! I'll bet they were up to no good!

But the world must wait... You mustn't breathe a word, I implore you. It must be a complete surprise.

What?... Which?... A surprise?... For whom?

That's agreed, isn't it?... I can count on you... This is strictly between ourselves.

Strangers in the park... What's it all about?

Hello, who's that on the seat? Oh, it's...

IRMAAA!

IRMAAA!

Yes, madame.

Where are you, Irma?

Here madame. I'm coming.

Take cover!

Have you seen Captain Hammock? I simply must find him.

If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.



Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!



You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...



...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child.



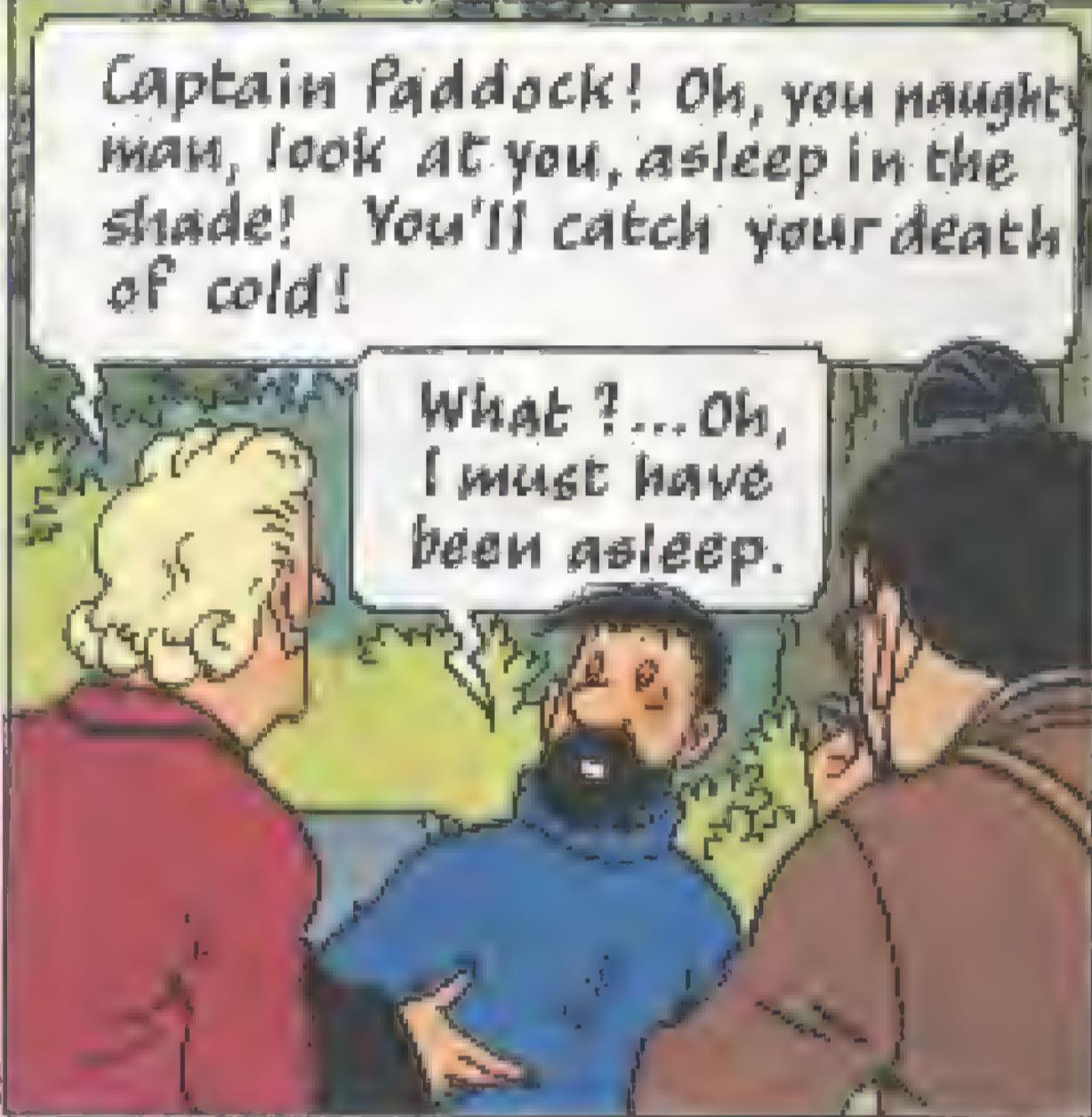
There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz...  
Zzzz...



Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What?... Oh, I must have been asleep.



Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here... Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!



I see I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...



It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...



Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

'Morning,



Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Hassock and I will expect you to lunch.



Now, my dear, let us have a little chat.



Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



True or not, Marco my boy,  
it'll sell !

I can just see  
the cover !

Look, a gardener. Come on,  
we'll try to pump him.

O.K. !

But... it isn't the gardener... it's  
Professor Calculus, who went to the  
moon with Tintin. He should be in  
the know.

Let's go !

Good morning, Professor. May we in-  
troduce ourselves : Christopher  
Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto  
of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard ?

Reporters !... So that's it !  
The Captain had to tell  
someone. He's already  
tattled to the papers  
about my new rose,  
the old gossip !

Tell me, Professor, off the record,  
isn't there something in the wind  
between La Castafiore and Cap-  
tain Haddock ?... Plans for a  
wedding ?... Am I right ?

It was the Captain  
who told you, wasn't  
it ?

Well... yes and no... You know how  
it is... we reporters... flair, you  
understand ... So it's true ?

Great sunspots ! And he  
promised to say  
nothing ! It was to  
have been a surprise...

I quite understand... How  
soon will it be ?

It all depends  
on the weather  
... But it  
could happen  
any day now.

Aha ! So it's imminent, then !  
And... how long has this been  
fixed ? Can you give any little  
snippets about them... How  
they first met, for example ?

Precisely !... It  
was two years  
ago ...

...at the Chelsea Flower Show.  
But ssh ! Here she comes ...  
Signora Bianca, with the Captain.  
Not a word about this !

Right !

Er... the Professor was telling us...er...about  
his roses. How magnificent they are !

Exquisite. I was  
just saying so to  
Captain Havoc.

Meanwhile ...

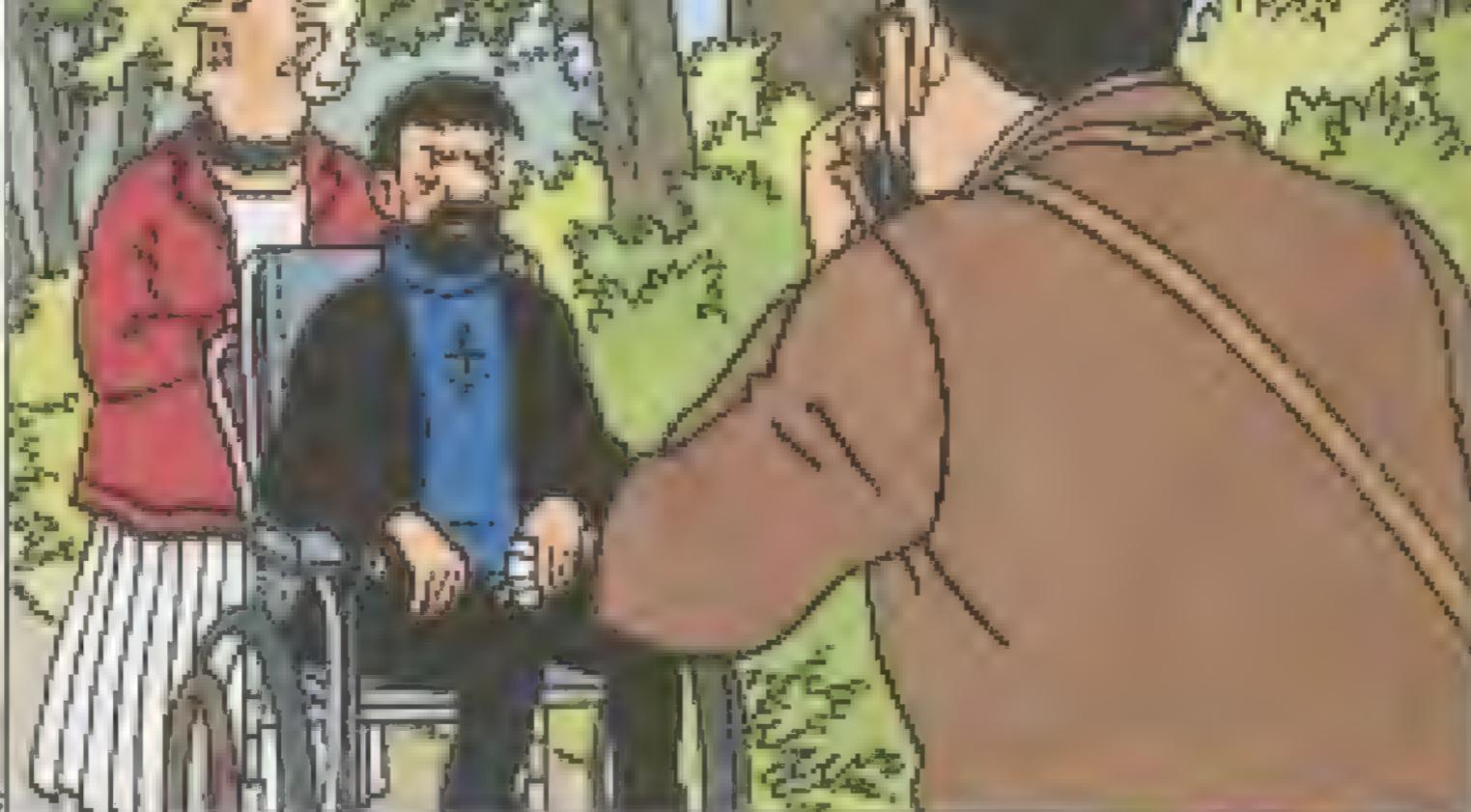
Got that ? Sugarplum...  
Oriana ... Semiramis...

That's right... Exactly... No, no, I'll ring you myself... O.K. then... Till tomorrow.

Oh, how I adore flowers! They bring them in armfuls, but I never get tired of them!

Dear lady, allow me to offer you this modest "Crimson Glory"... until...er... something better comes along... Ha! ha!

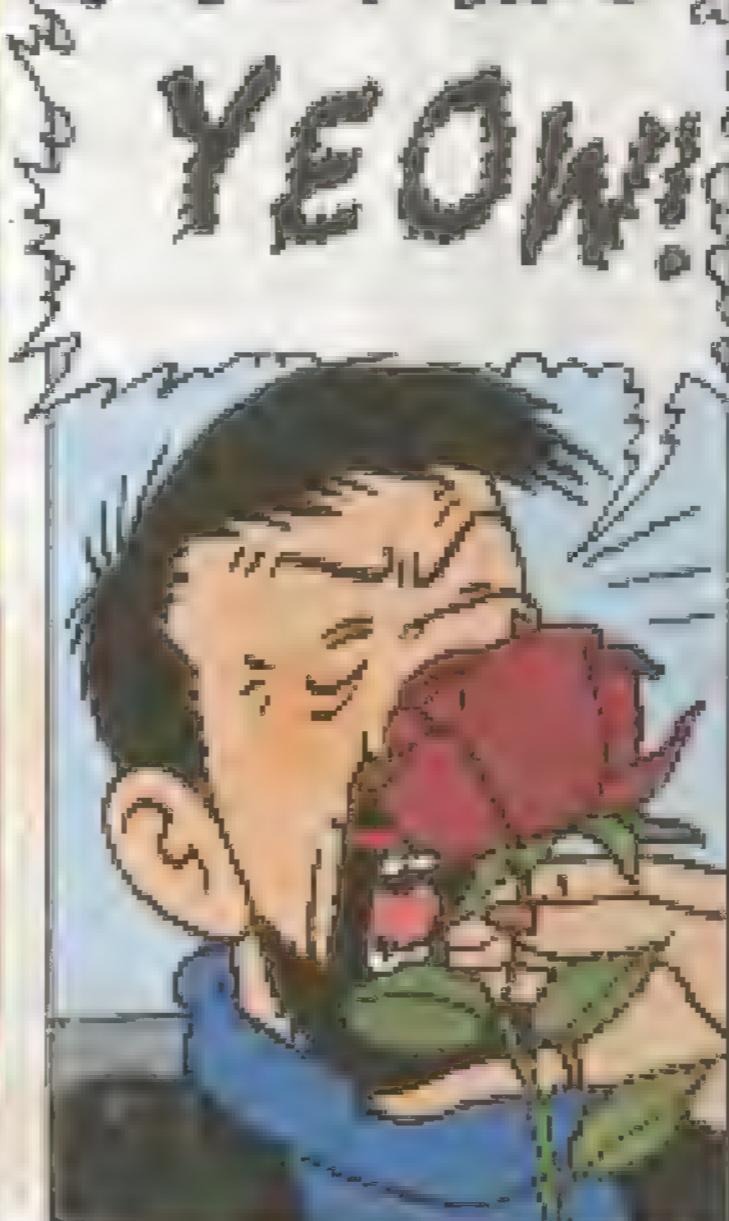
Oh, Professor!



MMMM! What a sweet scent!

Smell, Captain!... Inhale the fragrance... Exquisite, isn't it?

YEOW!



My poor boy, how did you manage to do that? And what a terrible fuss! You frightened me to death! Wait, I'll help you. First remove the sting... There! Then apply crushed rose petals.

Th-e-re!  
Better already,  
aren't we?

Now, my friends, I'll leave you. I must change for lunch... Ciao!



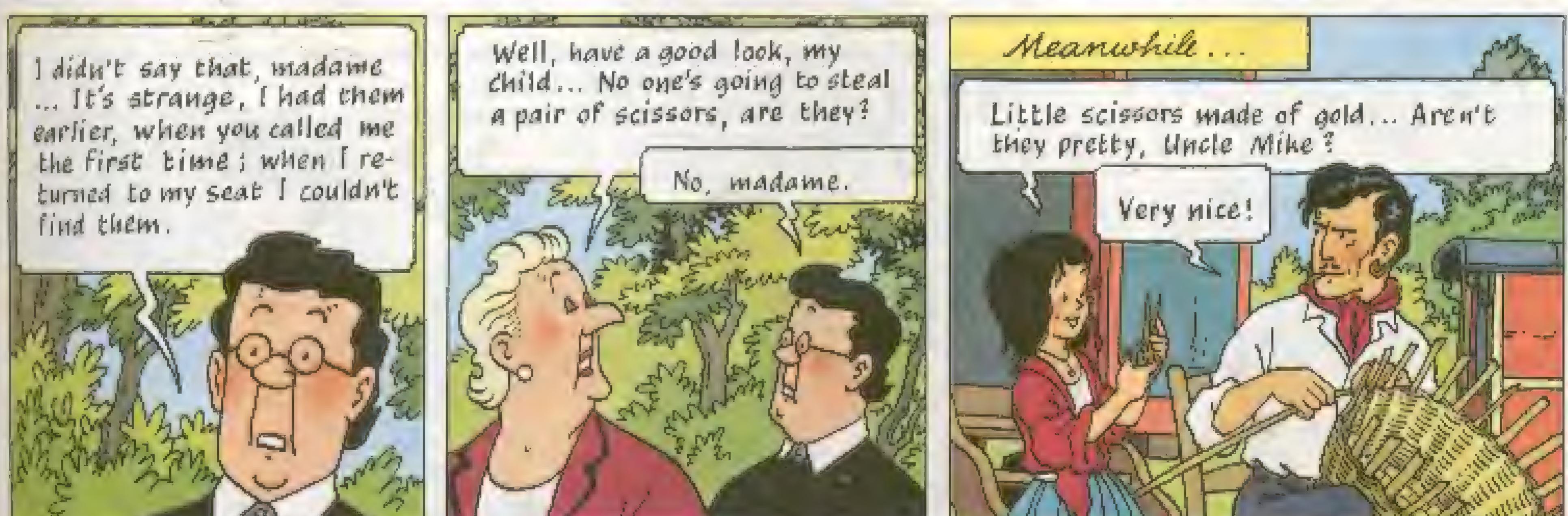
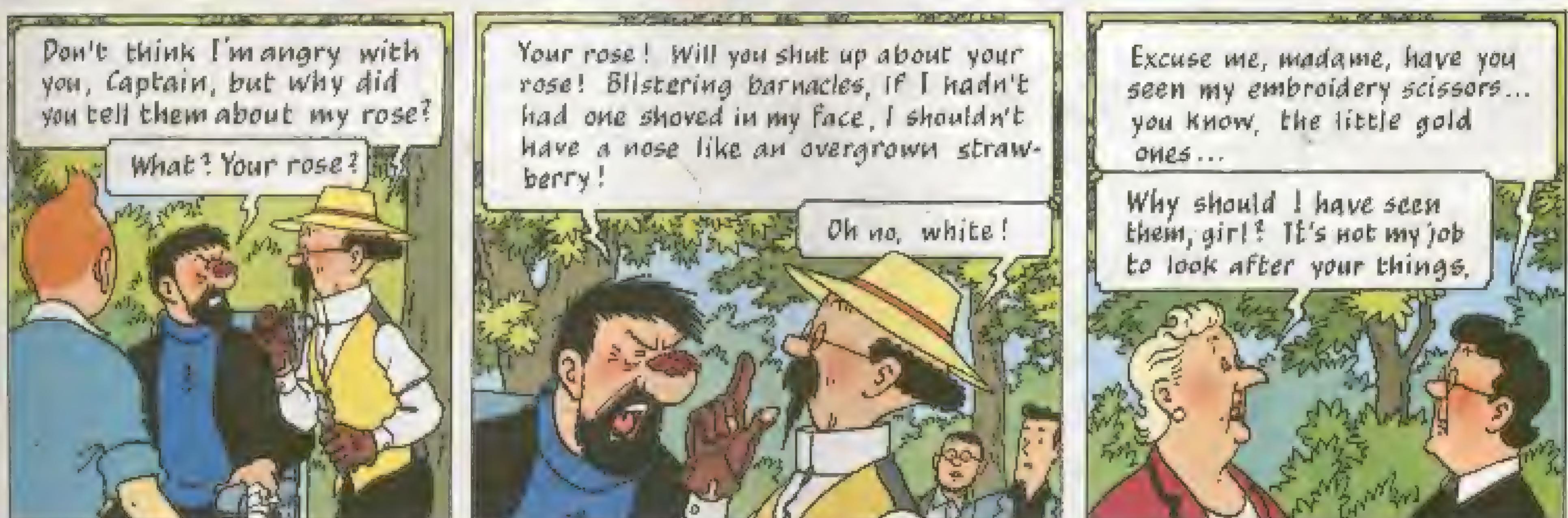
Trala ♫ ♪  
Iaaa ♫ ♪

You're looking for Captain Maggot, I'm sure. You'll find him in the rose garden. The poor darling, he's been stung on the nose by a bee.

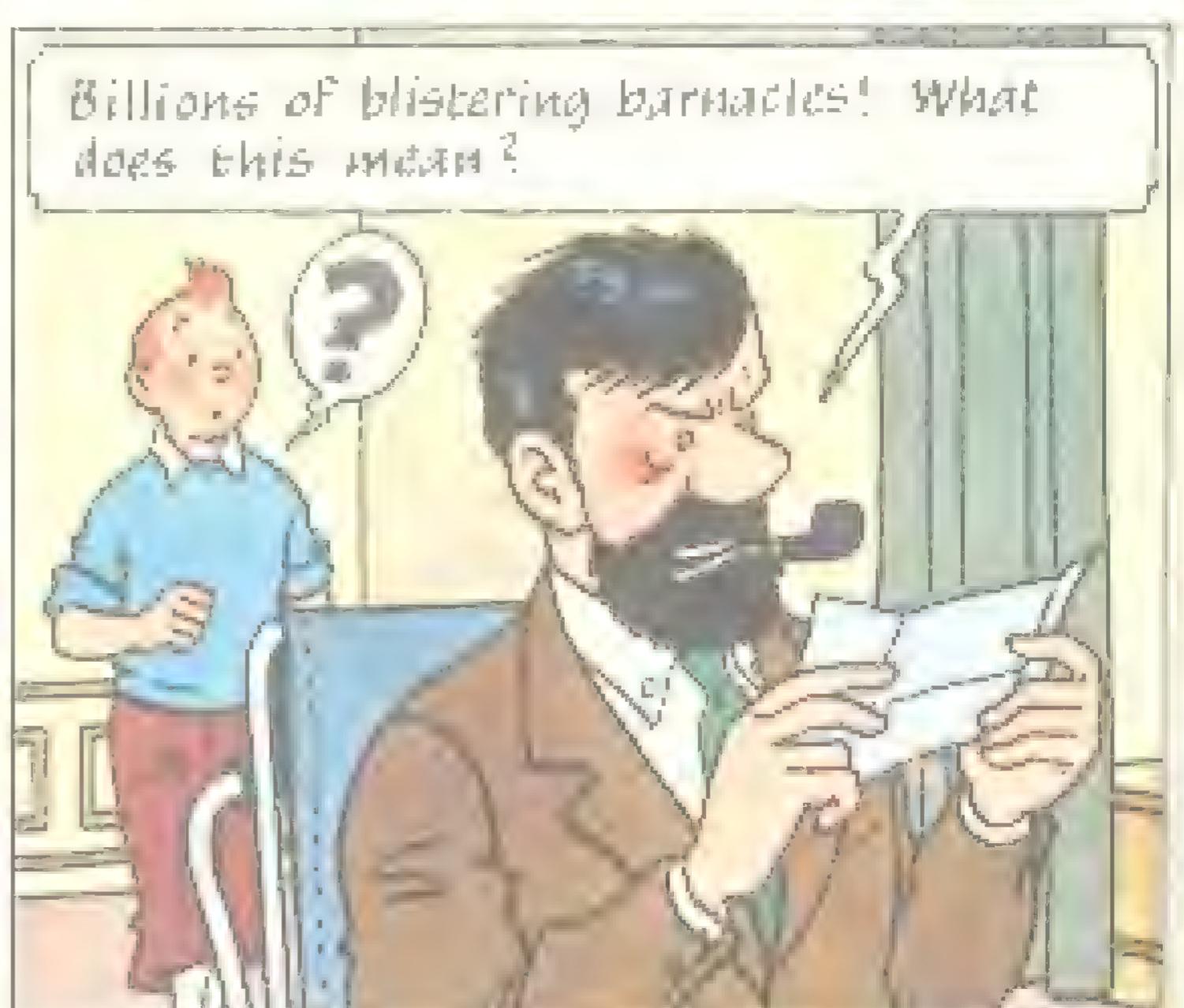
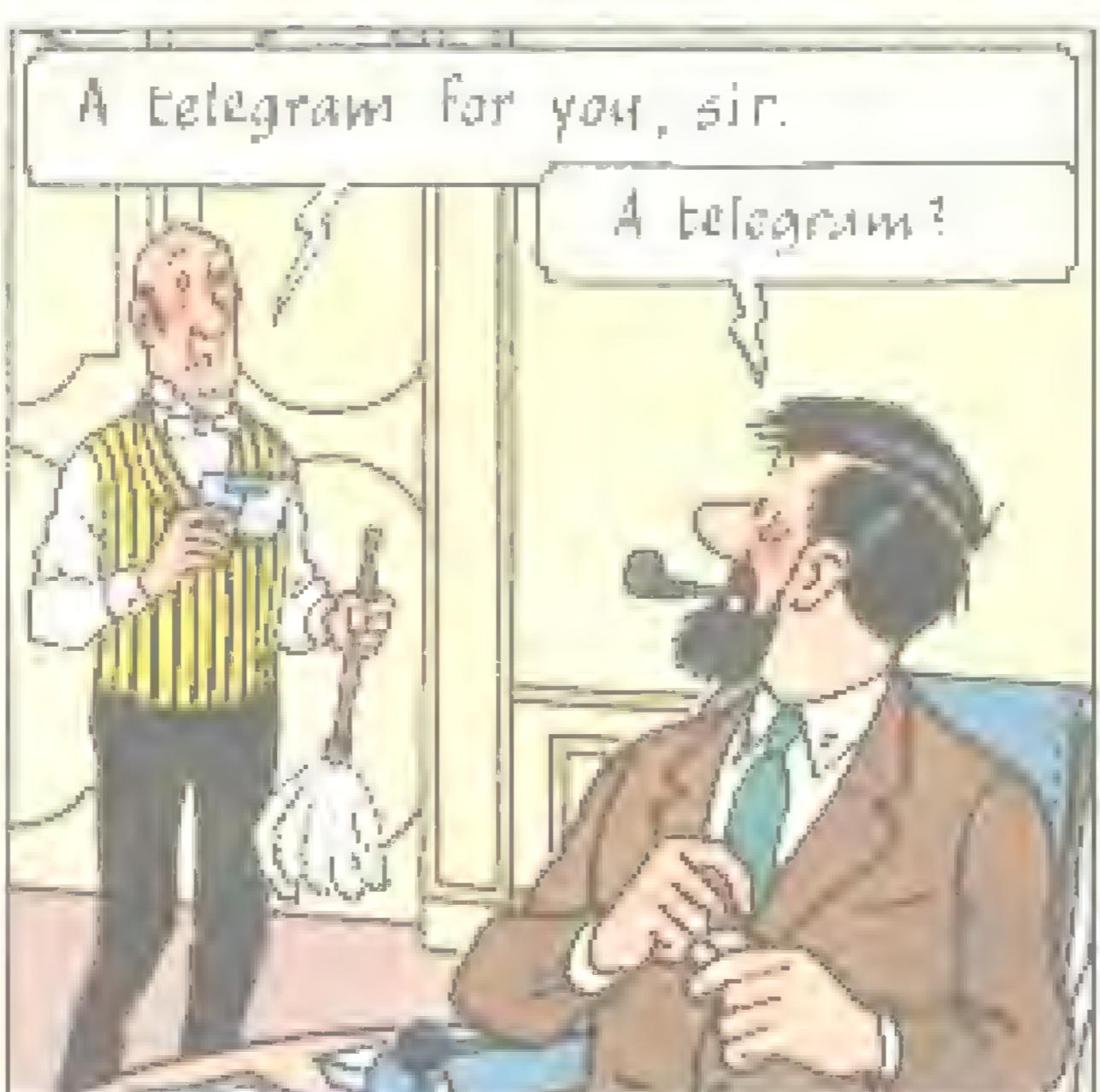
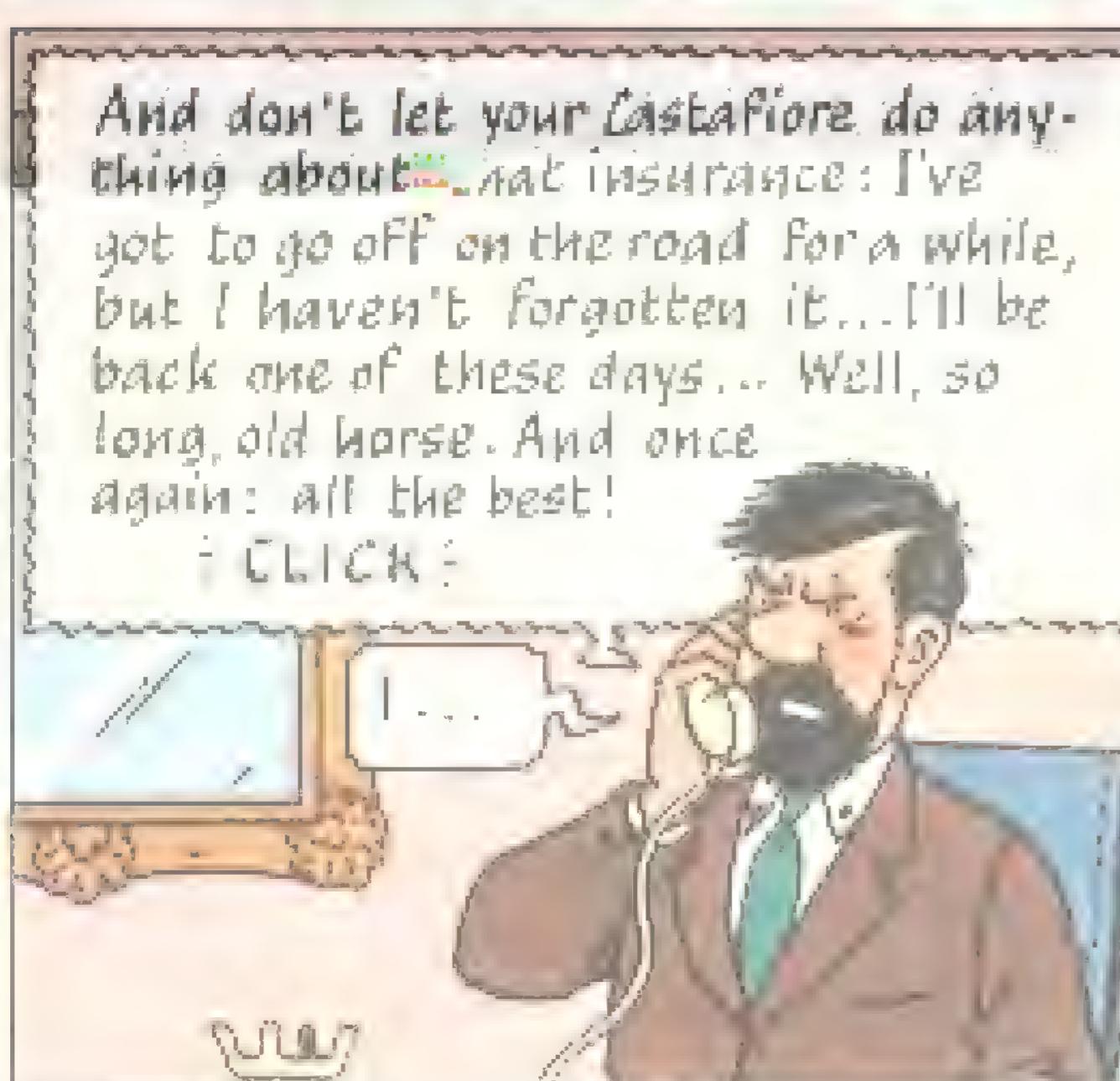
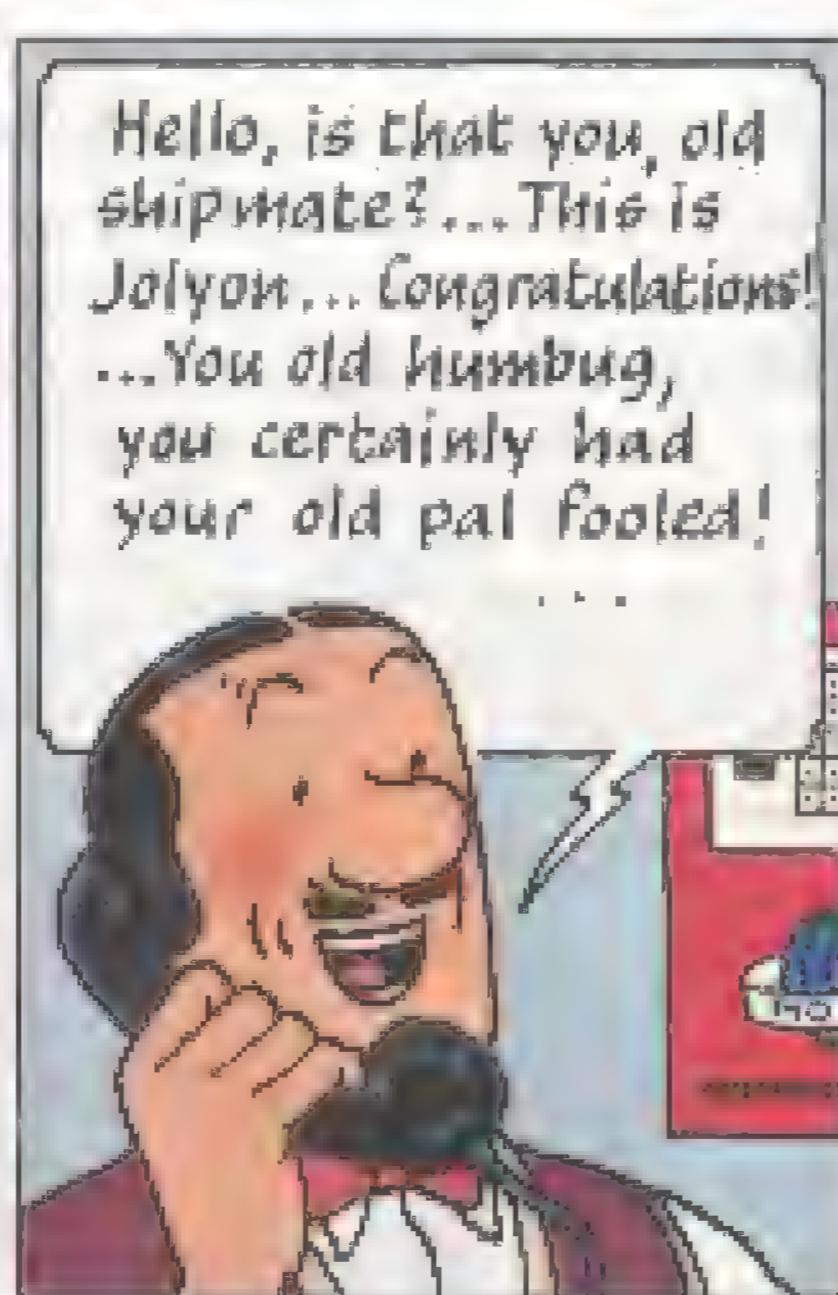
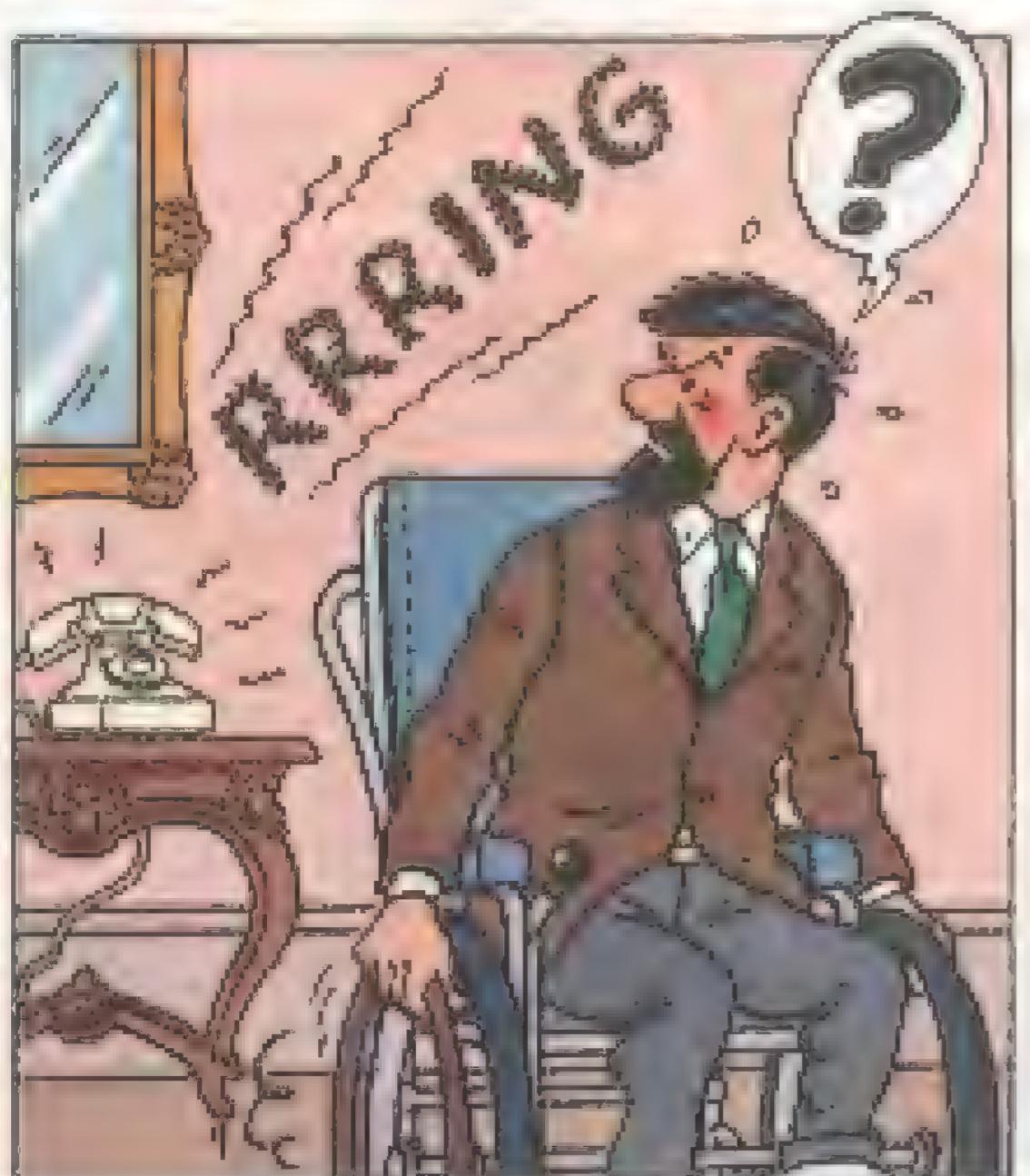
A bee-sting on the nose... Poor Captain; that could be horribly painful.

E-E-EEK!  
MY  
NECKLACE!

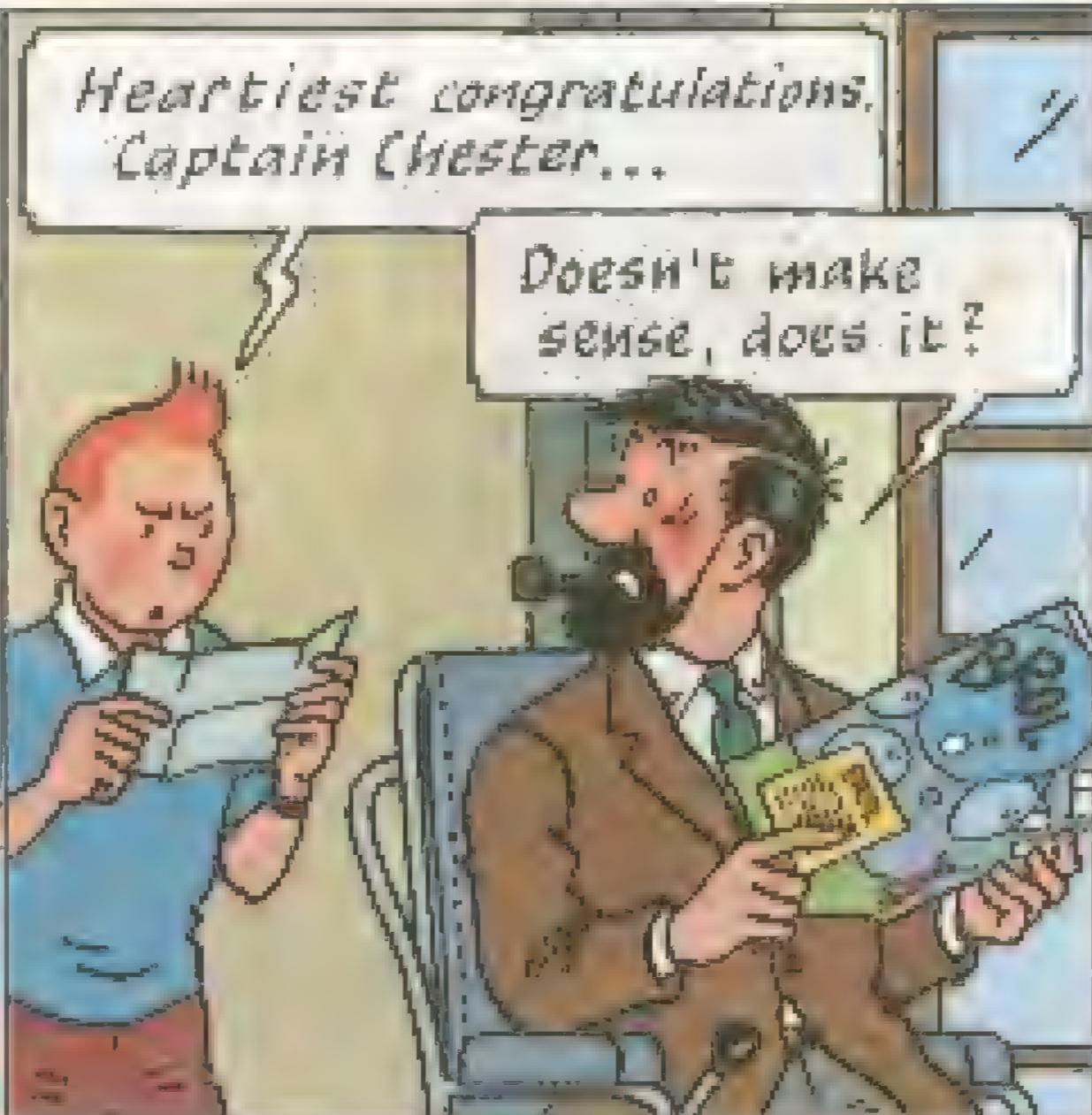




Three days  
later...



Read that and tell me if it conveys anything to you. And that idiot Wagg has just rung up to congratulate me.

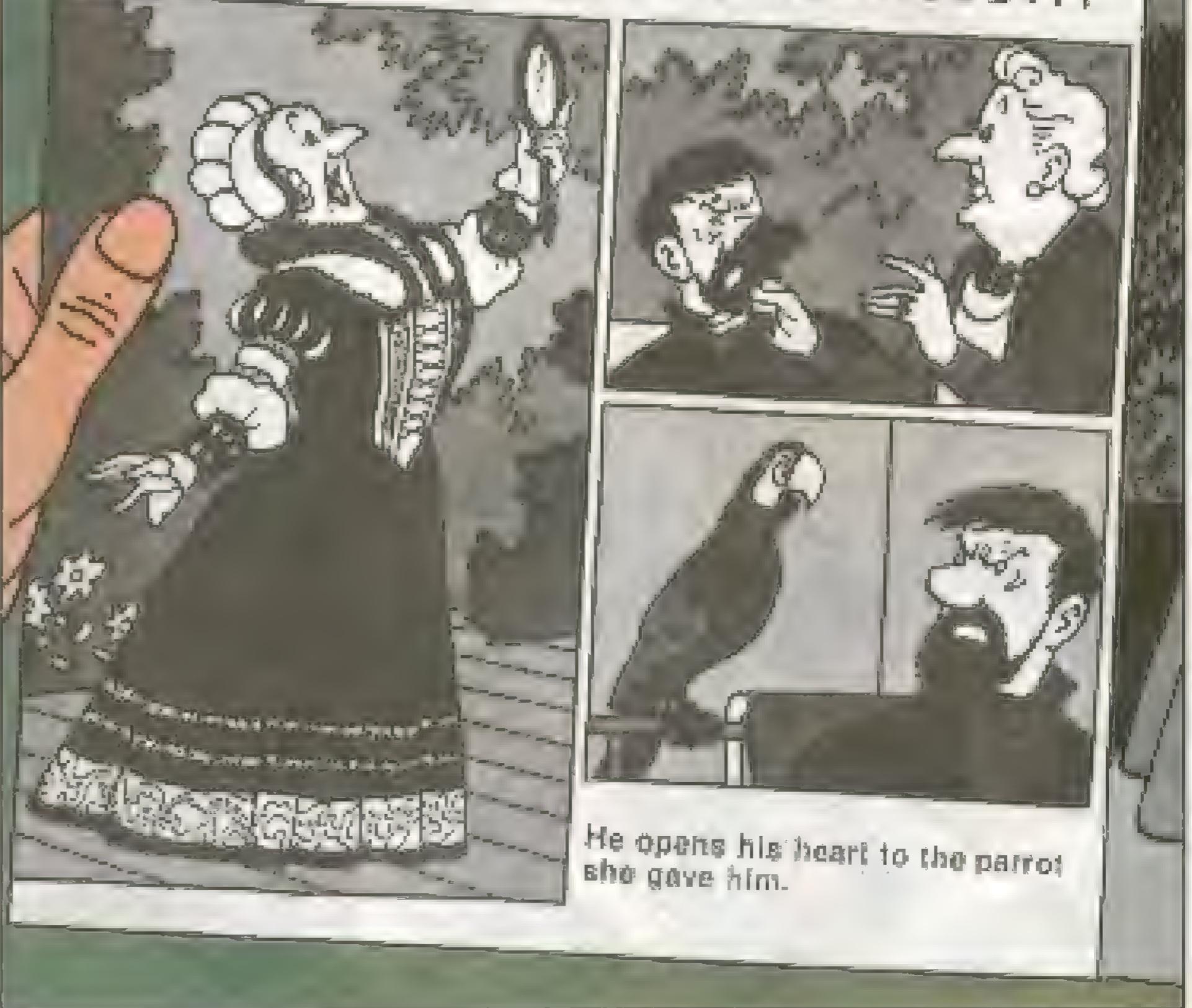


## SCOOP!

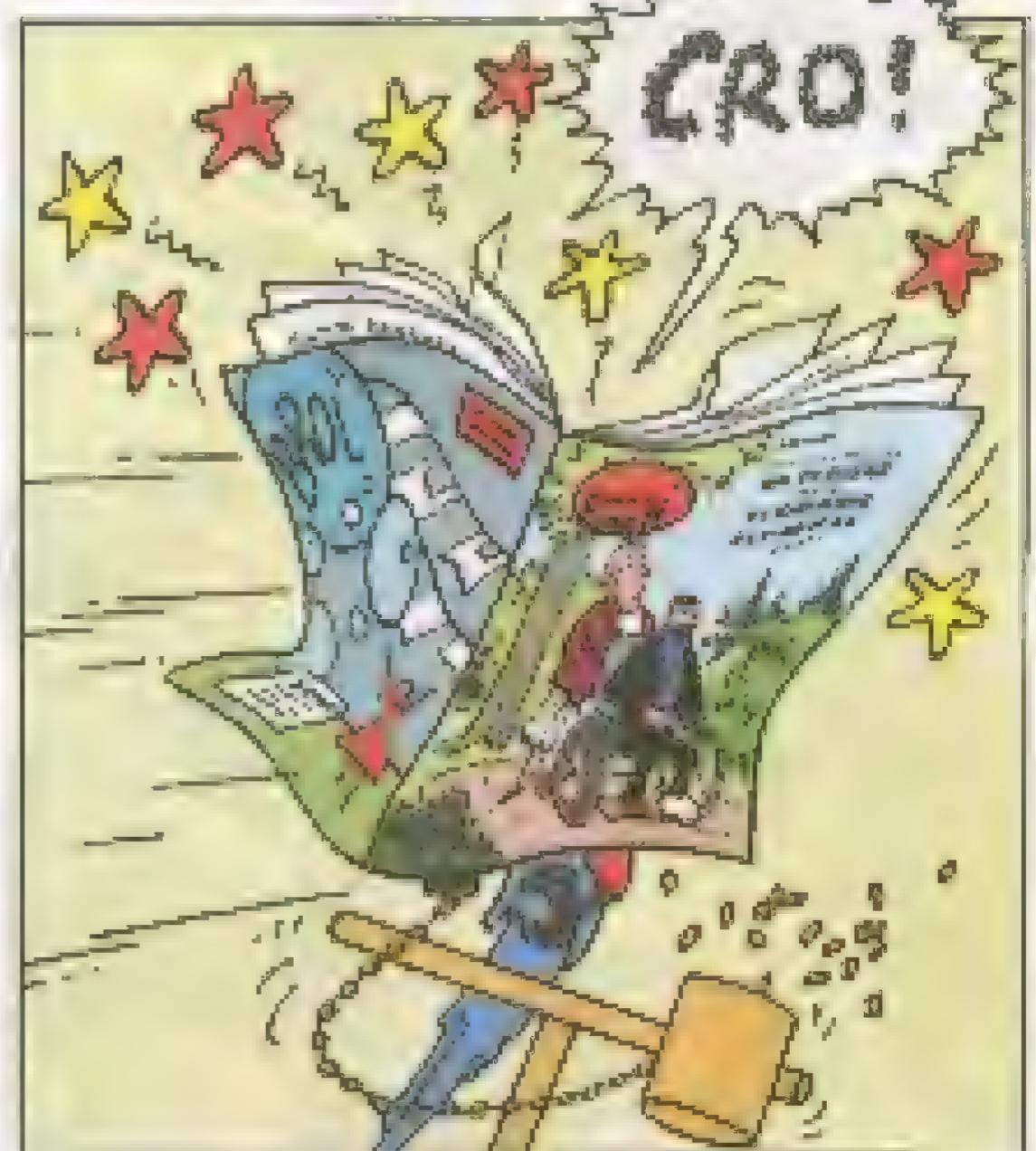
MILANESE  
**NIGHTINGALE**  
BIANCA CASTAFIORE  
WILL MARRY  
OLD SEA LION

At the Chelsea Flower Show, famed the world over for its exotic blooms, Bianca Castafiore met her future husband, retired Admiral Hammock. Our reporters have been to Marlinspike Hall, to bring you these intimate glimpses of two happy people.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE...



He opens his heart to the parrot she gave him.



Buon giorno, Tintin!  
Buon giorno, Captain Bootblack!

Have you seen the marvellous article about me in "Paris-Flash"?

Yes, I have seen it, madam! ... You call it marvellous? ... Announcing our marriage!

Oh, yes, priceless, isn't it?

But it doesn't mean a thing. The newspapers have already engaged me to the Maharajah of Gopal, to Baron Halmaszout, the Lord Chamberlain of Syldavia, to Colonel Sponsz, to the Marquis di Gorgonzola, and goodness knows who. So you see, I'm quite used to it...

Well I'm not, madam, and I...

RING

HELLO!

This is Thompson and Thomson, with a 'p' and without... Our west bishes... er... our wet dishes... I mean, many congratulations, Captain. We've just seen "Paris-Flash".

KOUA KOUAKOUIN KOUIN-  
KOUIN KOUA KOUIN  
KOUA ... BANG!

Nicwitted ninepins!

How very odd: not a word about my rose.

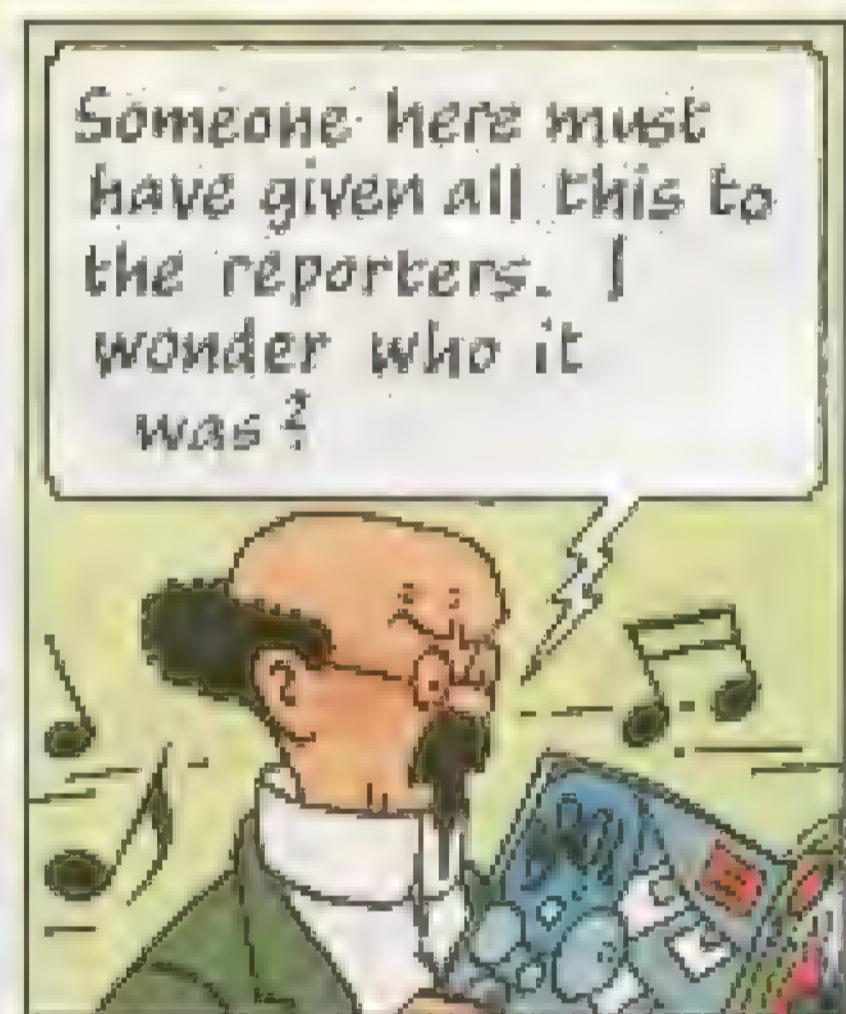
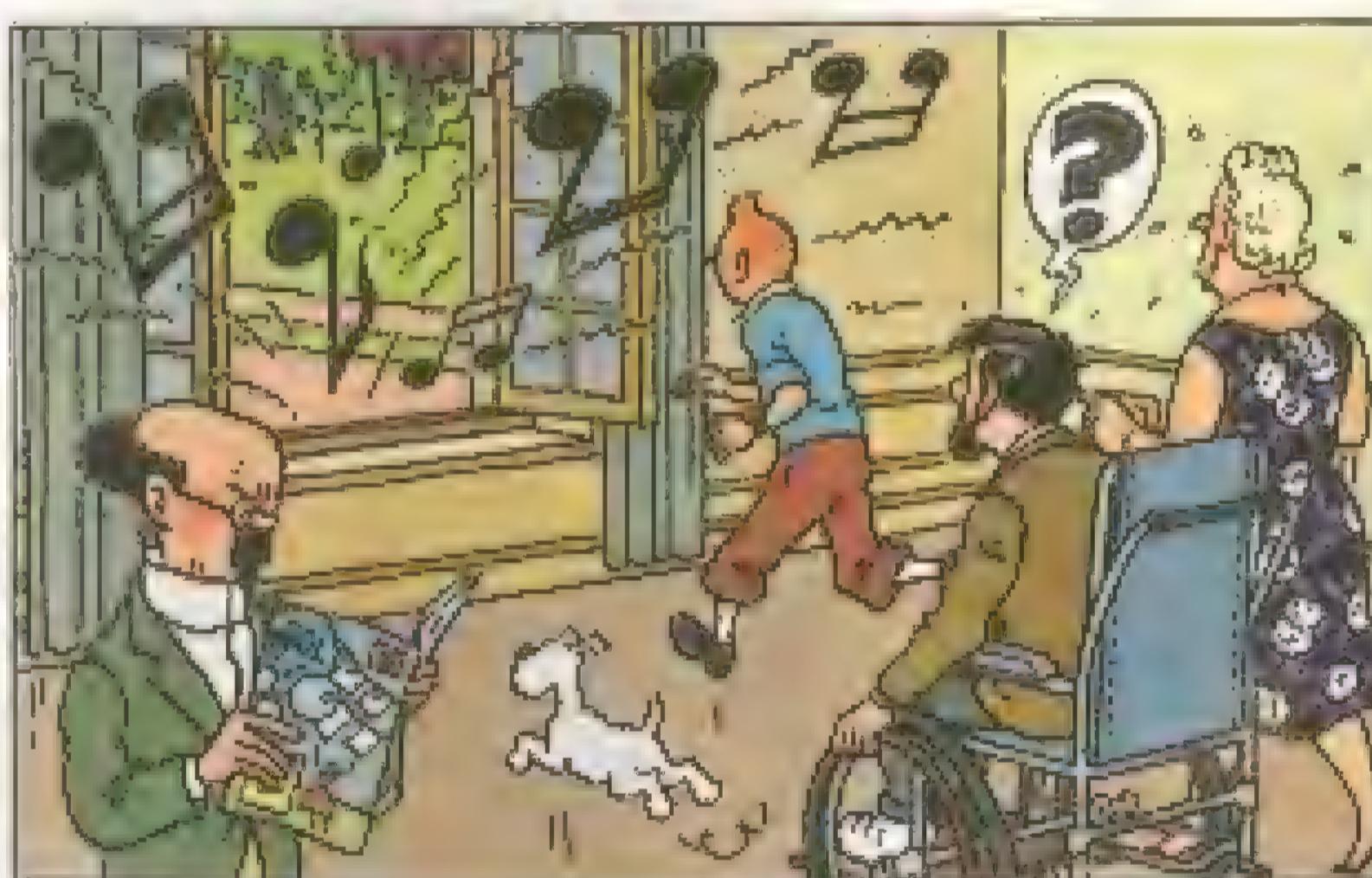
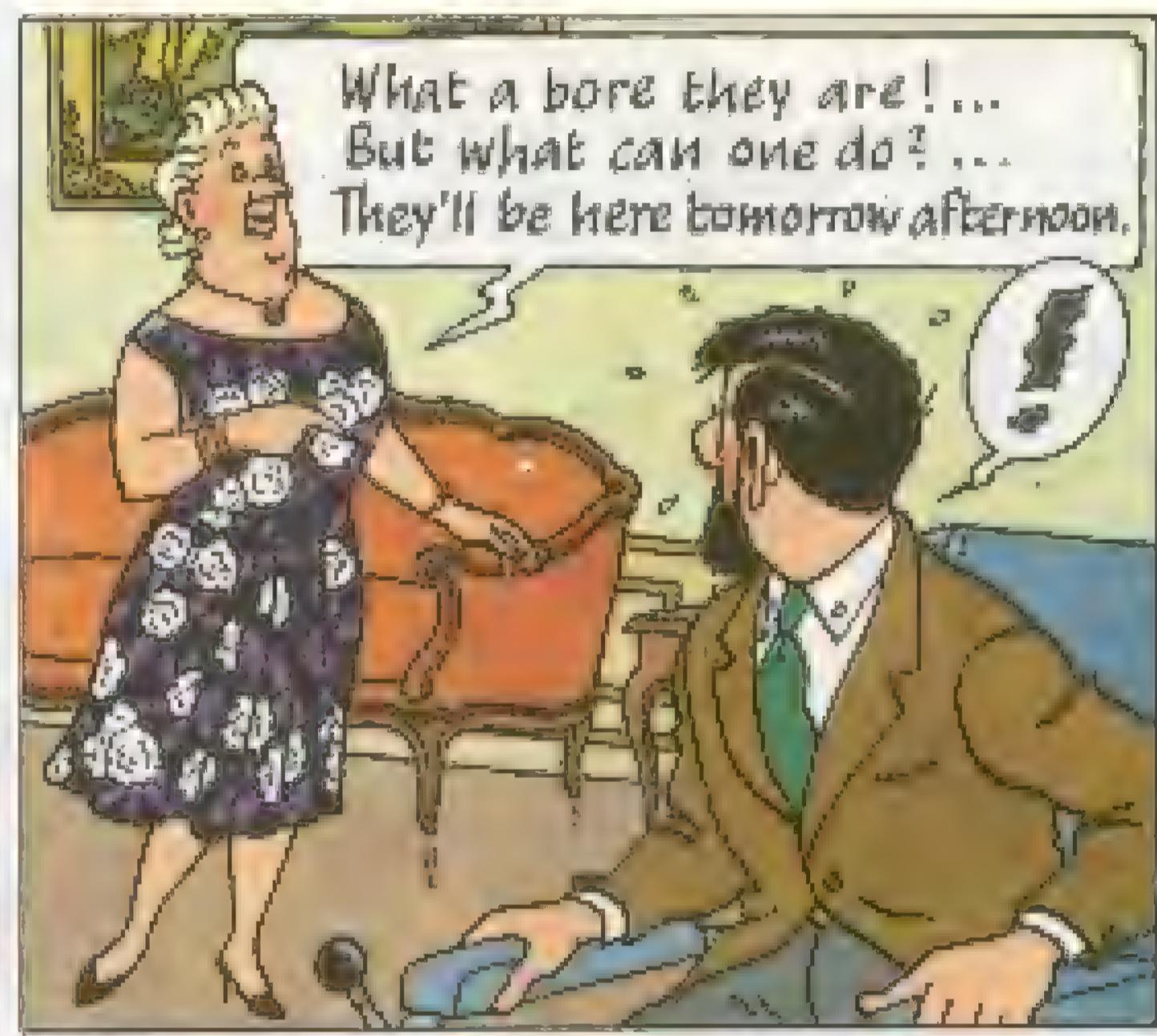
But... but... oh, goodness!  
... Goodness gracious! ...  
Goodness gracious me!

My dear friend! ... My dear old friend! Most hearty congratulations! ... How happy I am to hear the news! But why didn't you tell me before?

A few telegrams, sir. And may I be allowed, sir, to offer my most respectful felicitations.

Good wishes, Cutts the butcher...  
Congratulations, Mr and Mrs Bolt... Sincere greetings, Doctor Patella... My most delighted good wishes, Oliveira da Figueira...





Your ladyship, Captain sir...

Ssh! But...

On behalf of the Marlinspike Prize Band Supporters' Club I have the honour to present to you with due deference the respectful congratulations of all our members on this felicitous event, which has brought...

... a light to every throat and a lump in every eye...

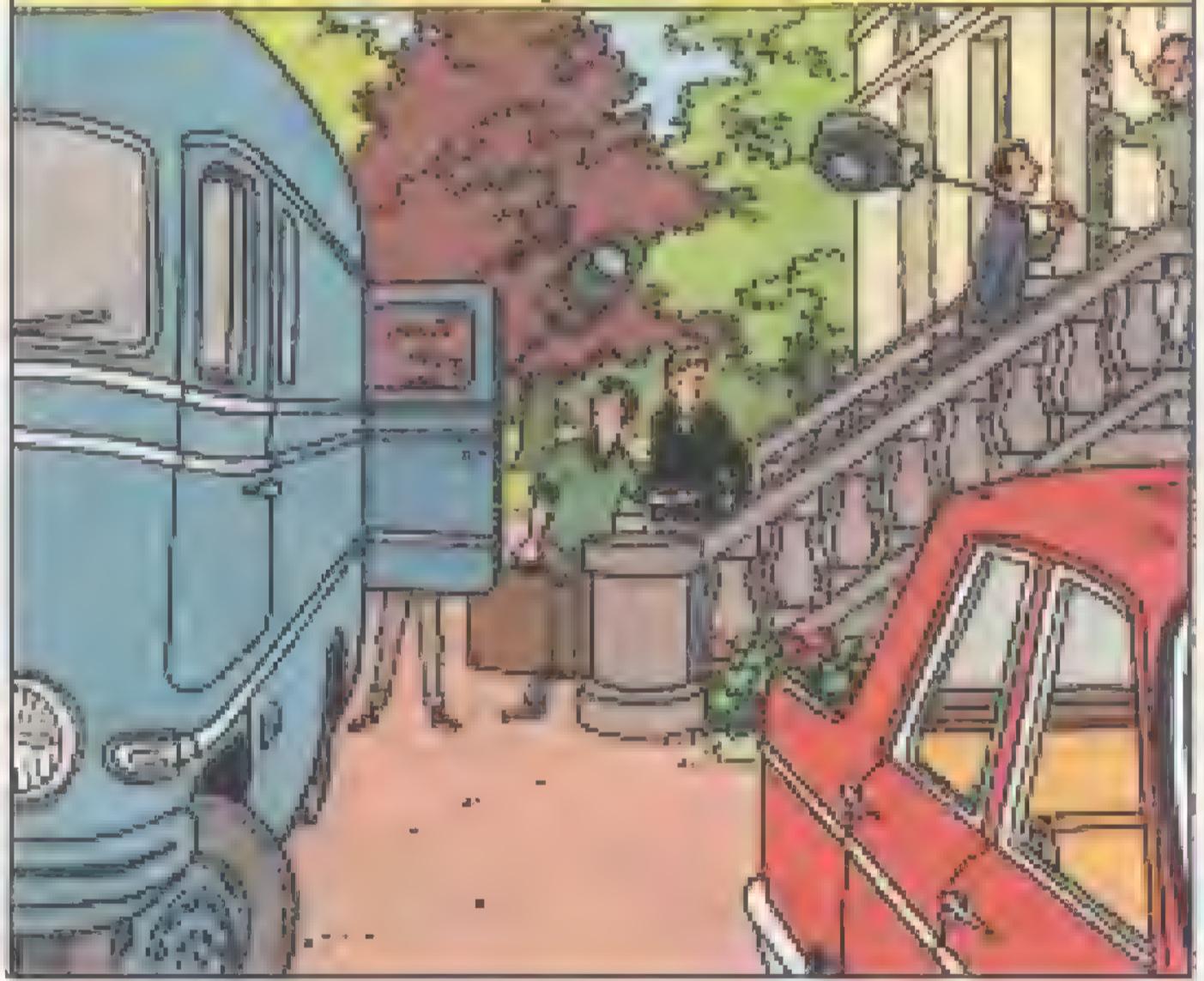
You must offer them champagne...

What?...Champagne? ... Never!

Several glasses later...



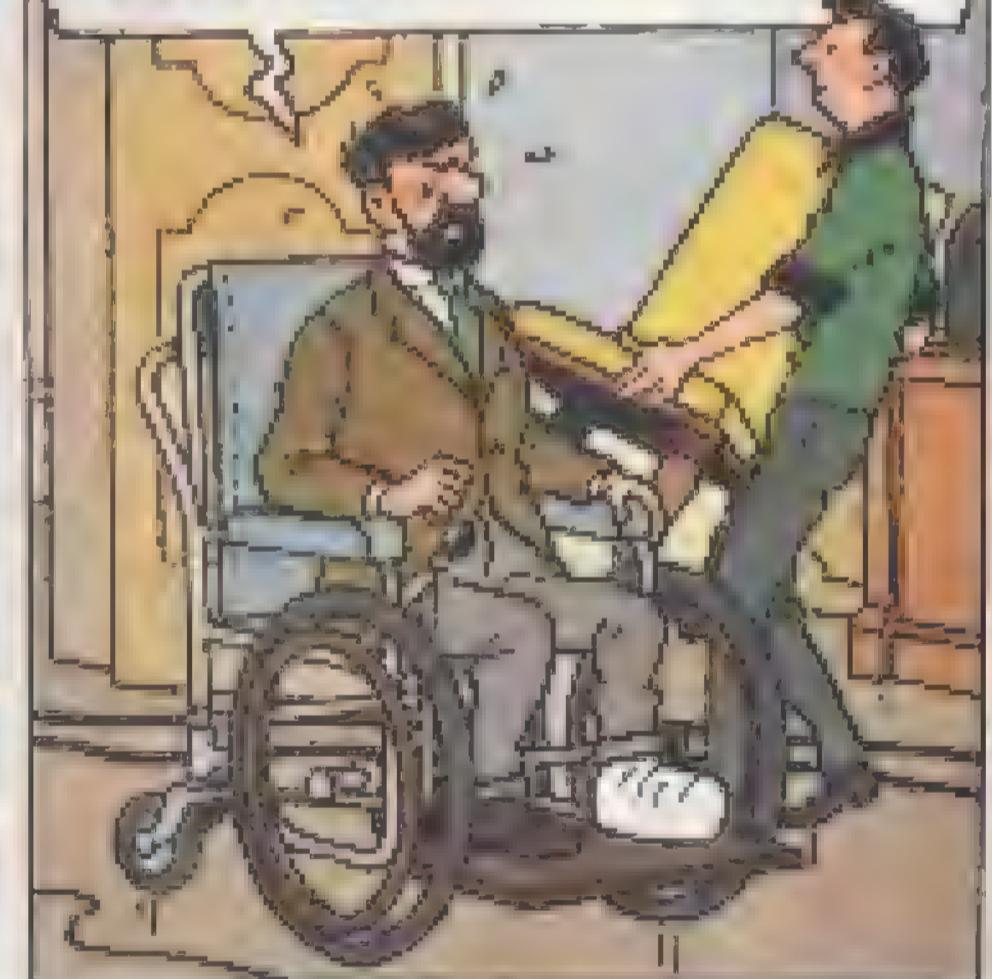
The following afternoon...



Forgive us for being so late, signora. On our way out of town we were caught in a traffic jam. Then we wasted time trying to find the way. And to crown it all we had a breakdown!

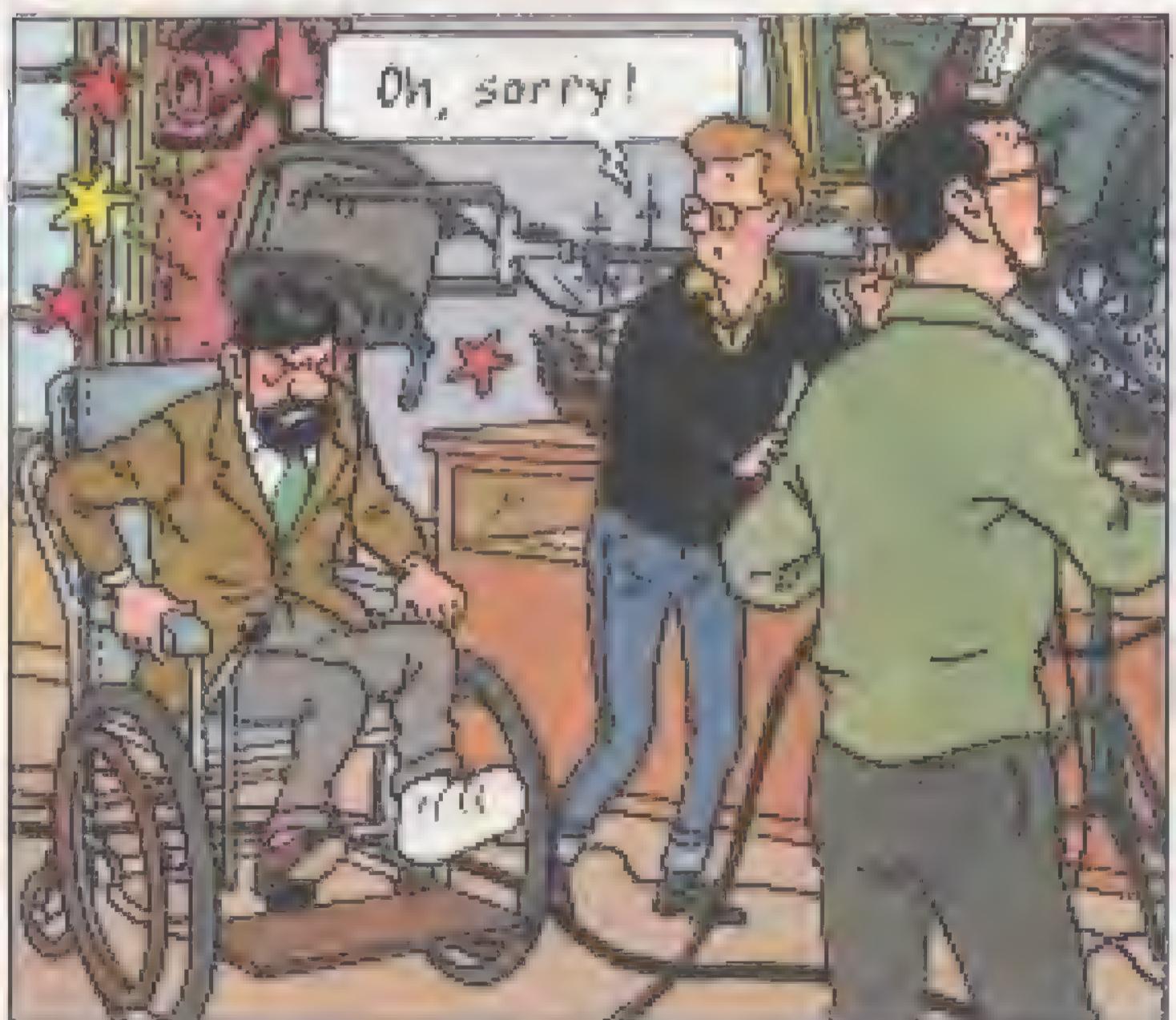
Did you? How priceless!

Thundering typhoons! This is a full-scale invasion!



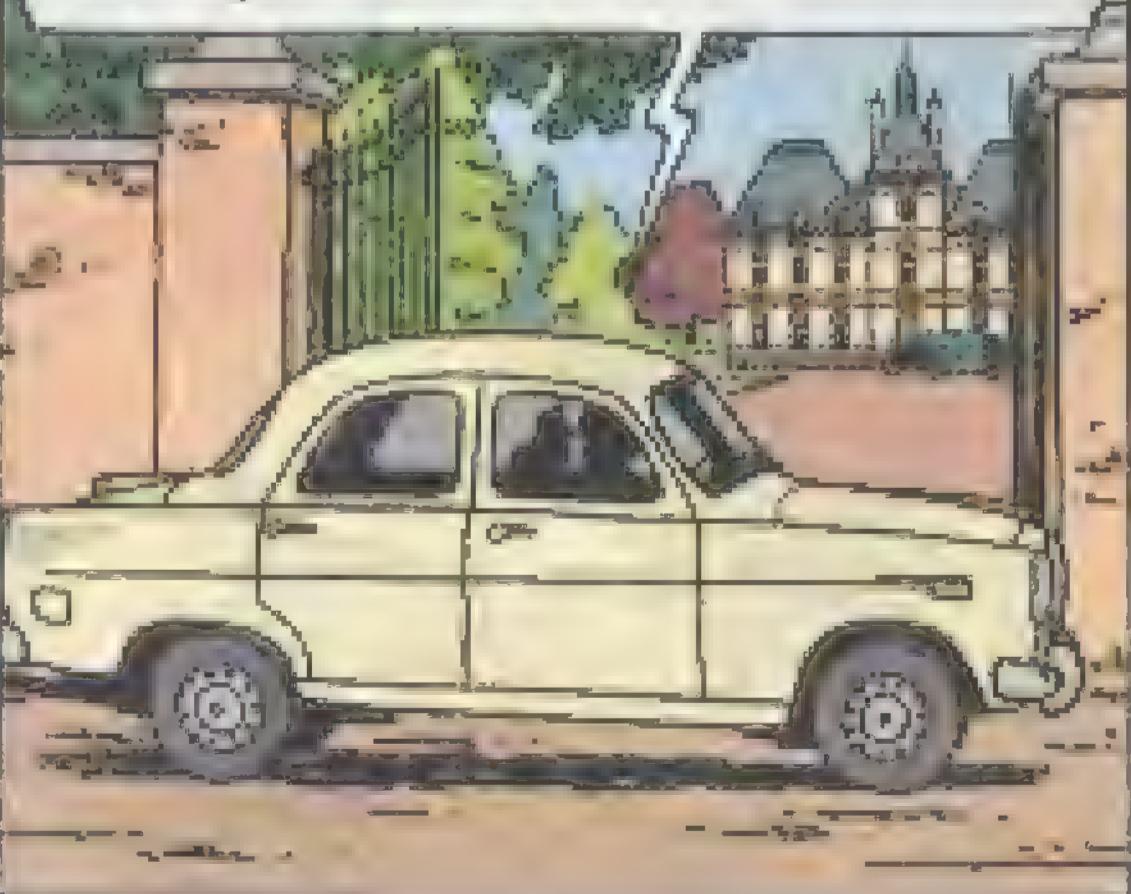
Oh, sorry!

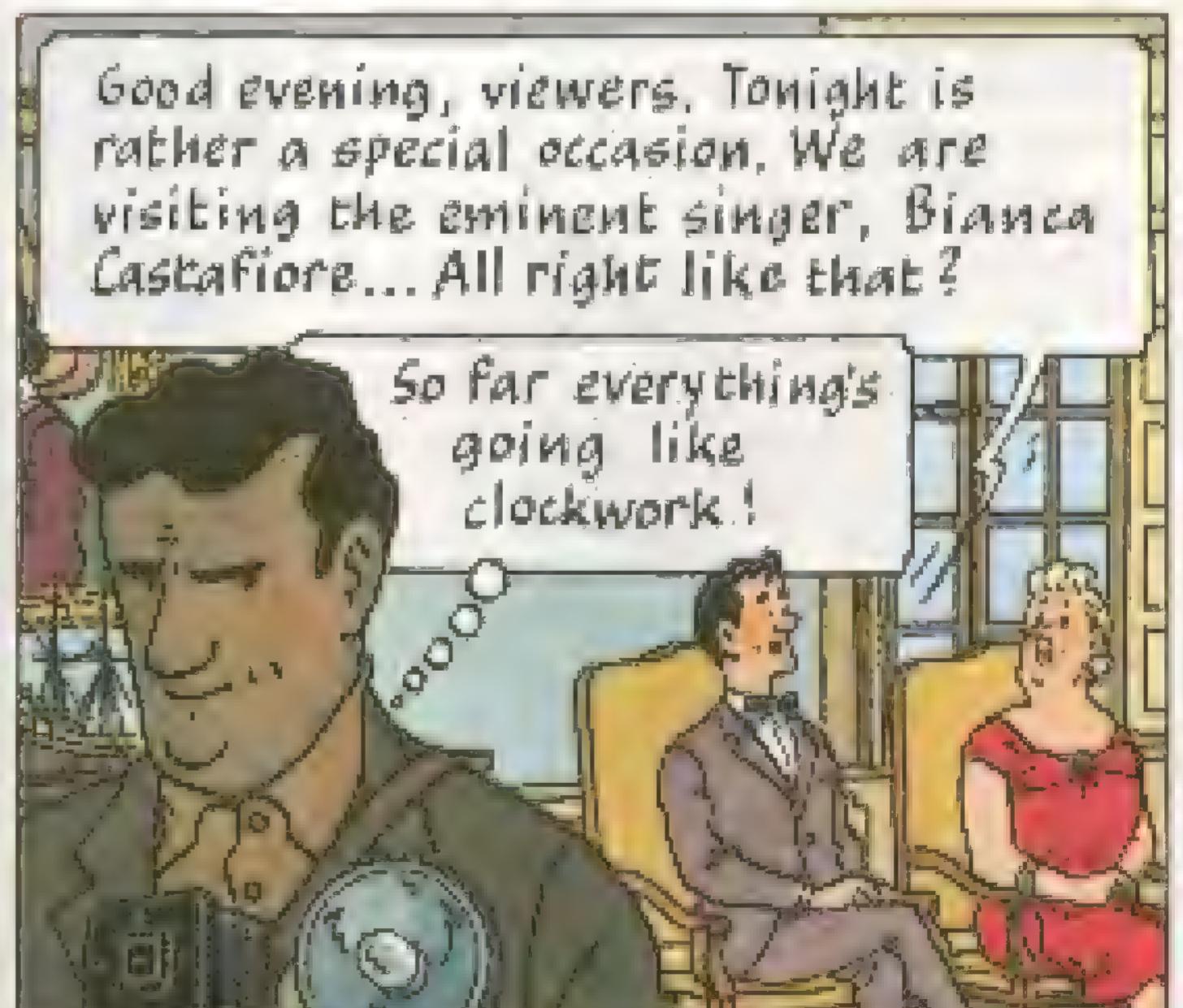
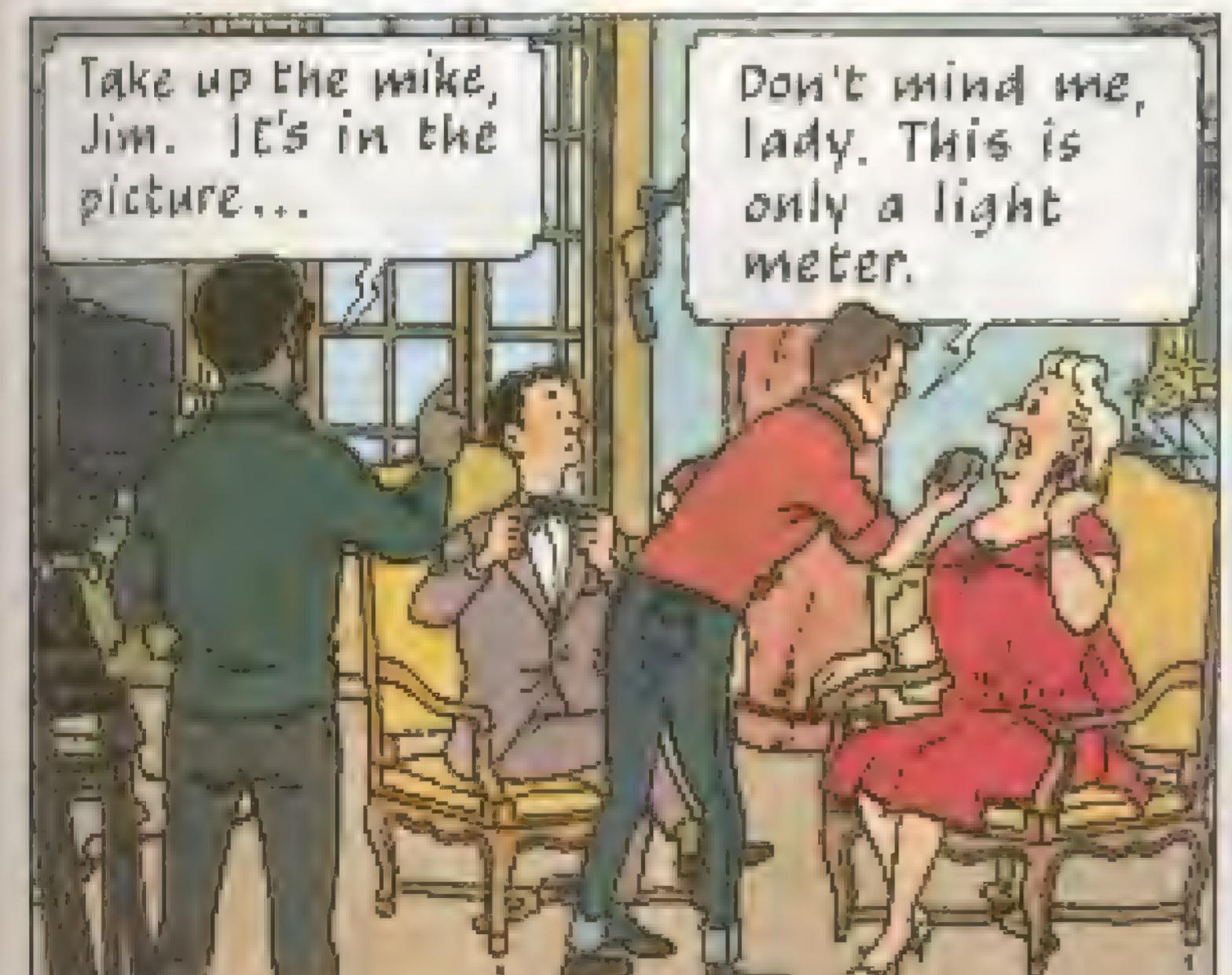
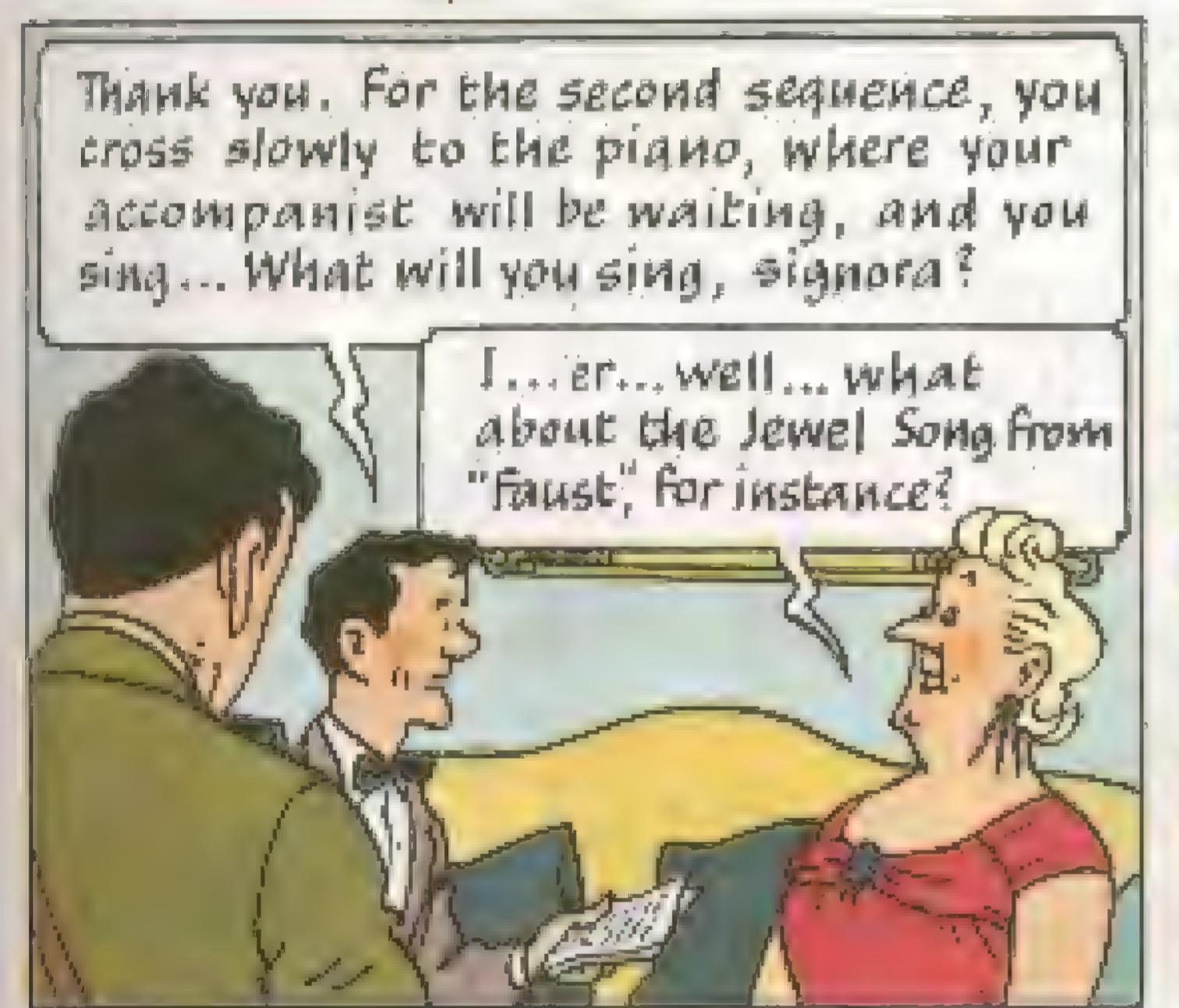
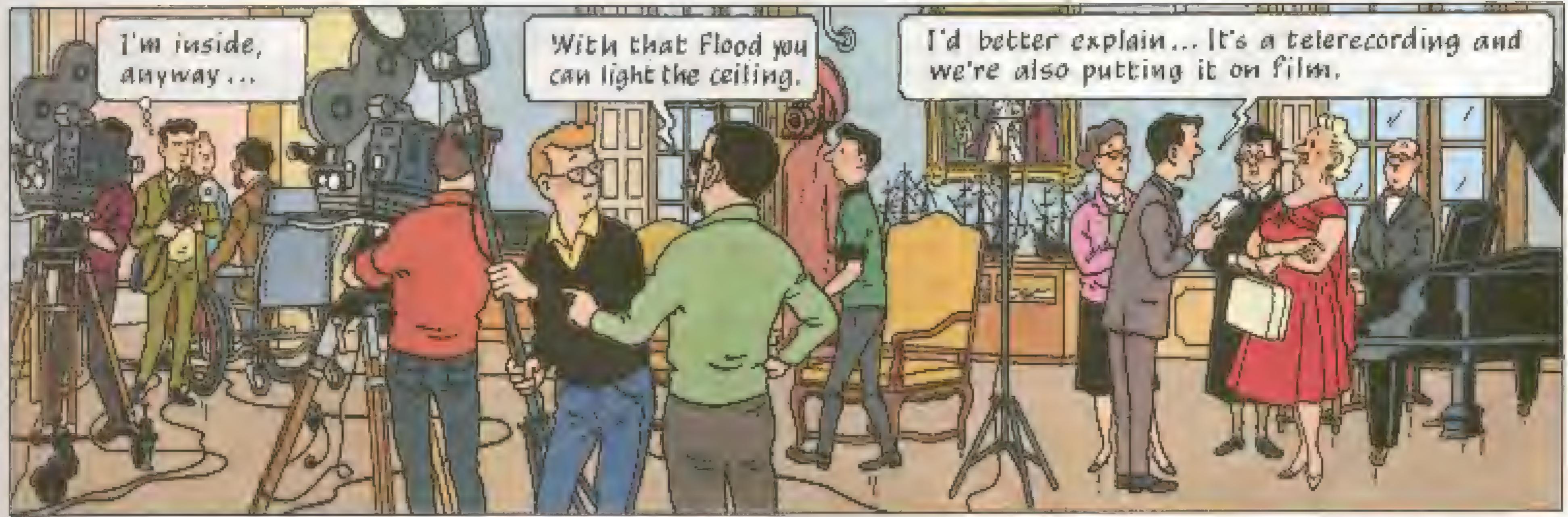
The television boys!... Now or never, Gino!... In you go, mix with all that crowd... and get to work!

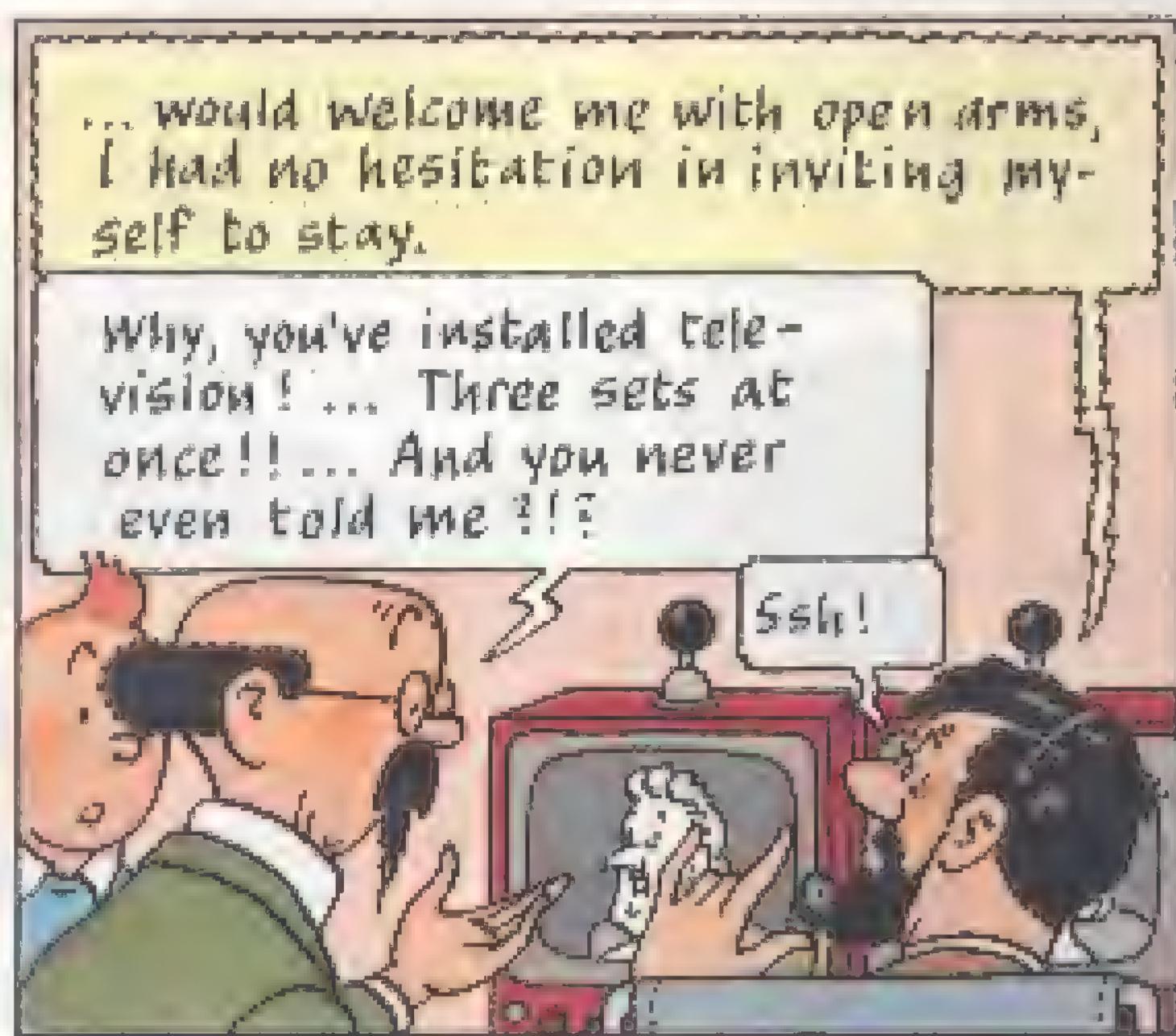
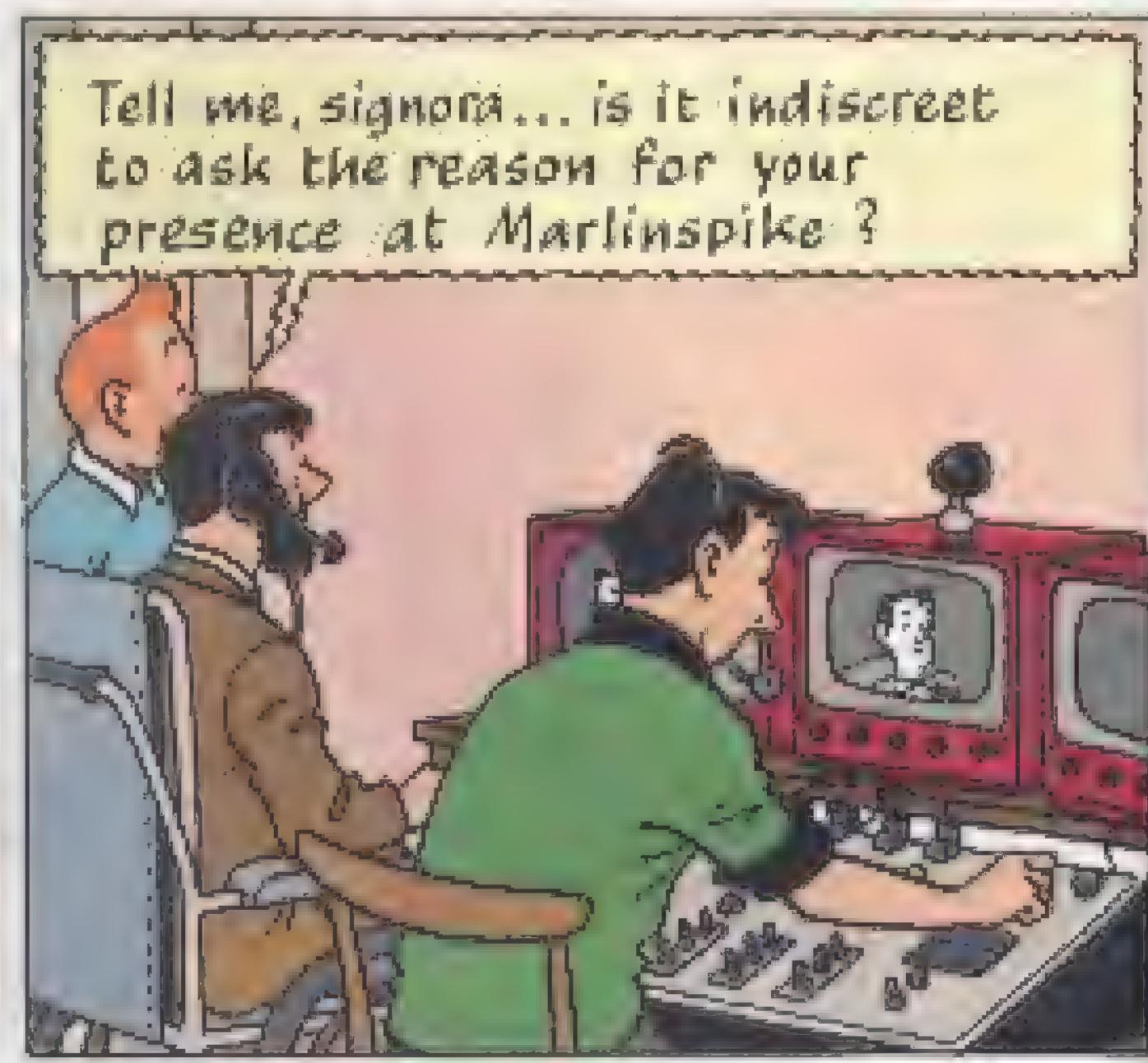
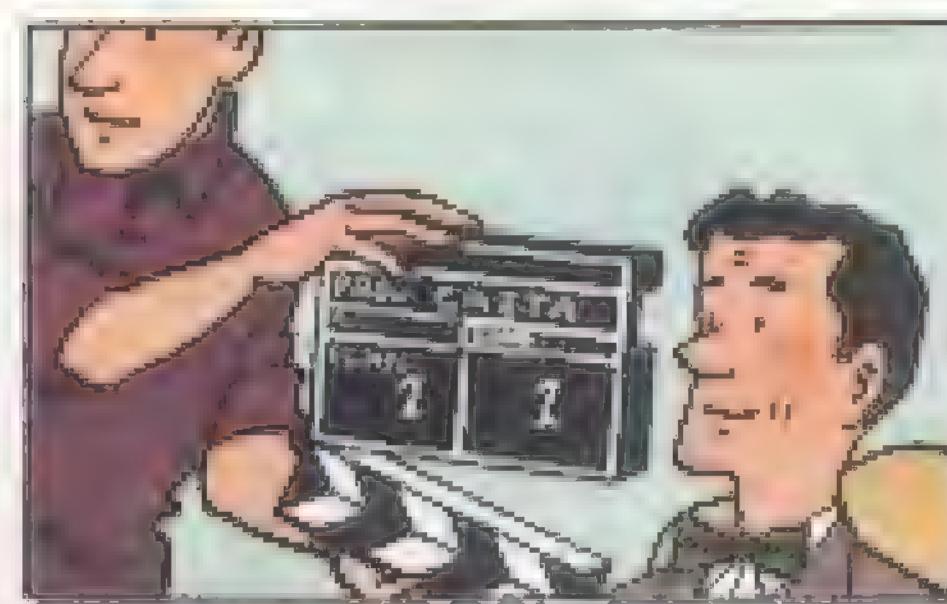


I'll wait in the car just down the road... O. K.?

O. K. I'll take my gear and chance it...







Stars above! What is the meaning of all this masquerade?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to hear about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word! ... It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting to keep me in the dark!



... And poor Signora Castafiore is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!



Come, Professor, let me explain...

Pained?! ... Me? ... Pained?! Certainly not, but...



We'll pick up from the last question ... Stand by! ... Sound on!



Yes, a series of recitals in the United States, where I shall stay for two months: they are longing to hear me.

Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?



Then to South America to conquer the capitals...

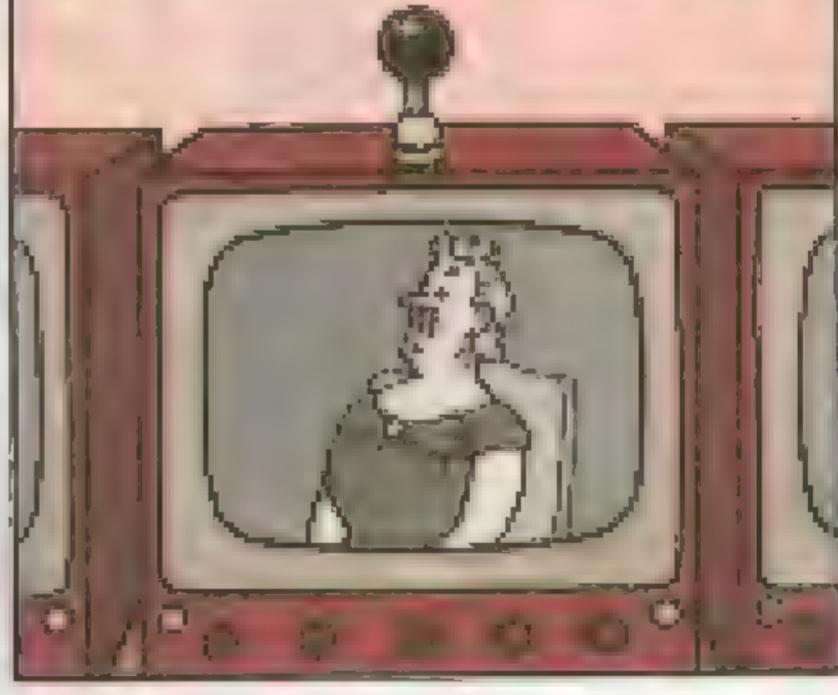
And reduce them to ruins as well!



And... tell me, signora; which works will you perform on your tour... or should I say, your triumphal progress?



How well you put it! ... Yes, as usual, I shall be singing Rossini, Puccini, Verdi, Gounod... Oh, silly me! Gounod!



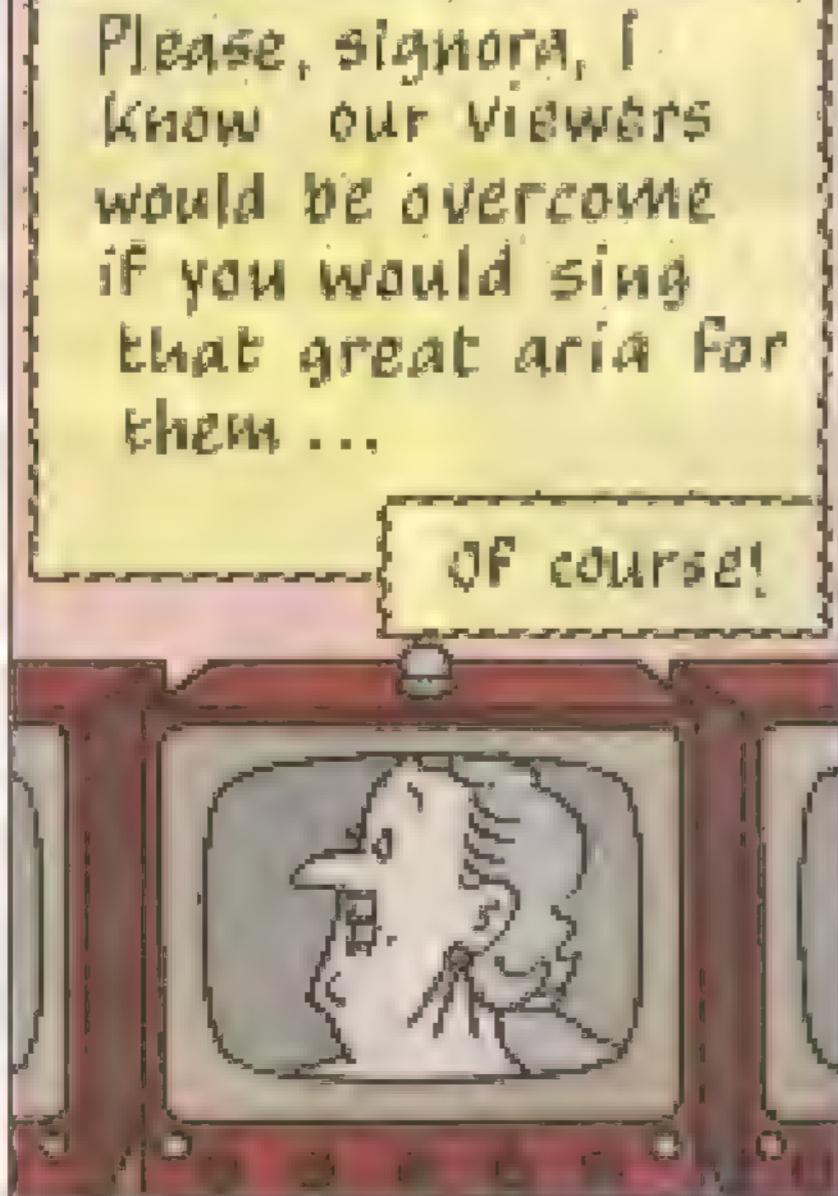
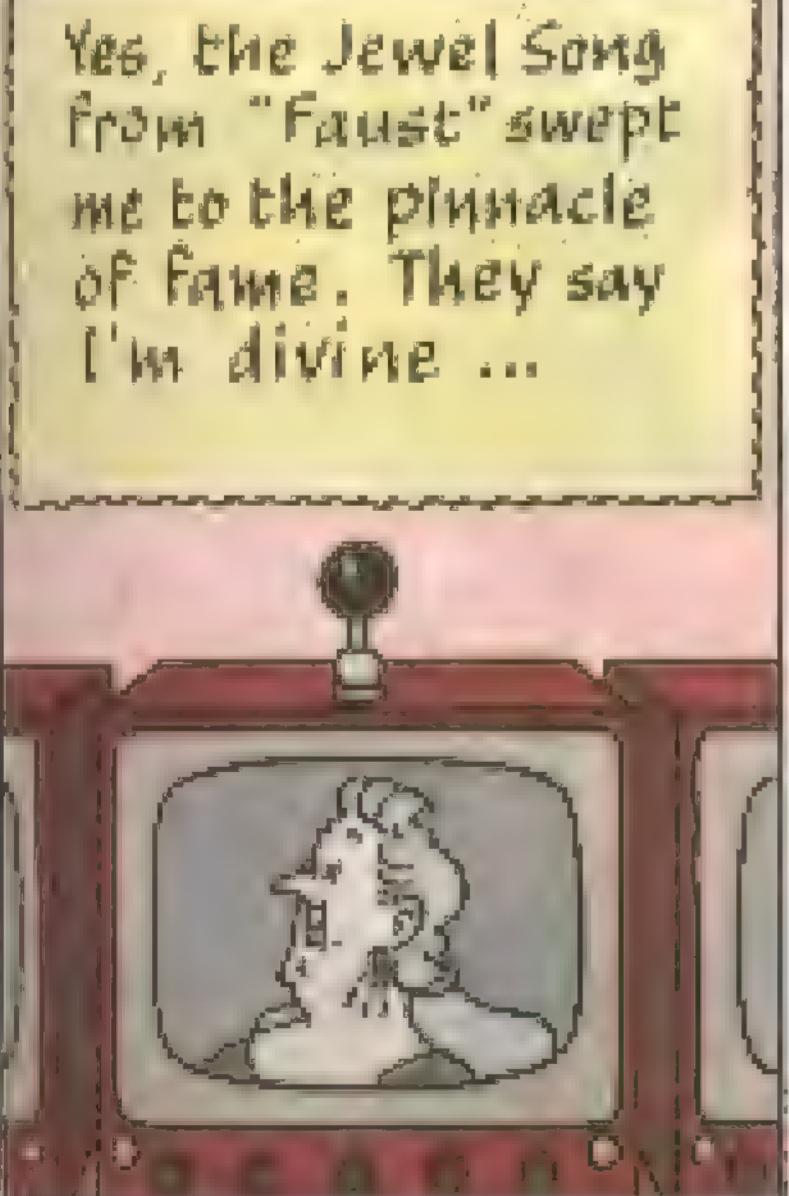
Ah, Gounod? Wasn't it in Gounod that you achieved your greatest success... made your name, in fact?



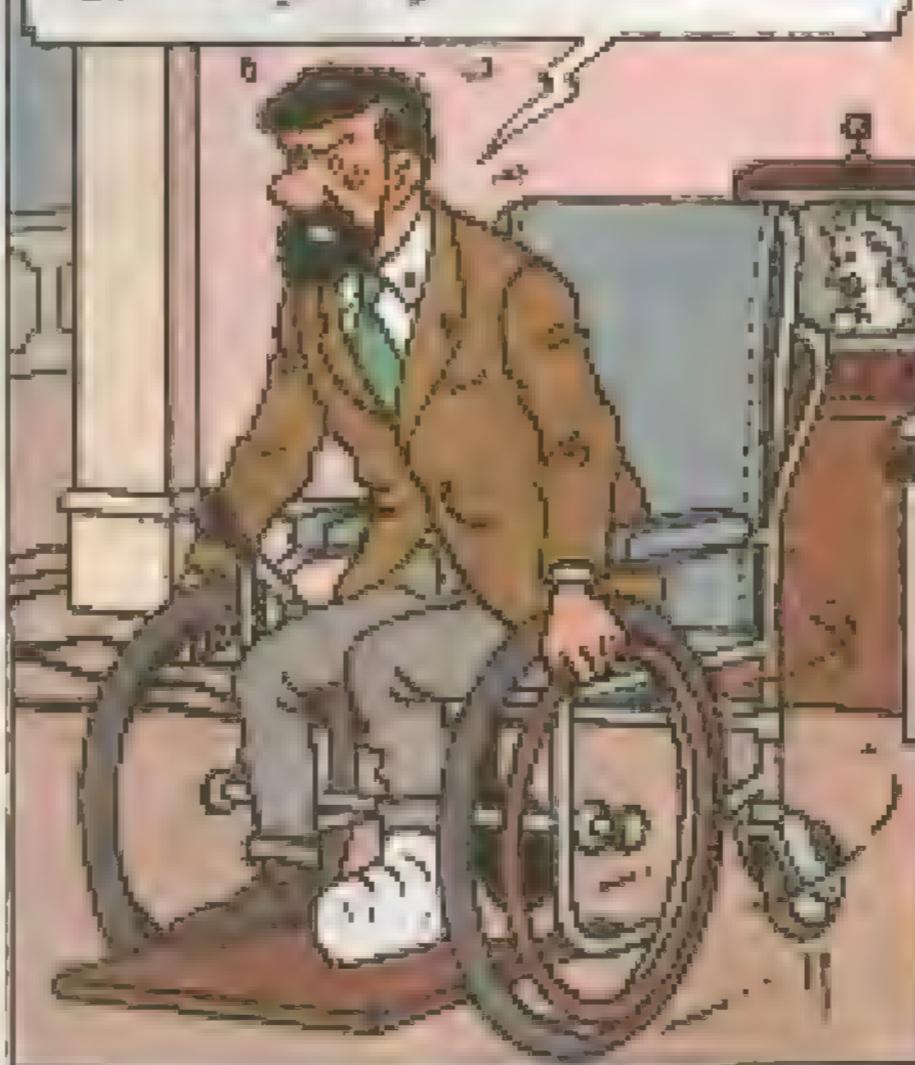
Yes, the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the pinnacle of fame. They say I'm divine...

Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them...

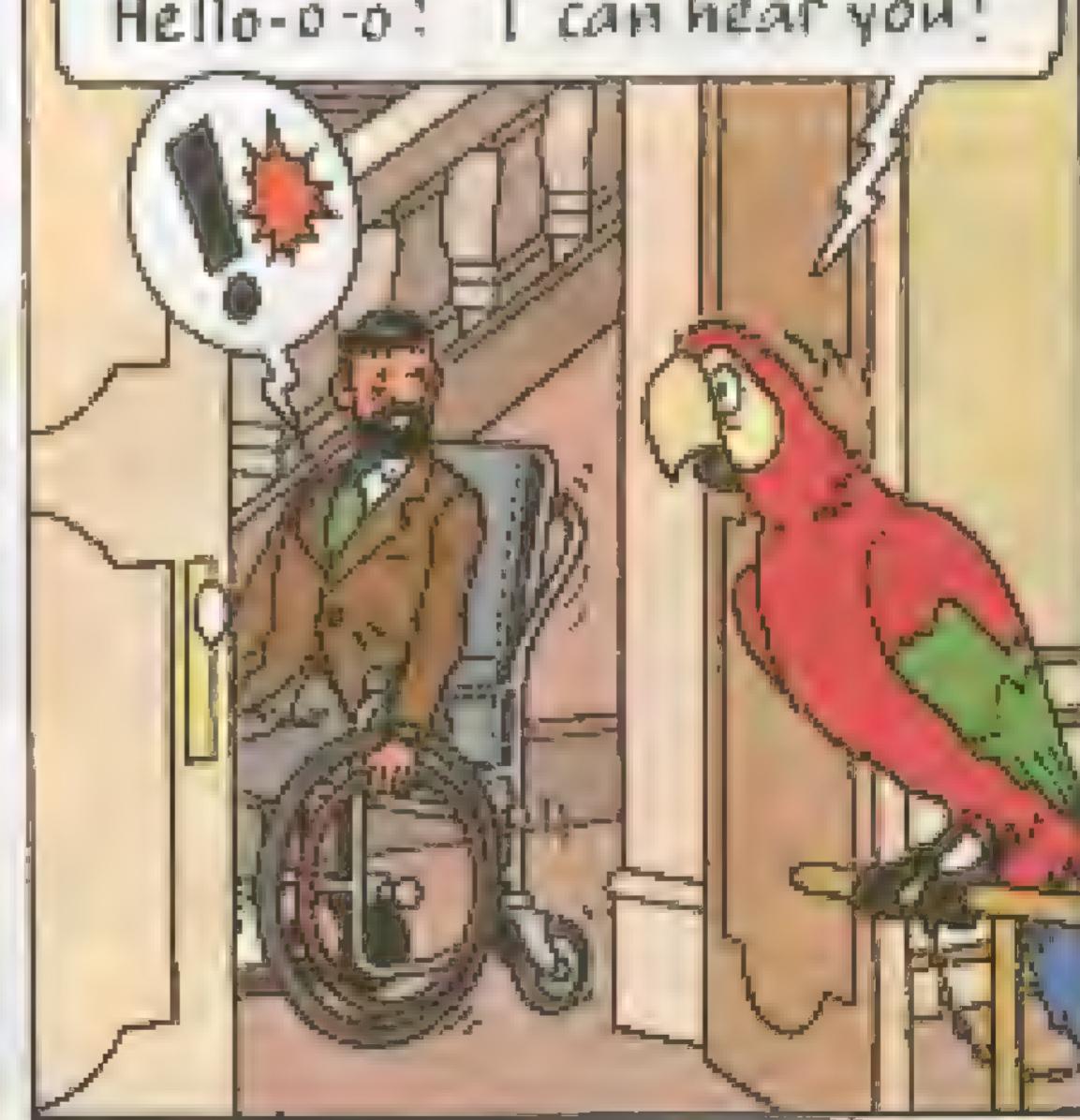
Of course!



Emergency! ... Take cover! She's going to sing!



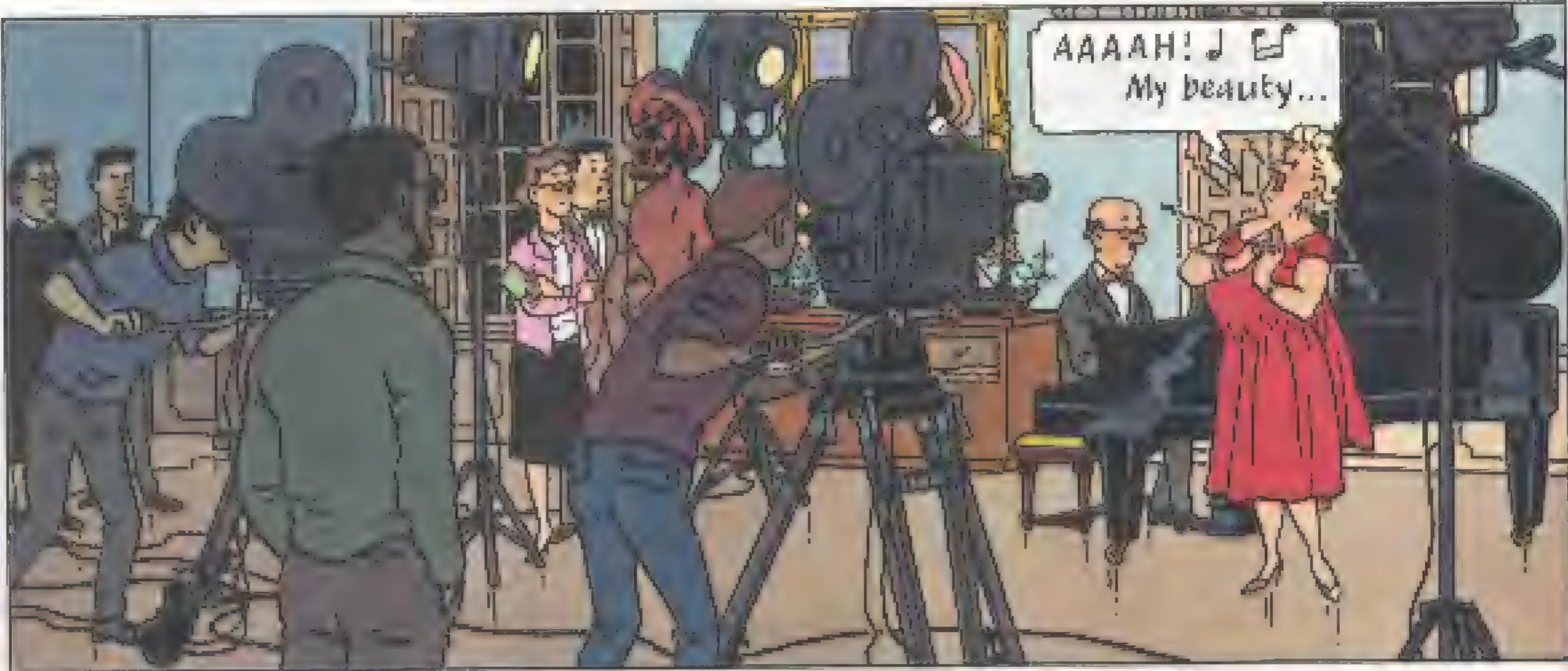
Hello-o-o! I can hear you!



Come on, let's press on. It's getting late.

Vision on!

Stand by! ... Sound on!



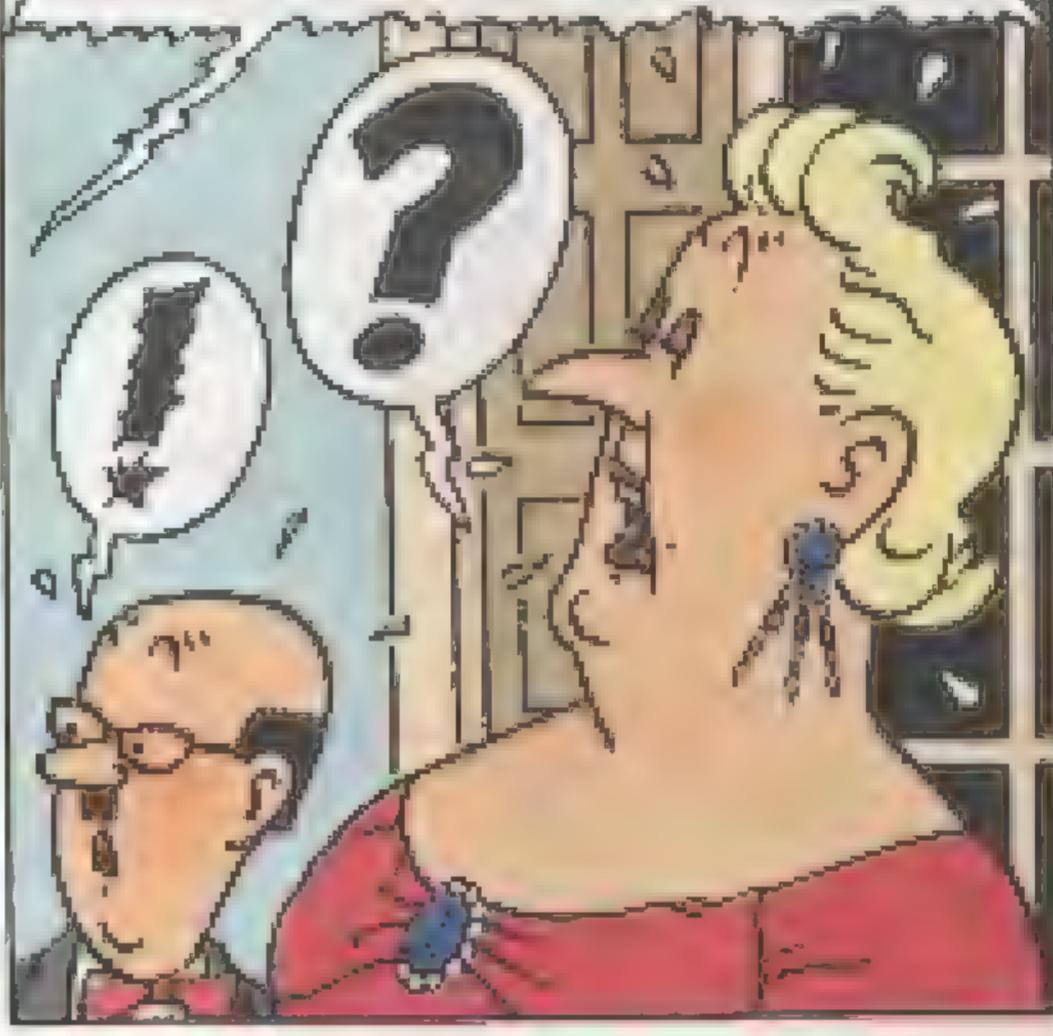
...past compare these jewels bright wear

AAAHH! My beauty

In you go!



I CAN HEAR YOU!



Sacrilege! Who dares to interrupt?

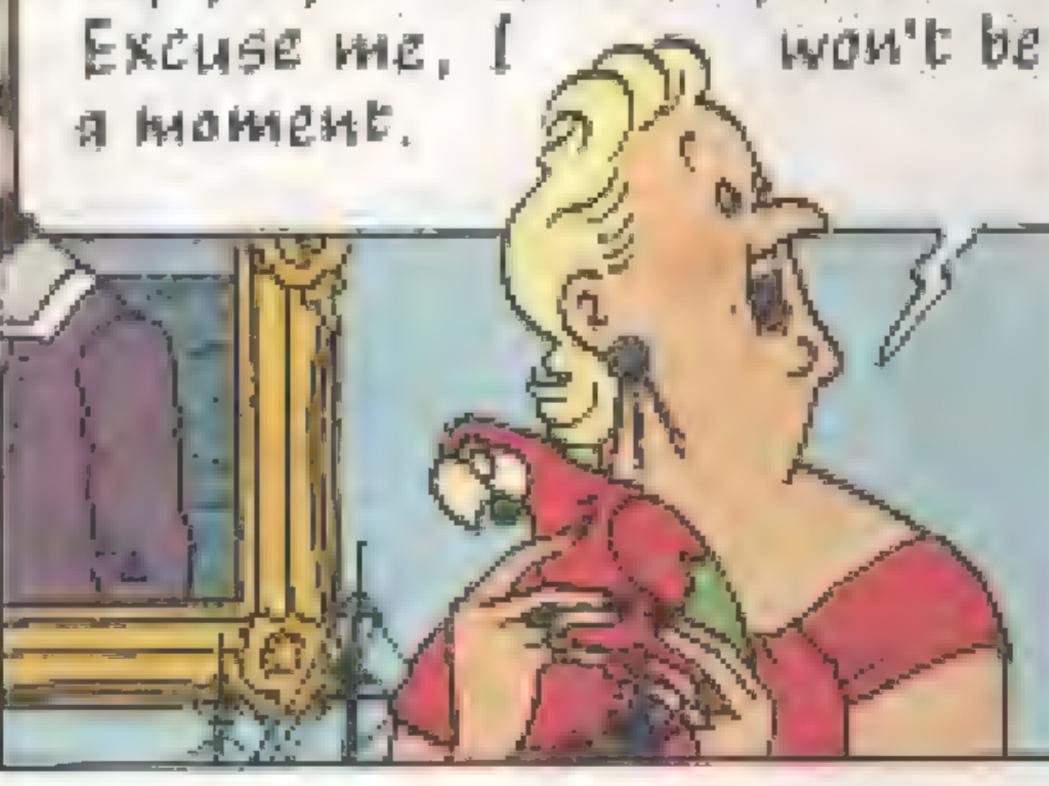
Cut!



Madamina! ... It's Iago; he's escaped from his perch!



How clever animals are! And what a true instinct they have for art! Look at darling Iago; obviously he couldn't resist my voice! ... But come, my pet, I must take you back. Excuse me, I won't be a moment.



Oh, there you are, Captain Bed-sock. Just imagine, Iago got free from his perch all by himself, just to come and hear me!

Hmm! ... Amazing!



Meanwhile...

Quick as you can, now... All ready? ... Quiet studio please!

Tell me, was I ever Marga ...



... RITA ... ?!

Damn! A blackout!

This is the last straw!



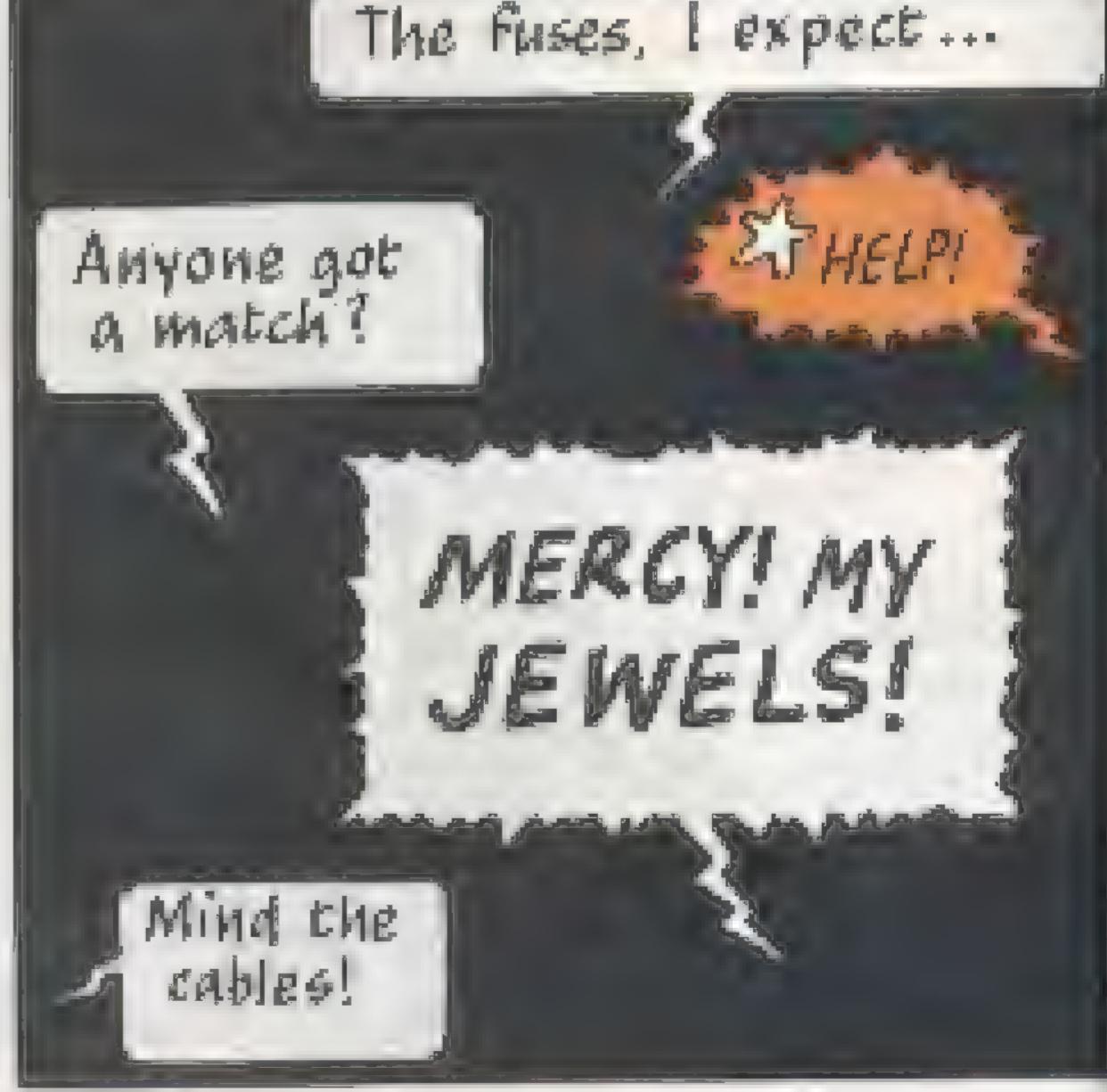
The fuses, I expect...

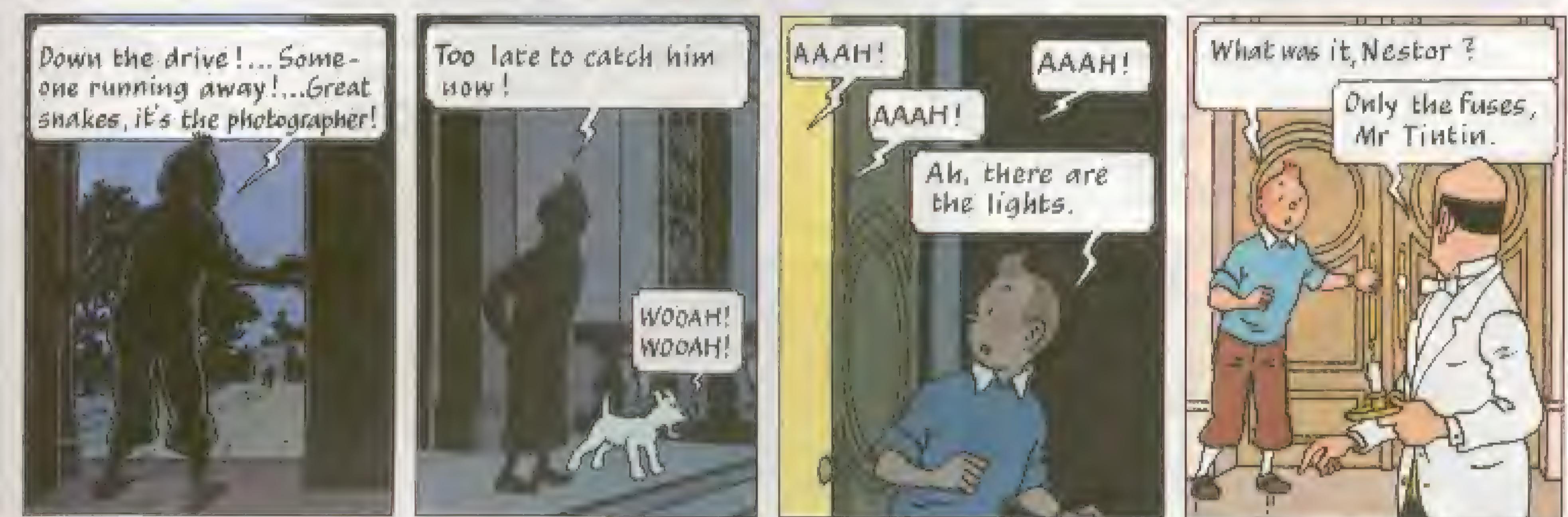
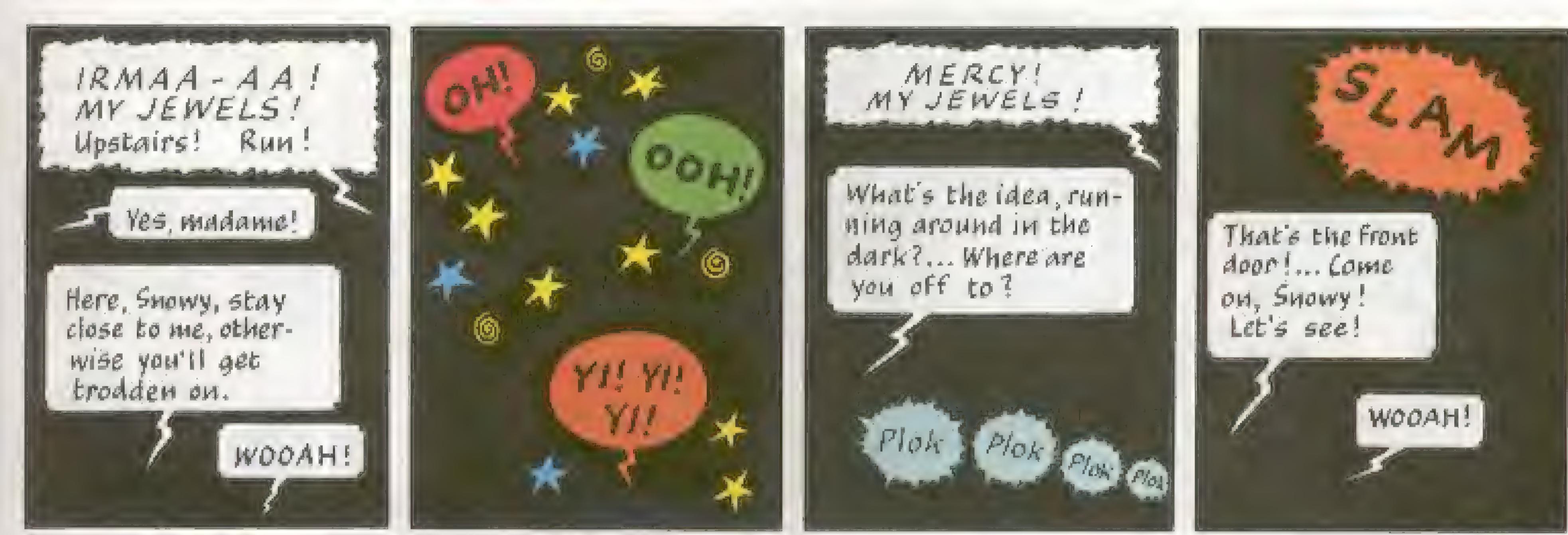
Anyone got a match?

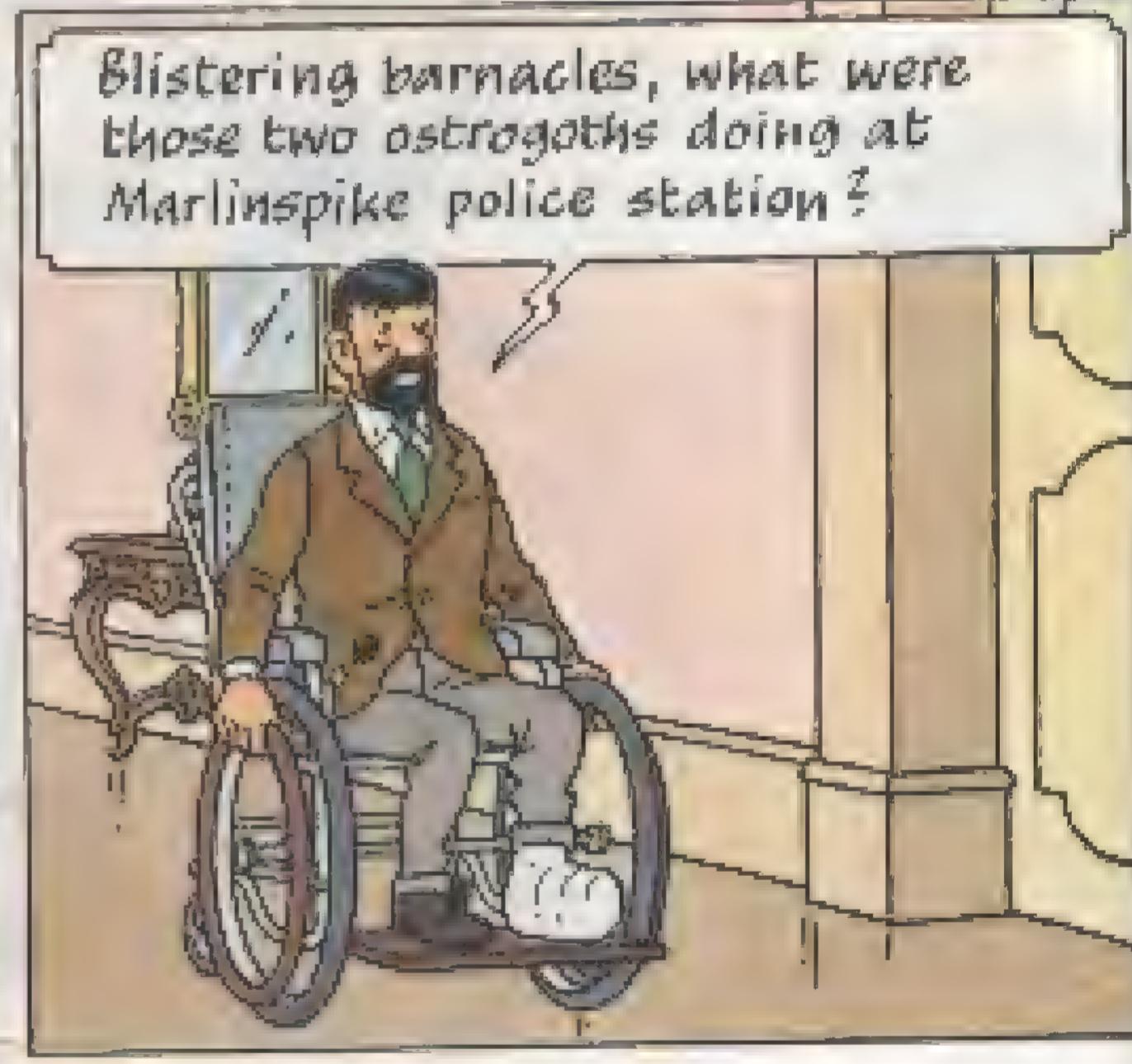
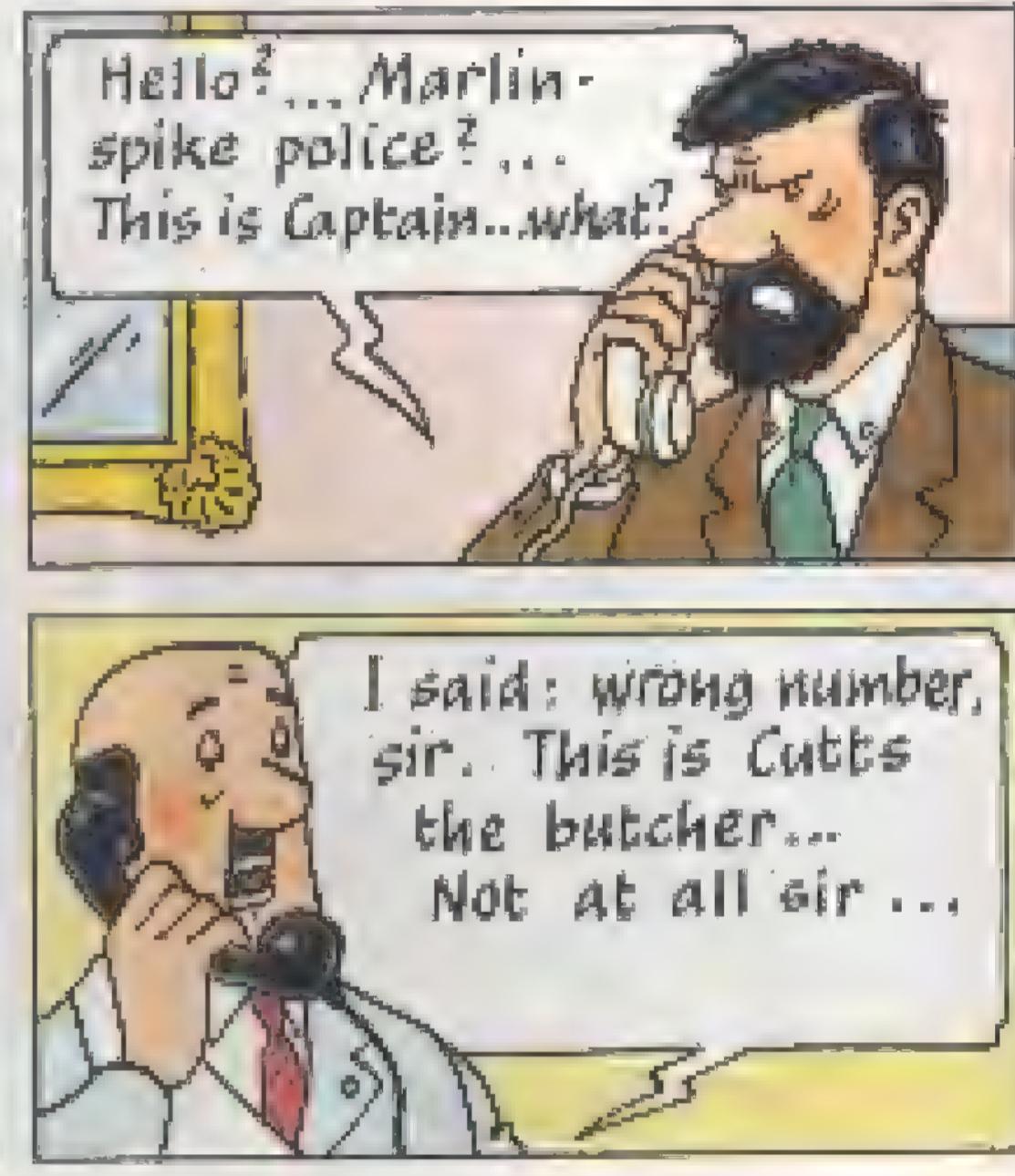
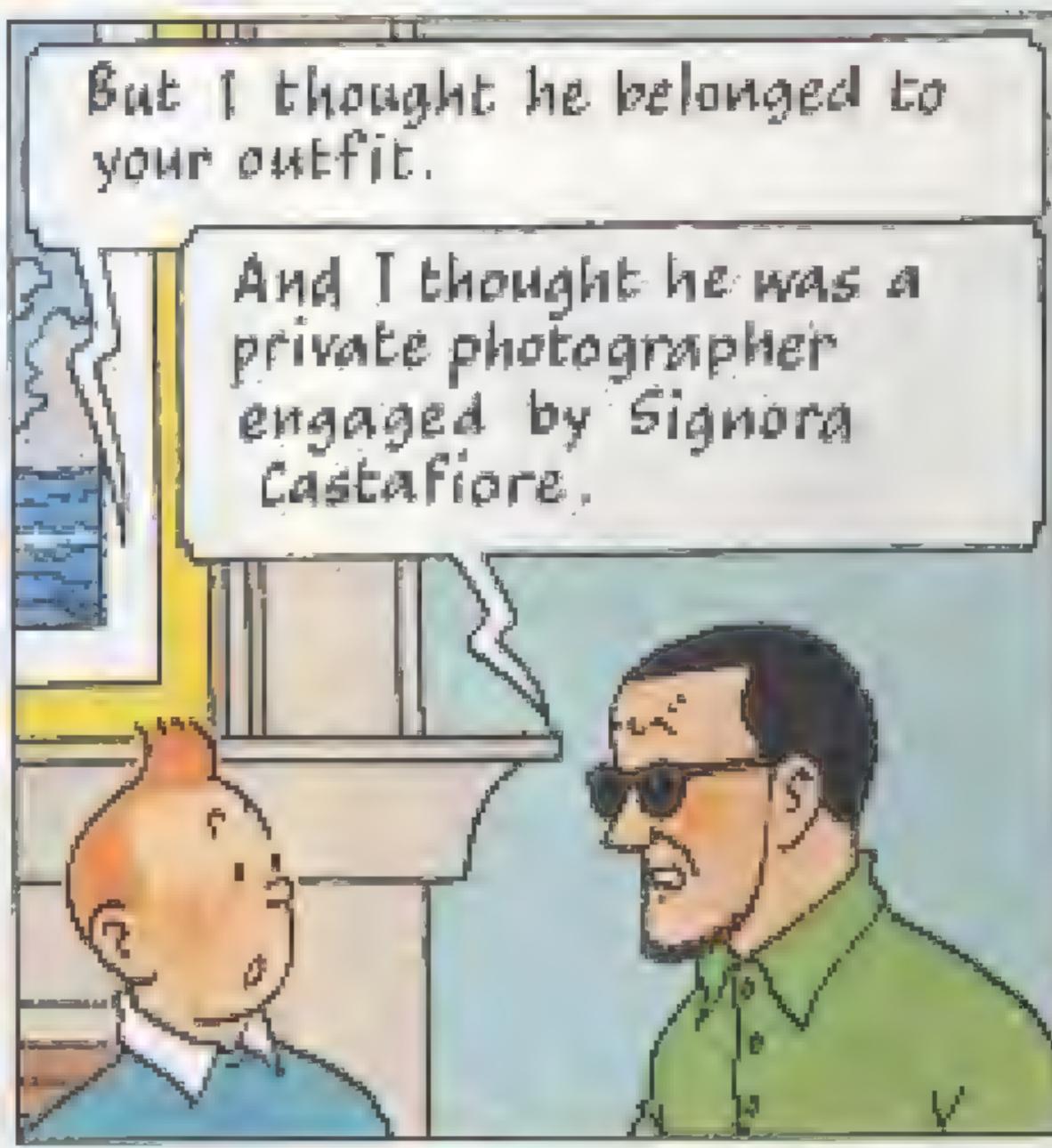
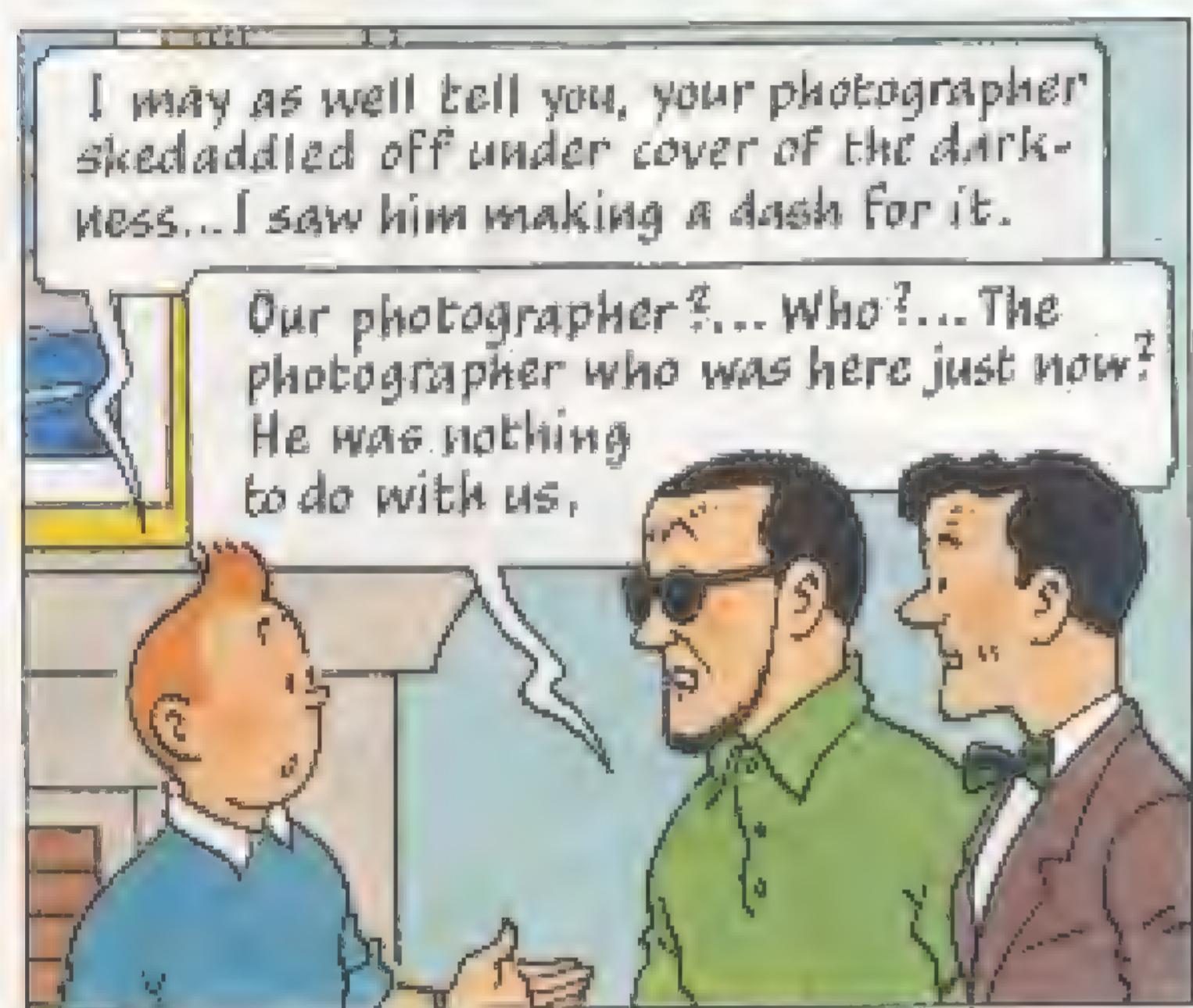
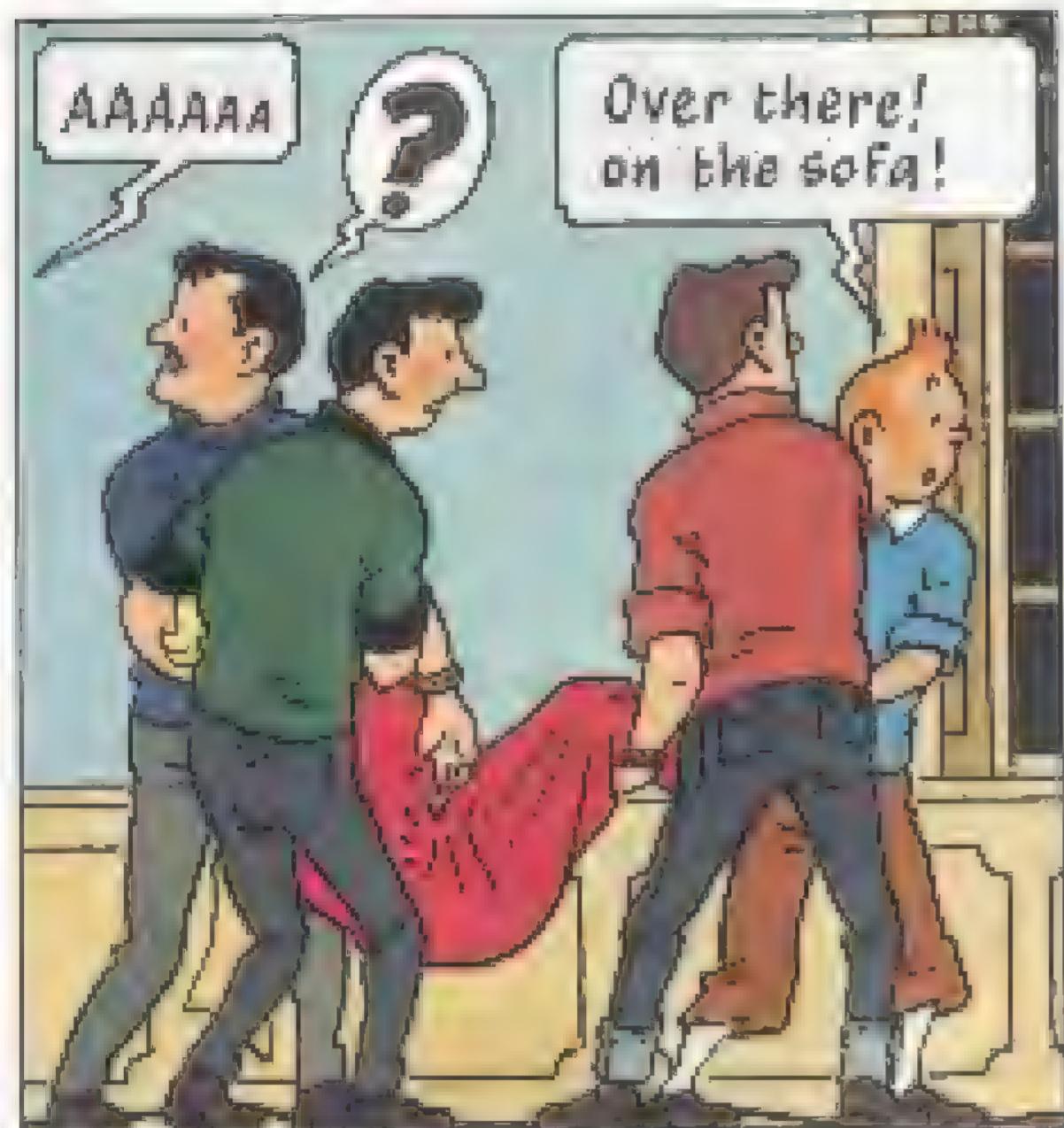
HELP!

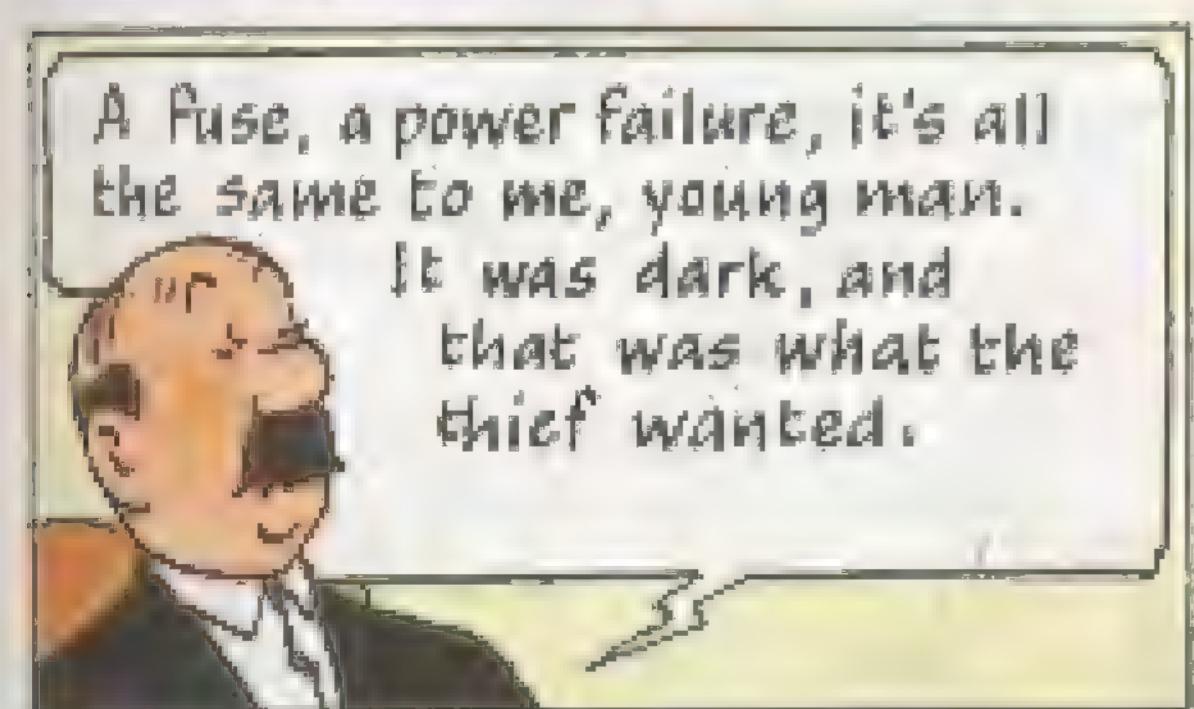
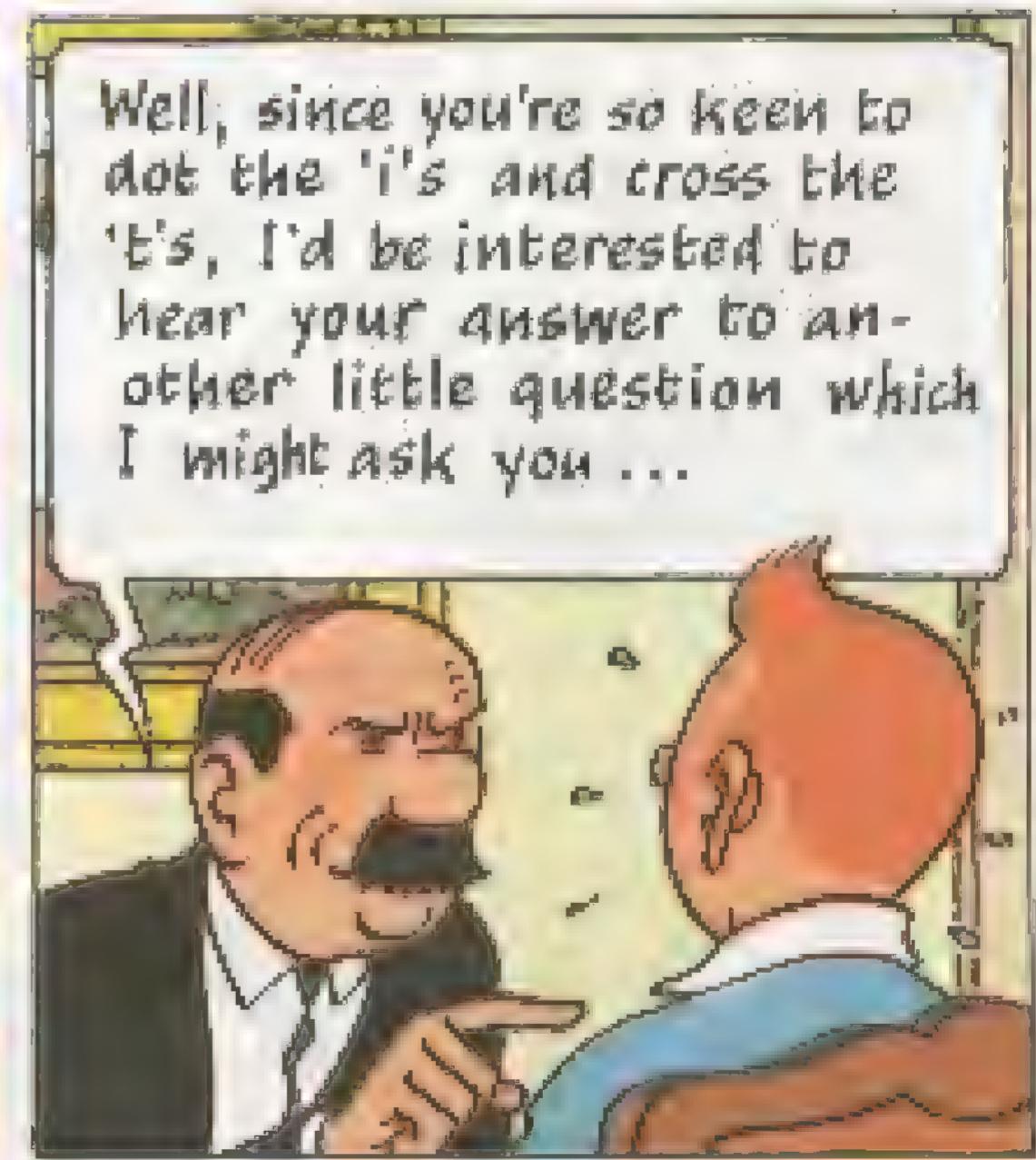
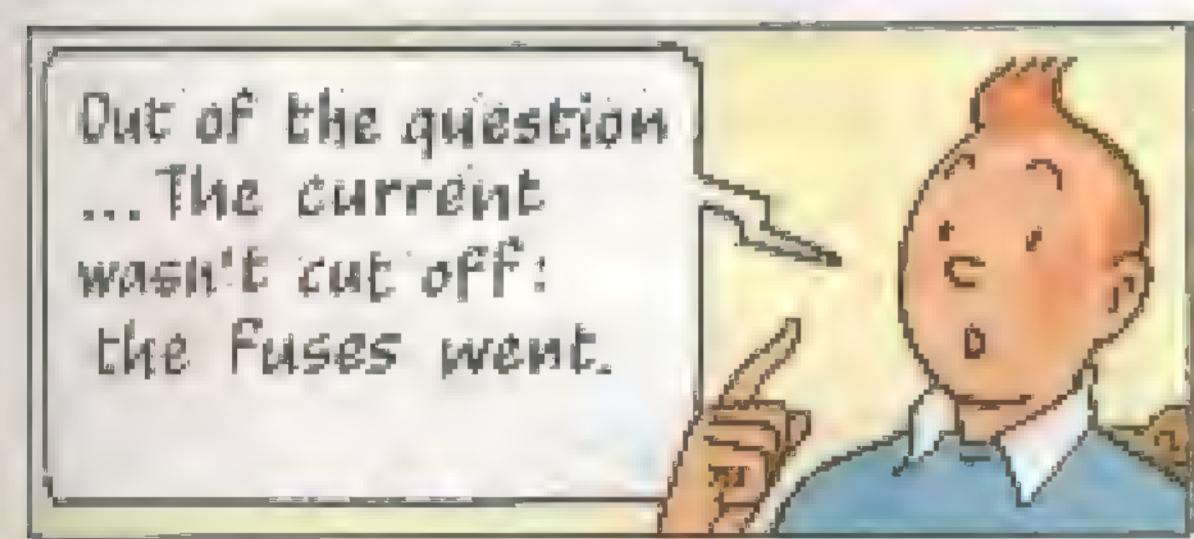
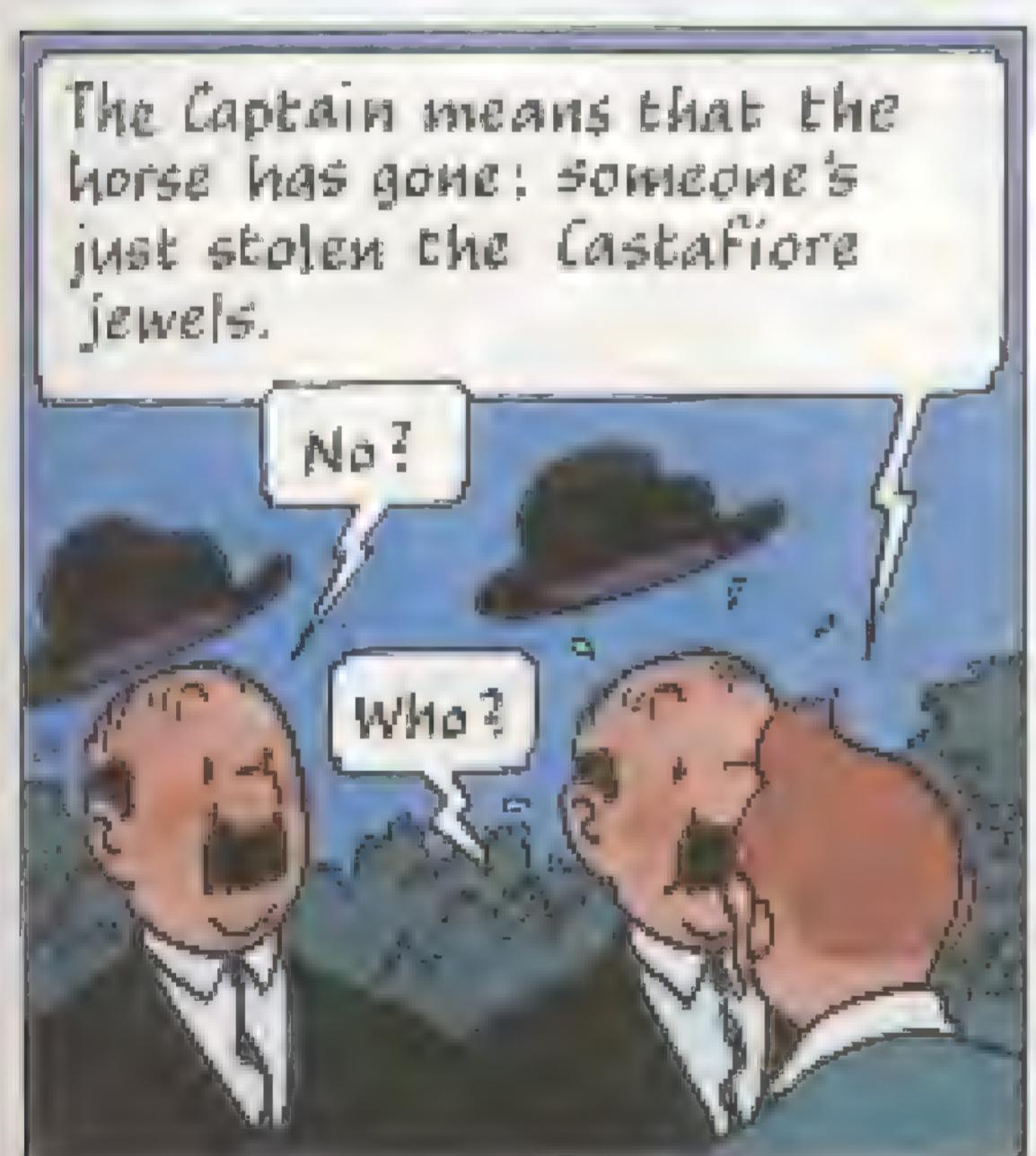
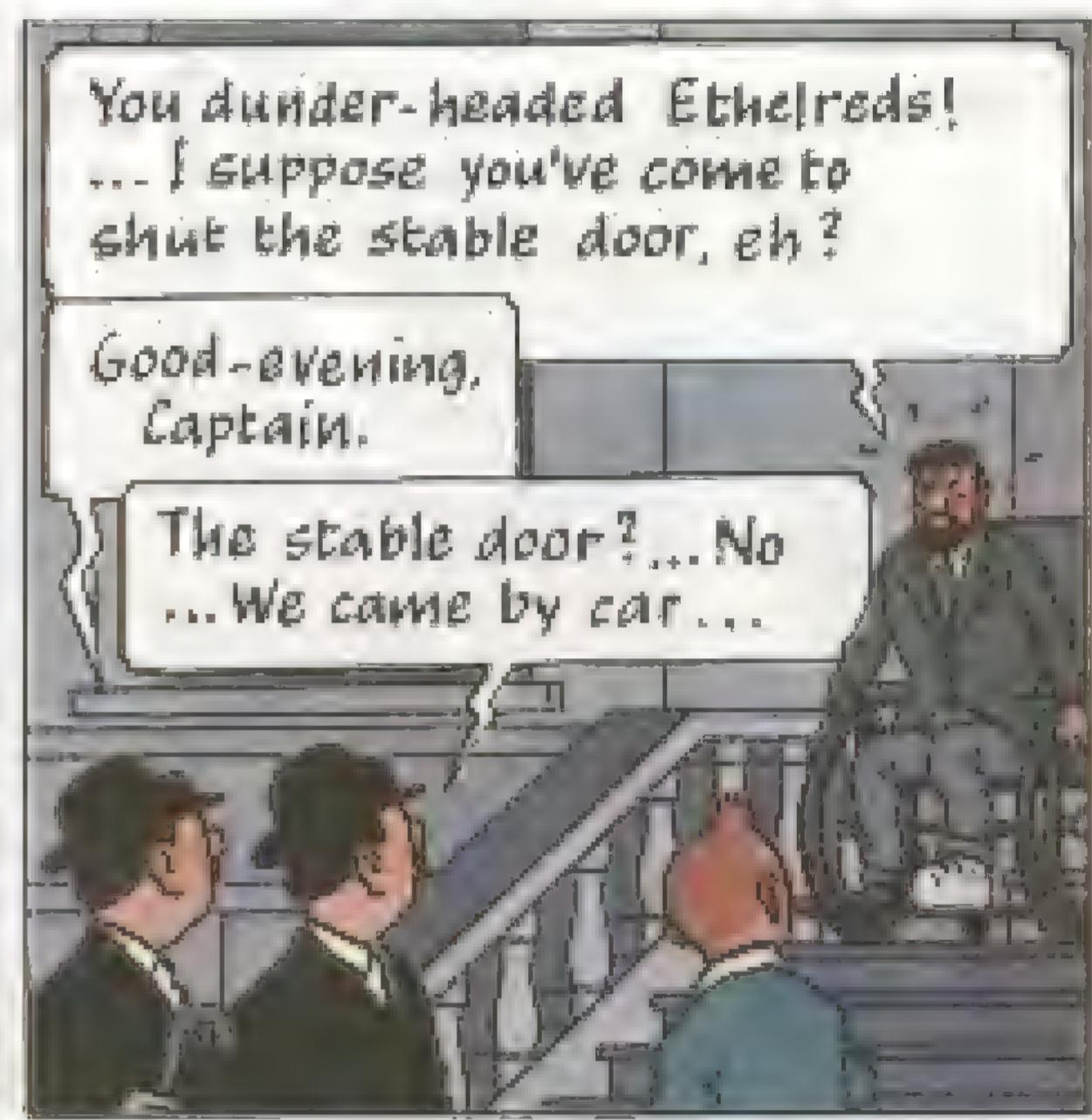
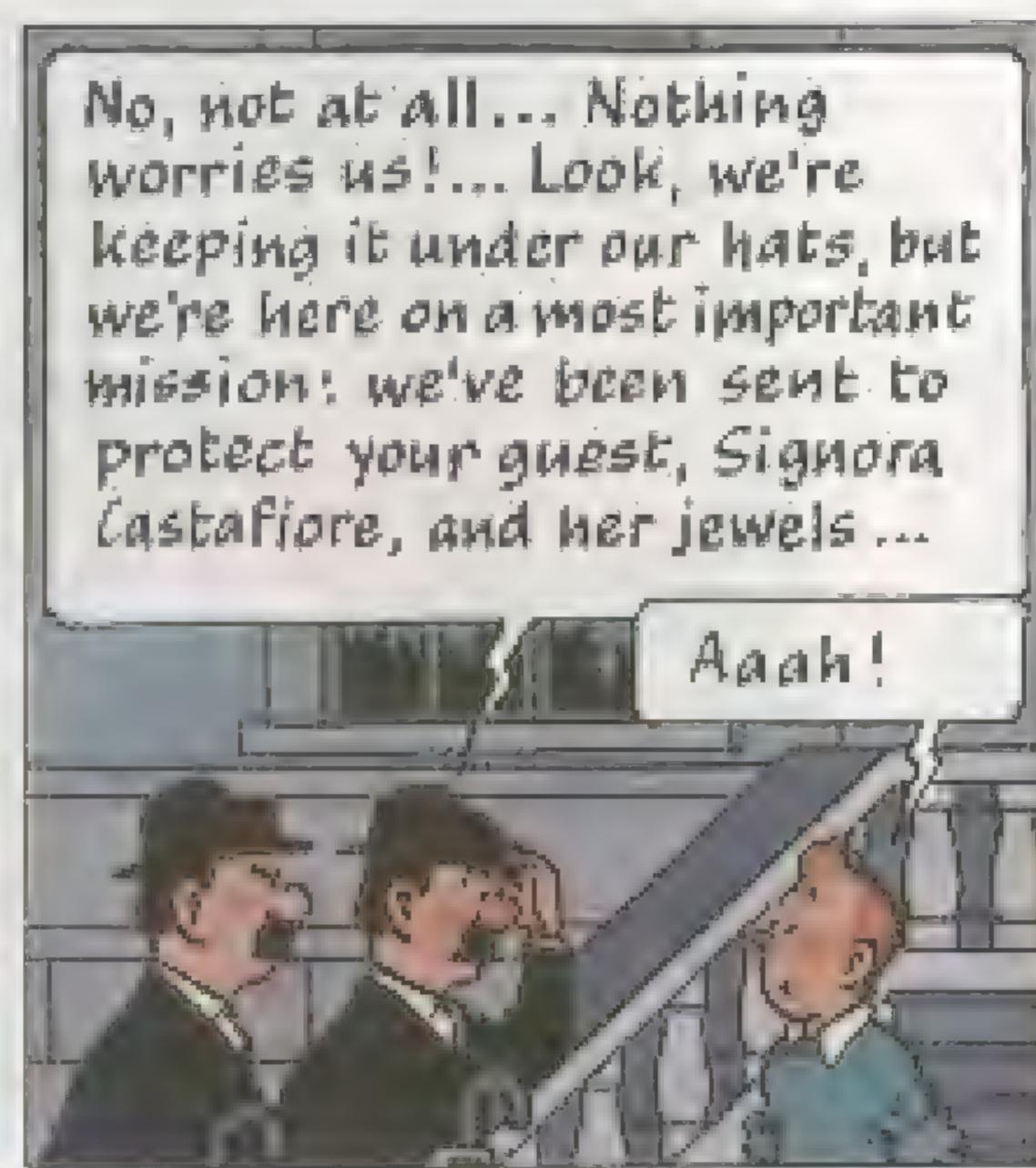
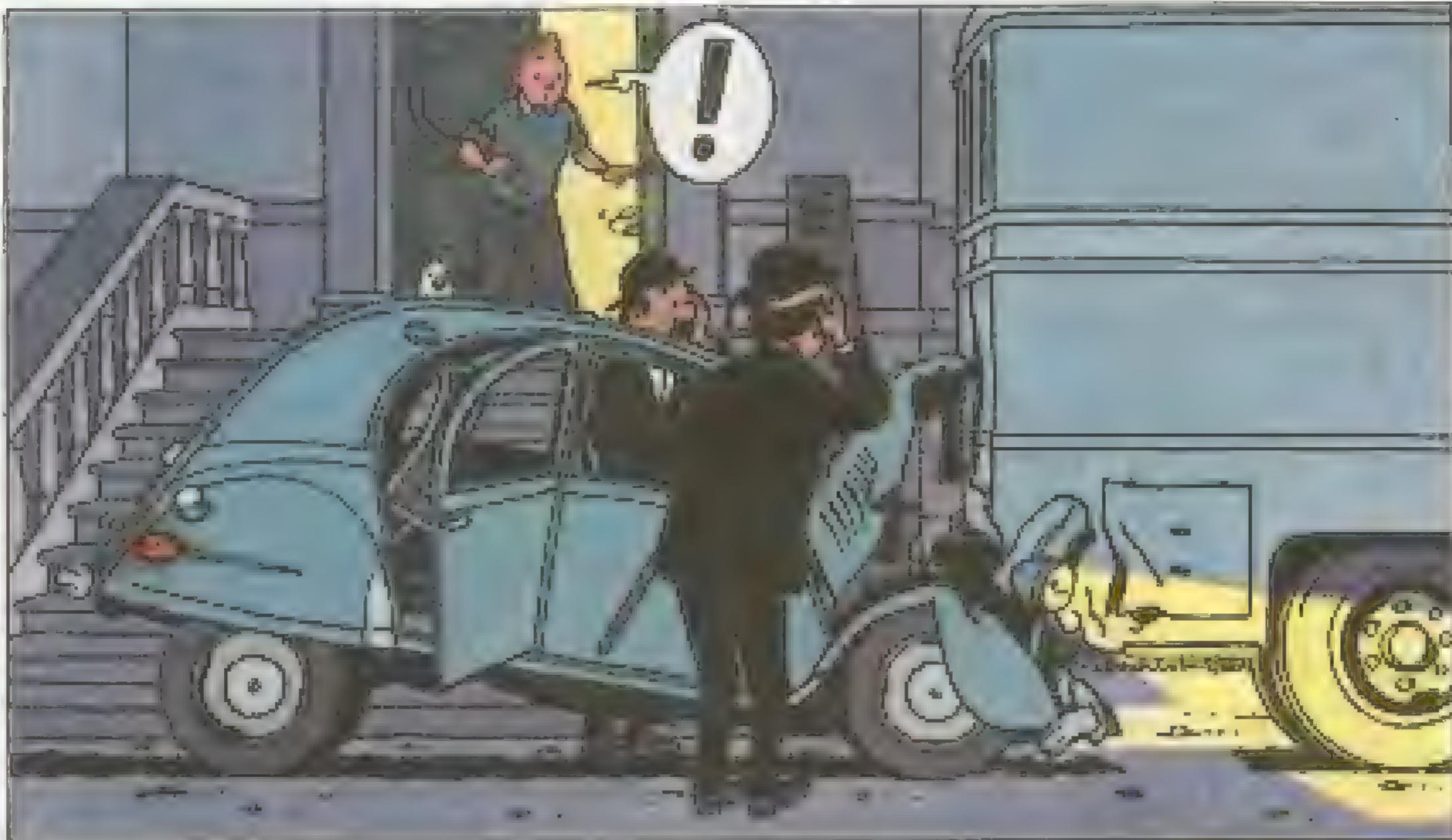
MERCY! MY JEWELS!

Mind the cables!









You say the fuses blew... All right... But did you discover that for yourself? ...

It was Nestor who told me, when he came up from the cellar.

Nestor? ... The butler? ... Aha!

Aha!

Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bird brothers ... A good testimonial!

Anyway, blistering barnacles, Nestor is absolutely honest, and I forbid you to suspect him!

We shall see, we shall see! ... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning.

Very well. Follow me.

Look out, there are cables all over the place.

Yes...

We know!

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is to leave!

And here's Signora Castafiore. I see she's come round.

Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milanese Castafiore...

Signora!

Charmed!

Madam, we are here to set light to... er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss...

To be precise... er...

Go on, gentlemen.

Just to clear up one point, madam: where were the jewels usually hocked... I mean locked?

Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

Mr. Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me...

In a drawer in my room, upstairs... Oh my jewels! ... My beautiful jewels! ...

Alas, no, gentlemen...

Swag? Fix it up? ... Fix what? ... Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy? ...

No, no gentlemen. Mr. Swag represents an insurance company.

Ah, that's all right... Otherwise...

Yes, otherwise...

Now, your jewels were in a drawer upstairs... Good... Was the drawer locked?

Yes, and the key was hidden in a vase. I fetched it from there earlier on, when I took the case out of the drawer.

The case?... What case was that, madam?

Why, my jewel case of course, the one I...

I... Mamma mia! I remember now!

I was sitting here...

There!... There!... What did I tell you?

My jewels! Look! The little darlings!... All here?... Yes!... Oh, I could weep for joy, I'm so pleased to see them!

I really am a feather-brain!... I completely forgot, I'd come downstairs with my jewel-case, when these nice people from television arrived. How too, too hilarious! Ahaha!... What a good laugh!... Don't you agree, gentlemen?

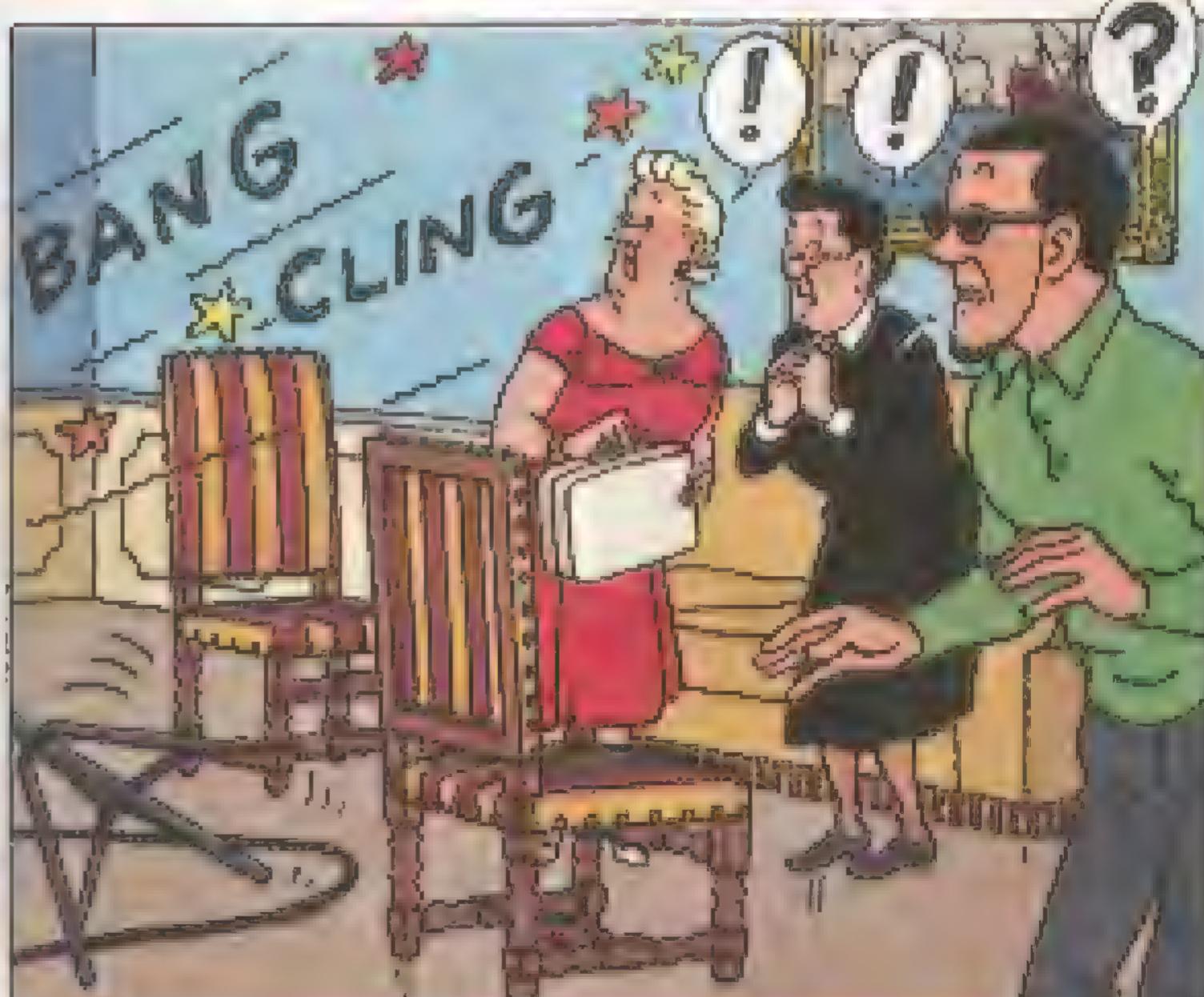
Laugh, madam?... Us, madam?... We are not amused, madam!... Good night!

Quite so; we are not amusing!

What is wrong?... Oh dear, what have I done?... Why are they so cross?

Here, your hats!... And mind the cables!

Thank you, we can manage. ... We've told you before: we're not children!



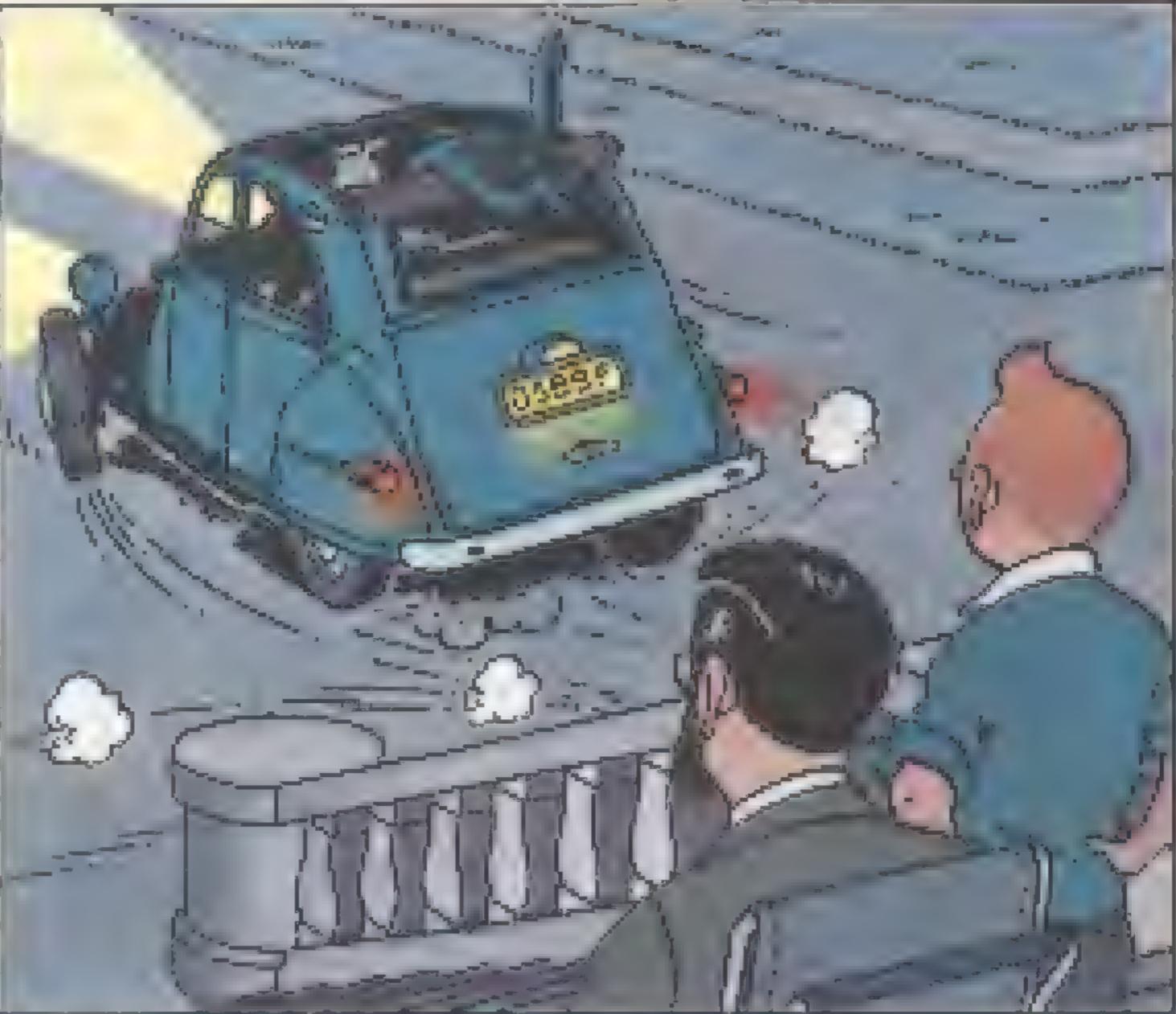
I told you to look out for the cables!

The cables, yes. But these were wires!

Entirely different!

So much for the Castafiore jewels!... You know, that photographer still puzzles me.

But apart from that, all's well that ends well!



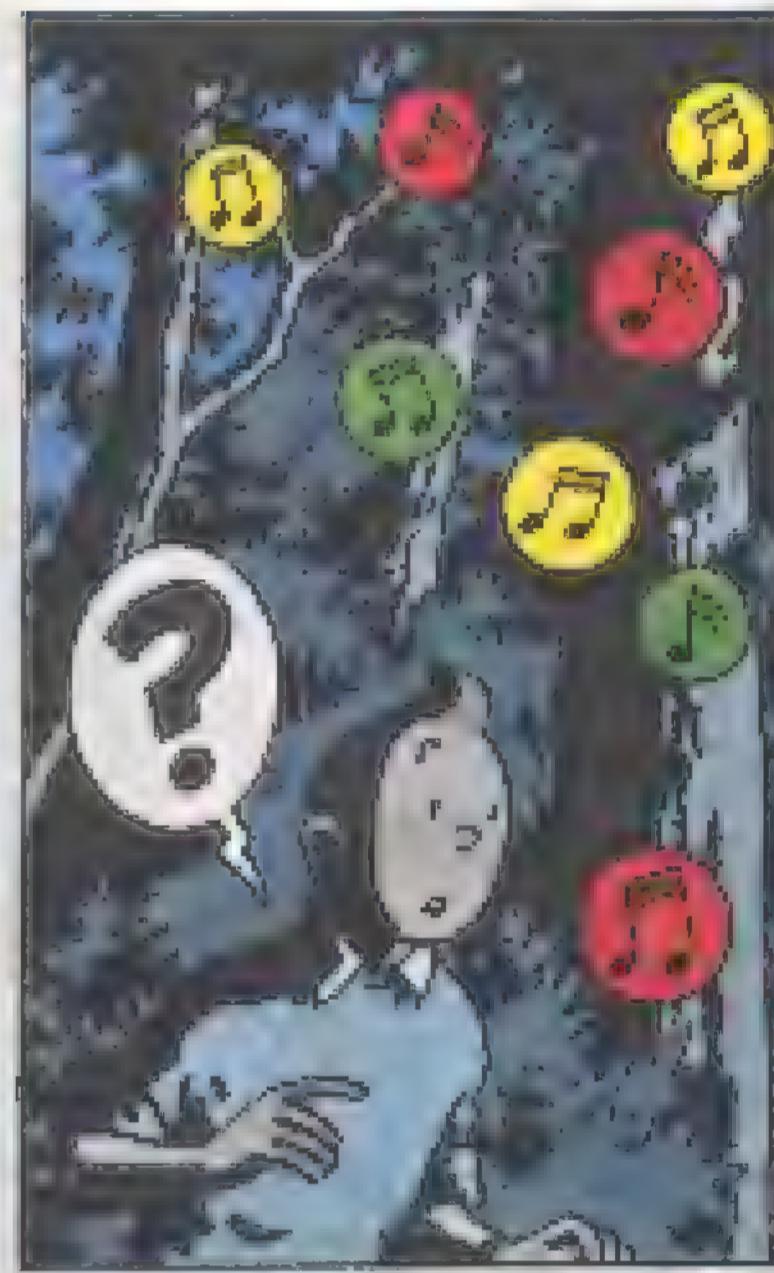
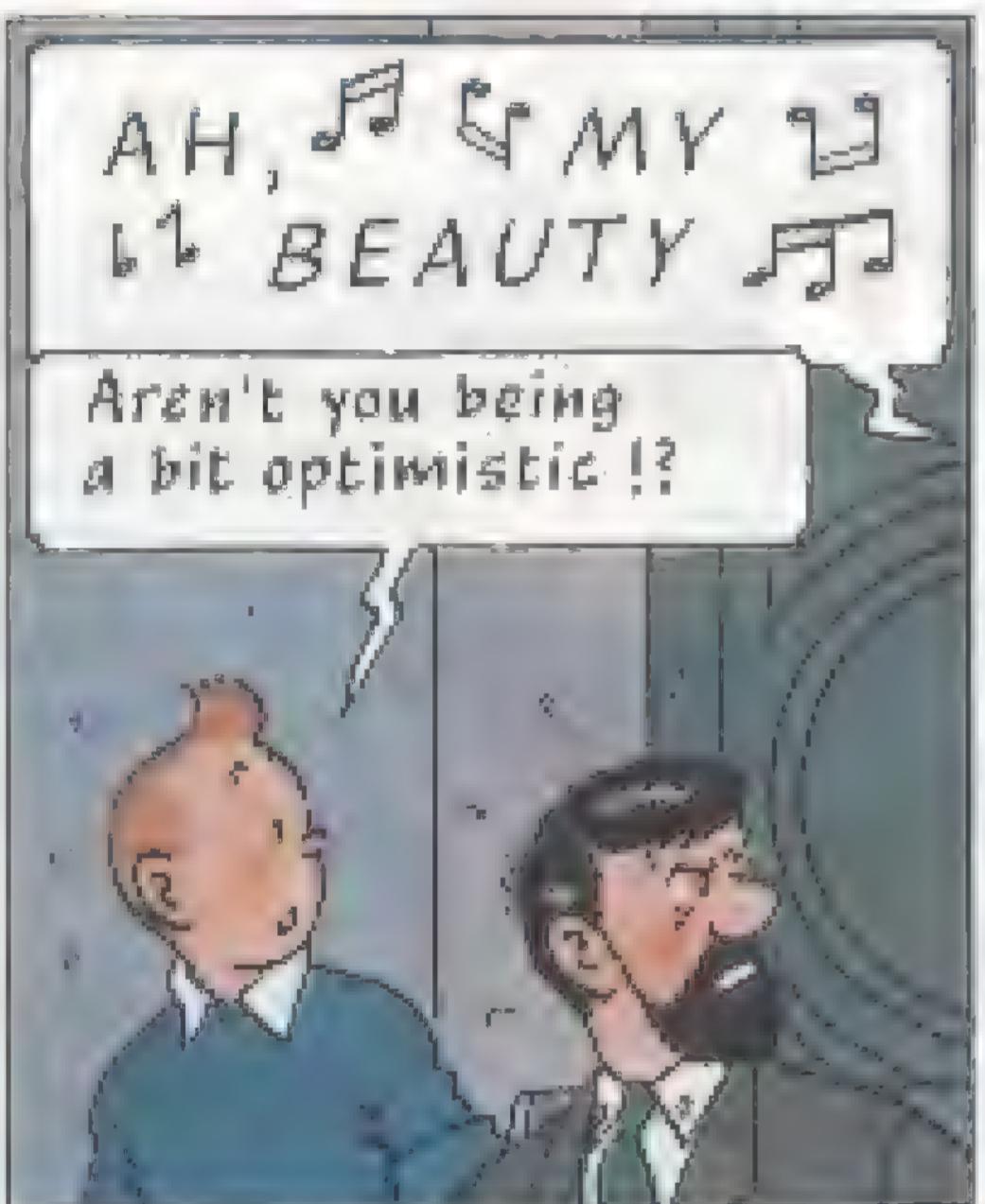
AH, ♫ MY ♪  
♪ BEAUTY ♫

Aren't you being a bit optimistic!?

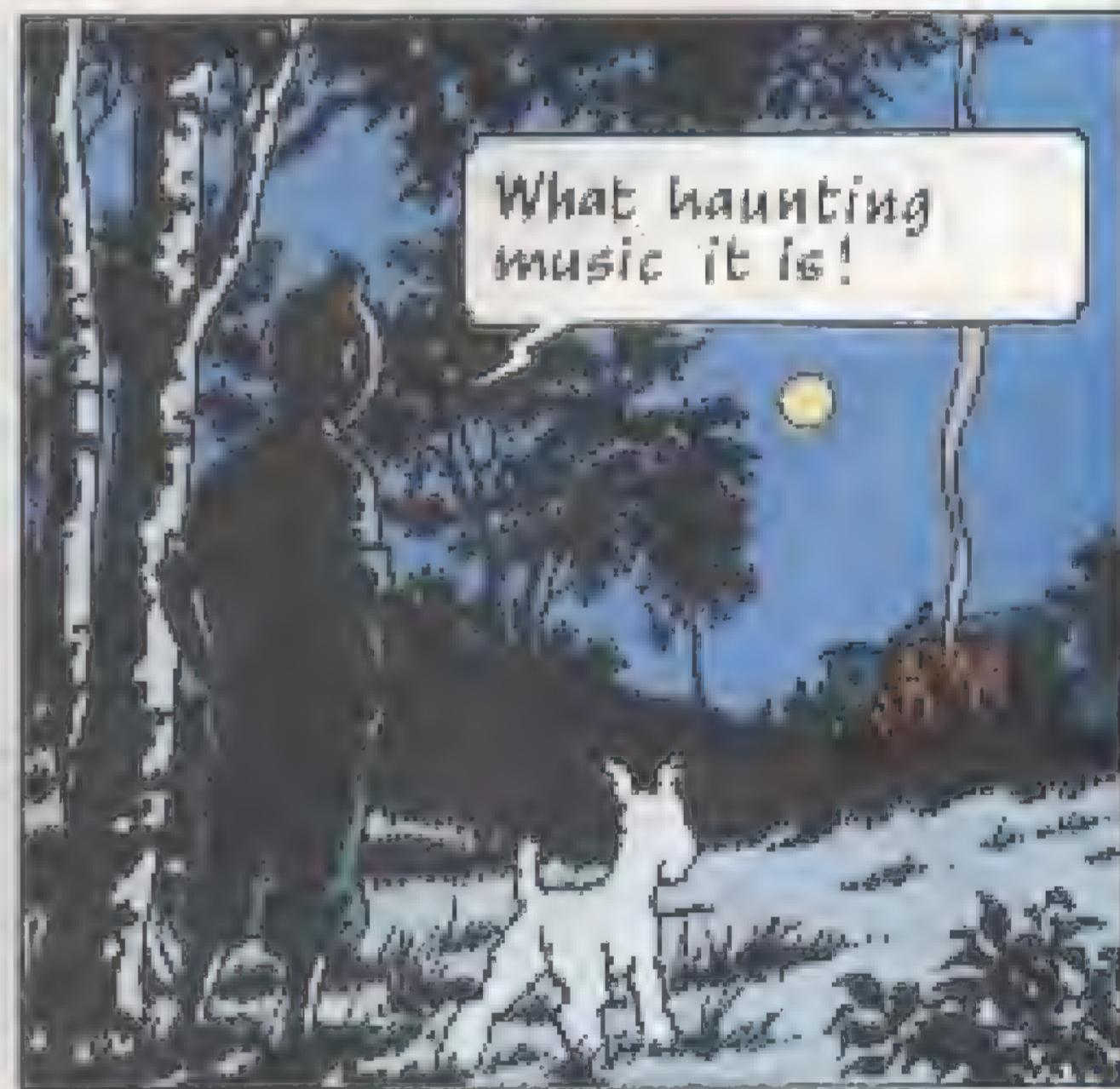
I'm just going for a stroll with Snowy: I need some air. I shan't be long.

Right you are. Enjoy yourself. I'll hold the fort.

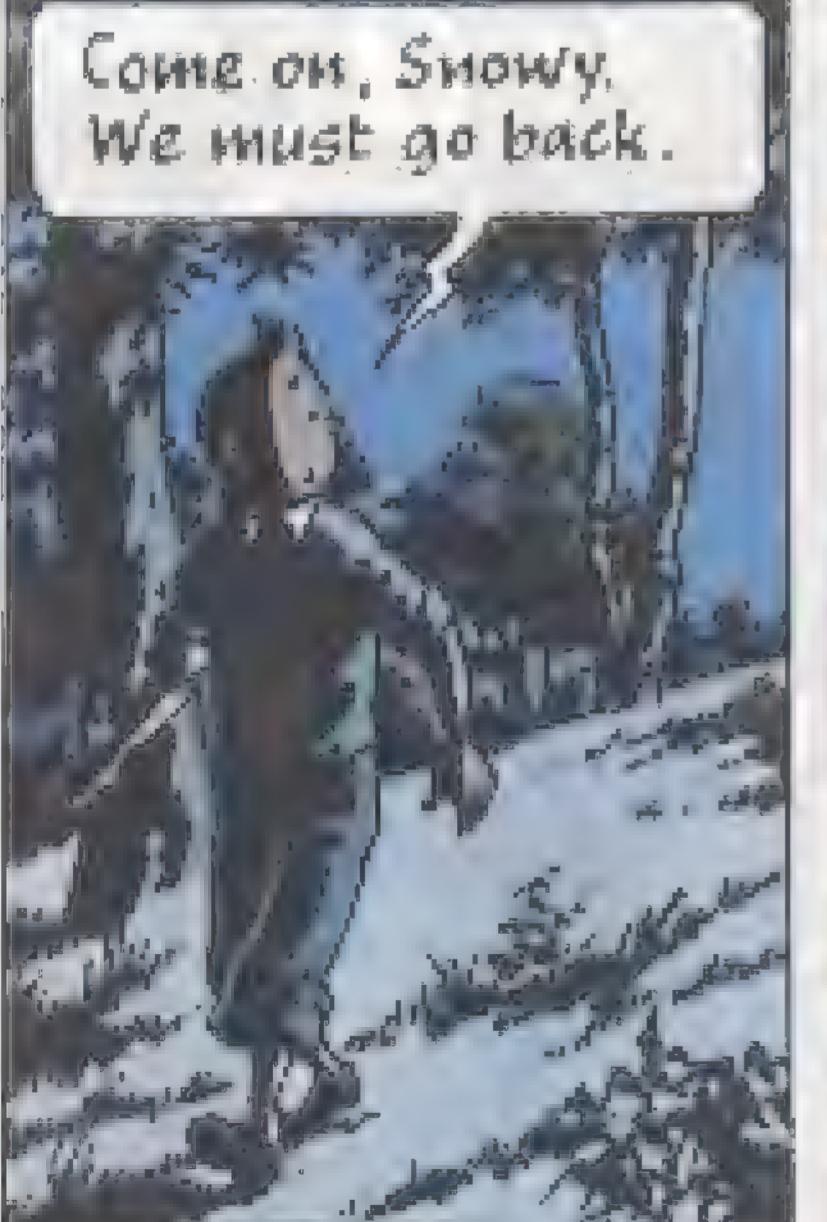
What a perfect night!



That sounds like... yes, it's a guitar... It must be the gypsies.



Come on, Snowy. We must go back.



How quiet it is here in the wood... Not a sound... Not a leaf stirring... Silence...



## TU-WOOD

An owl!... Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy. Home!

Three days later...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean... Yes, it was a wedding... er... my step-sister's cousin... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

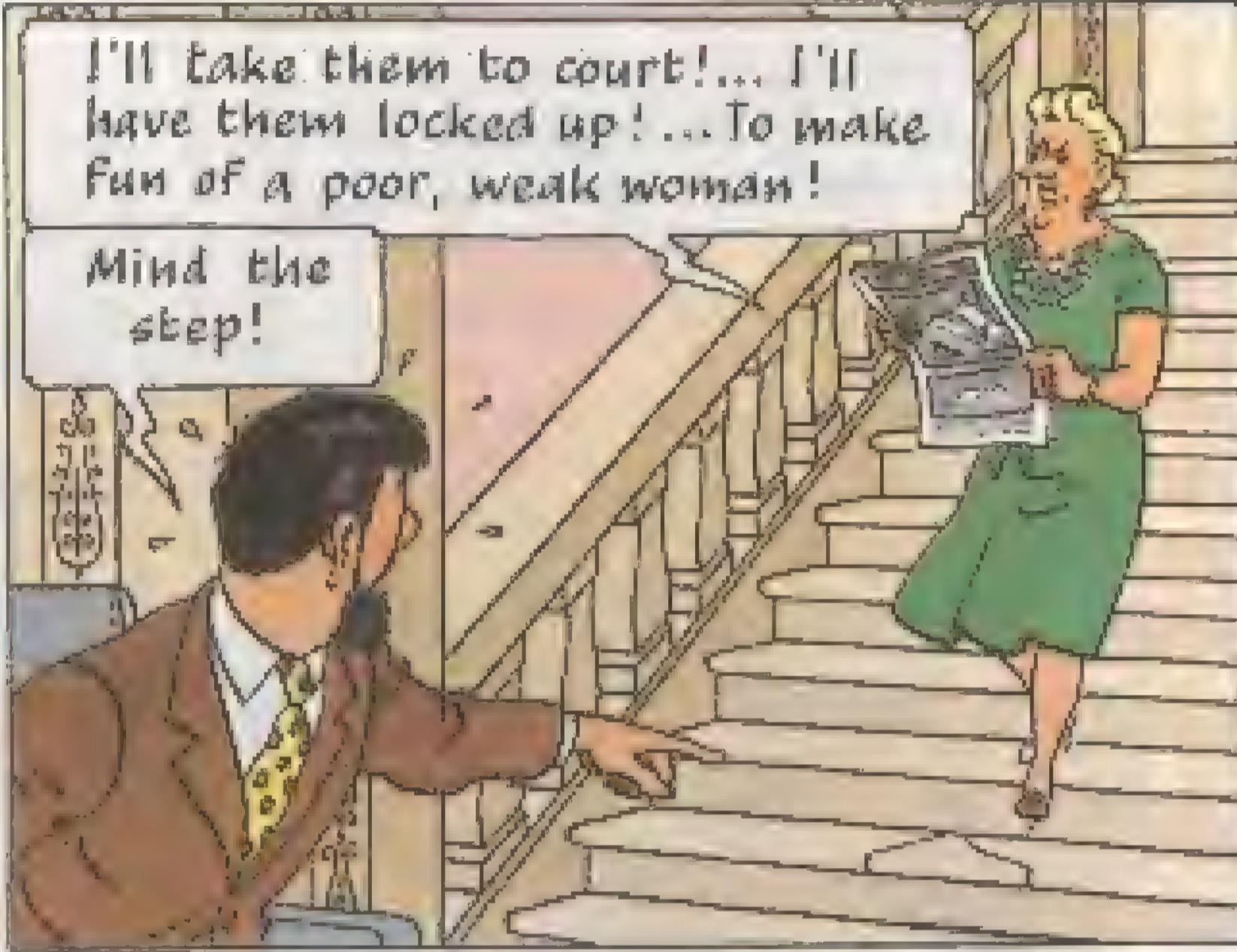
If you don't come tomorrow, my fine friend, I'll... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do... but I won't stand for it!

No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court!... I'll have them locked up!... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know!... Look at that!... It's shameful!... It's a disgrace!... It's monstrous!... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you!... Look at it!



But what's the matter?... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

Not bad!... Not bad!... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

Horrible? I wouldn't say so... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.



That's right!... Defend the cads!... the boors!... the bumpkins!... Mannerless yokels!... This is the limit!... And it's not just a question of the likeness!... It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?

I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo", and he got in without a soul knowing!... You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer...



Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner!

I want a word with you!



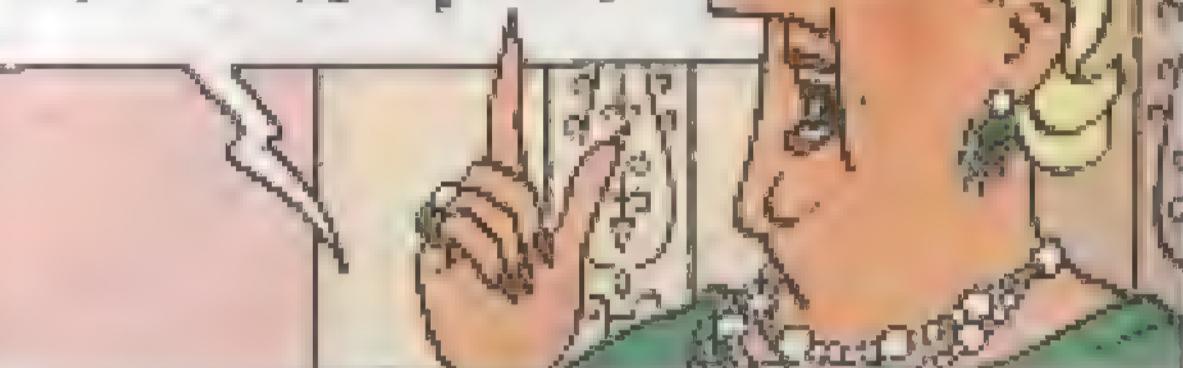
And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?



Morning, Duchess!... How goes it?... All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy...

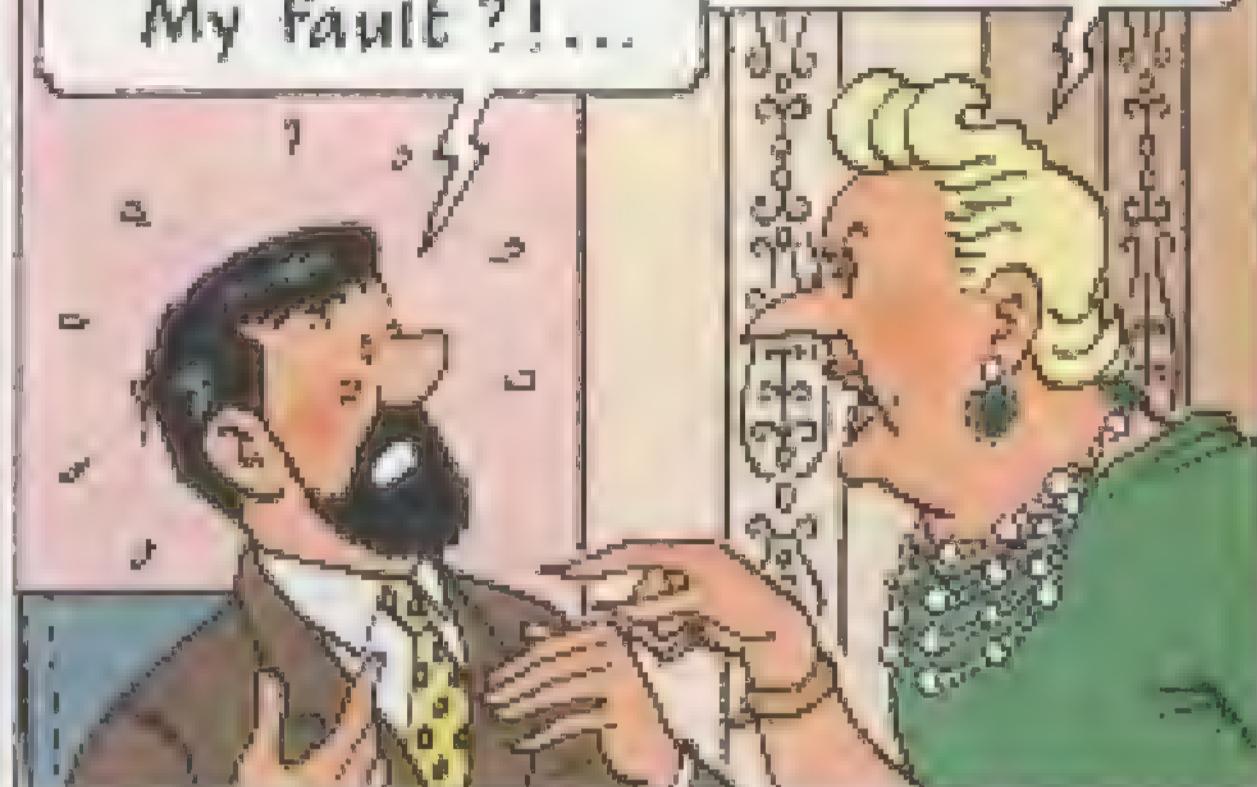


Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"



And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!



So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been?... And who gave you permission to go out?... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; scales, Mr. Wagner!



Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes, signora...  
No, signora...  
Yes, signora.



**DONG**

Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!



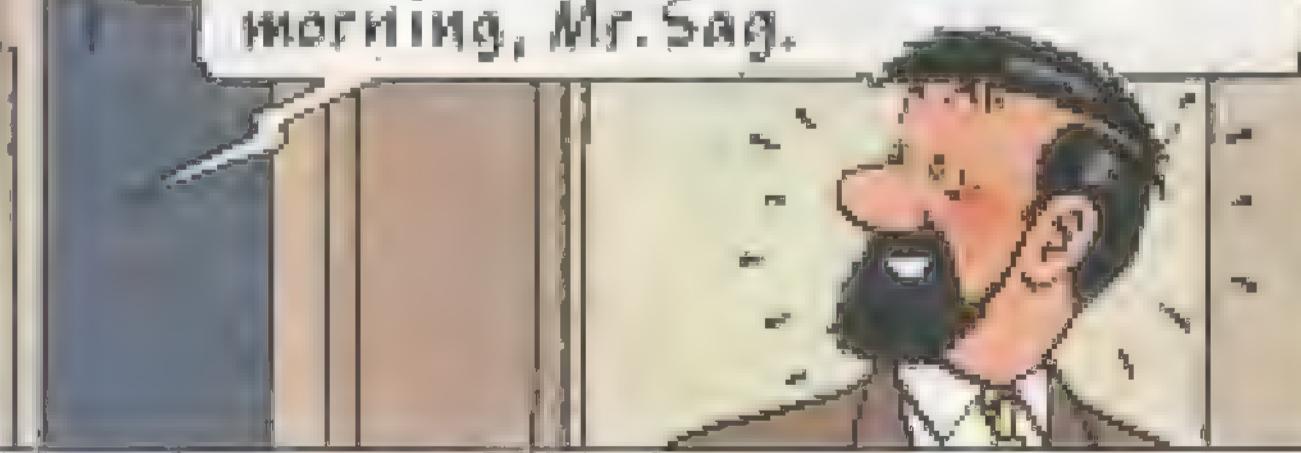
Hello, girlie!



I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

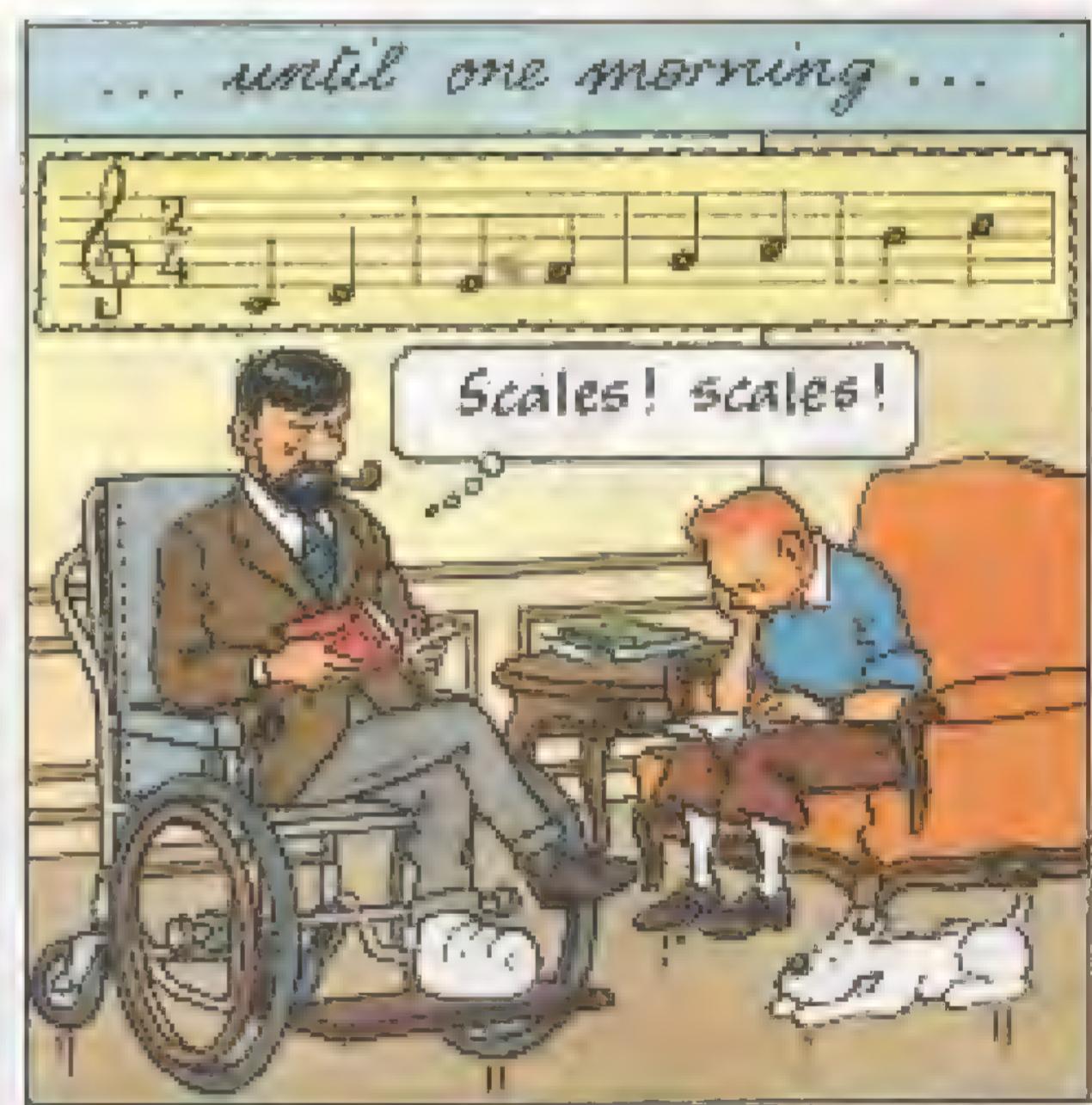
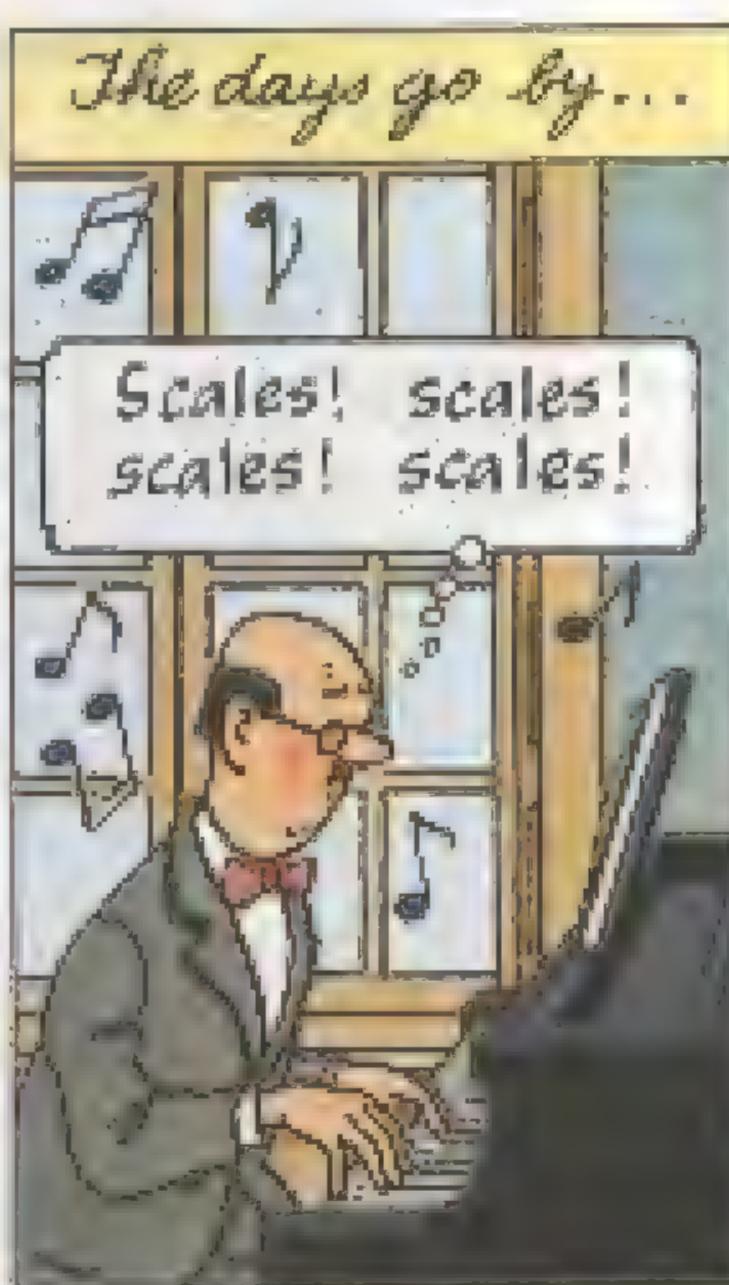
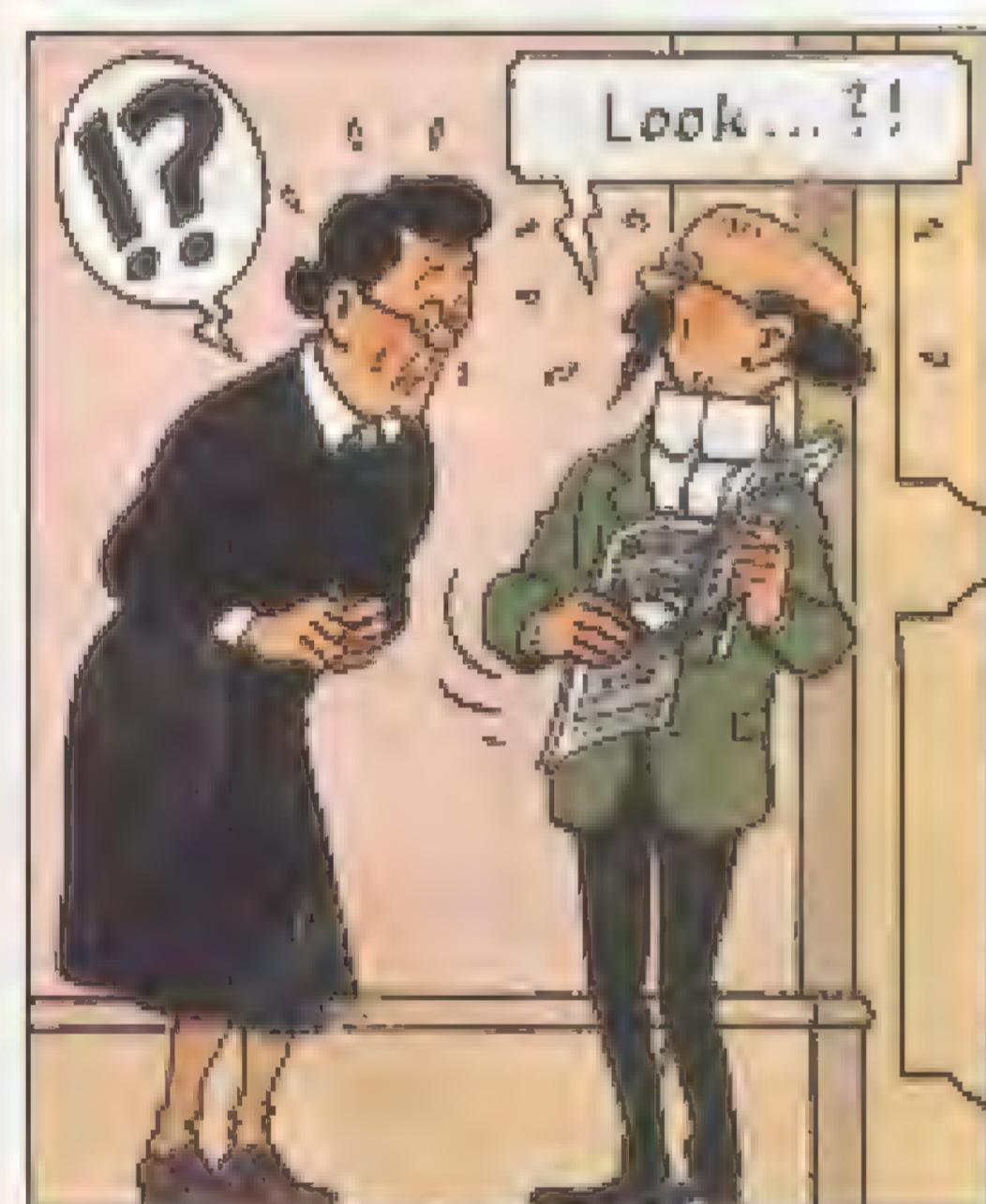
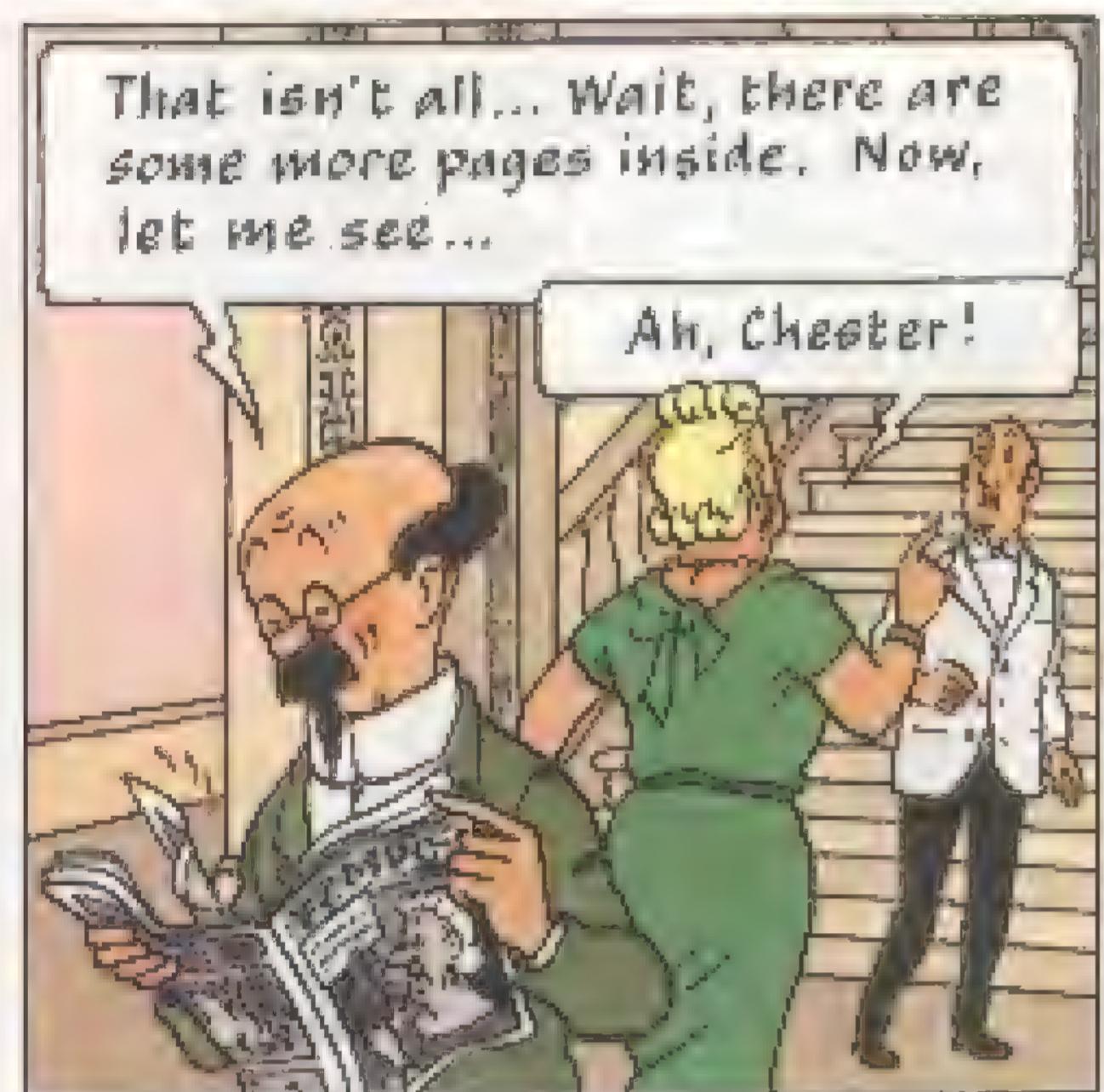
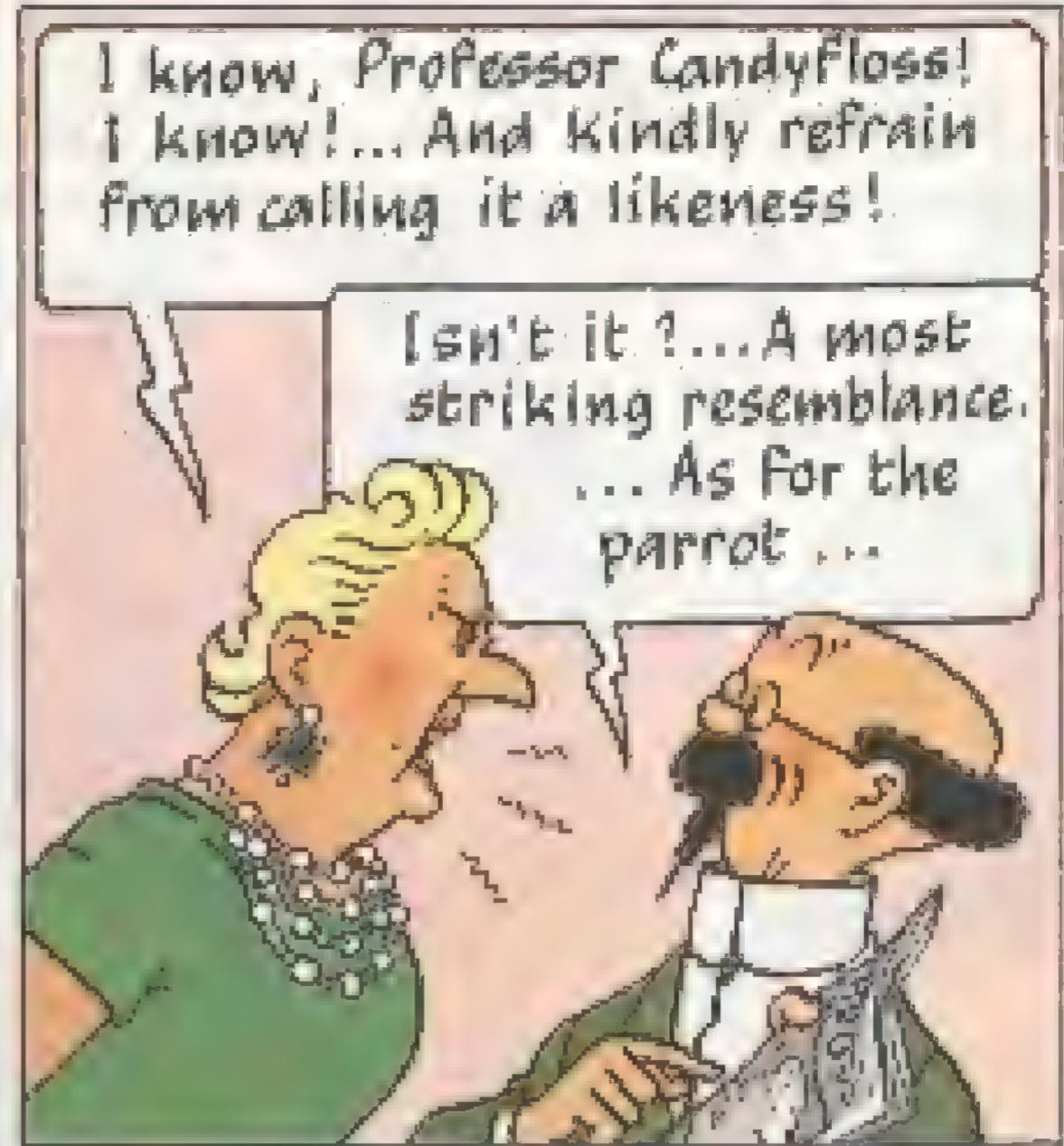
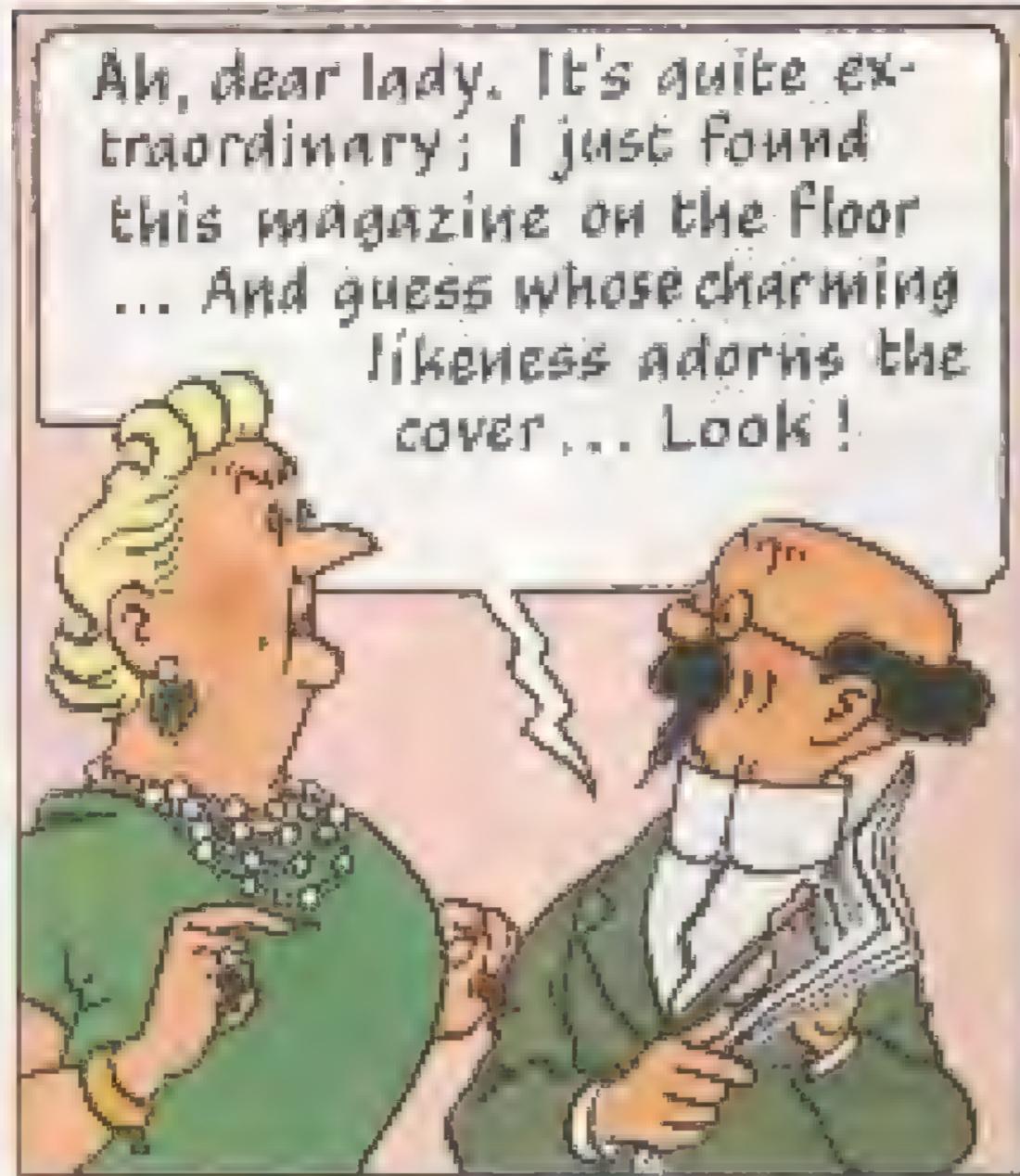
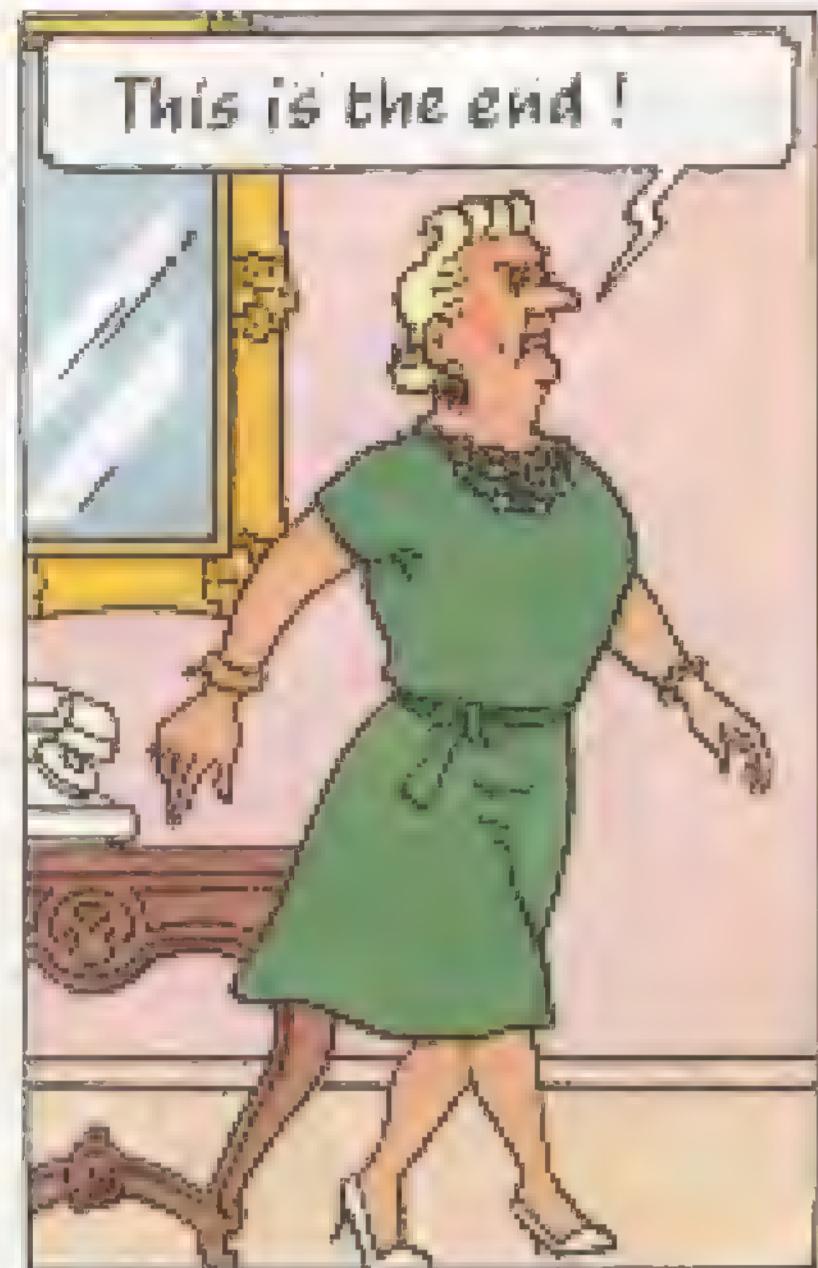
Come off it! You're joking!

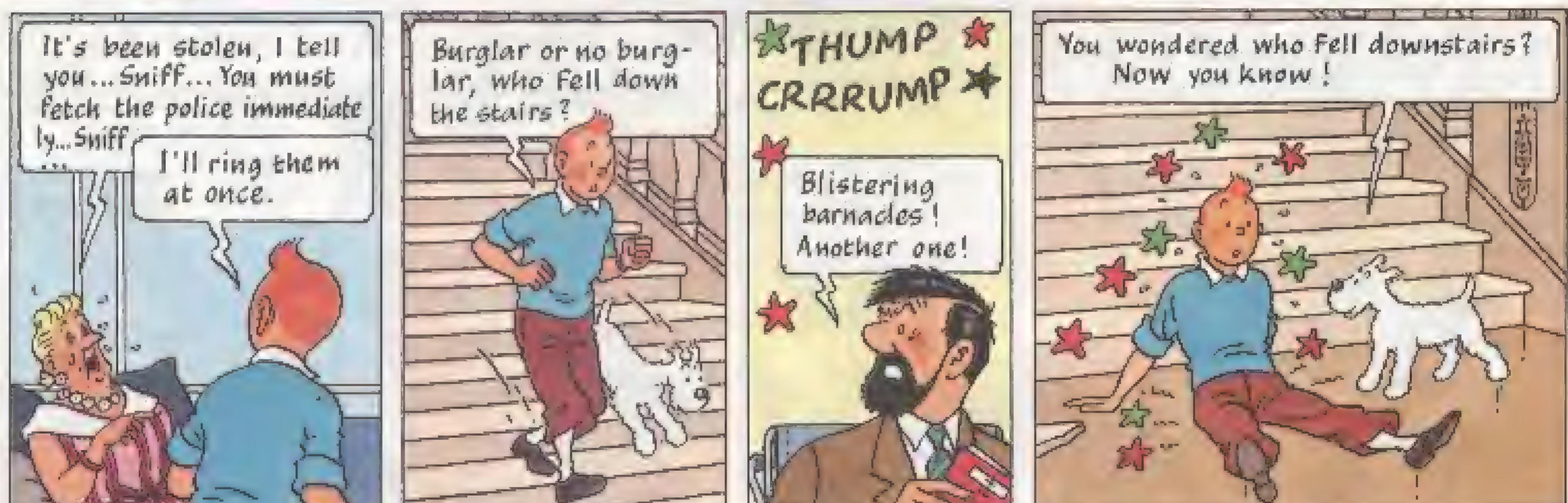
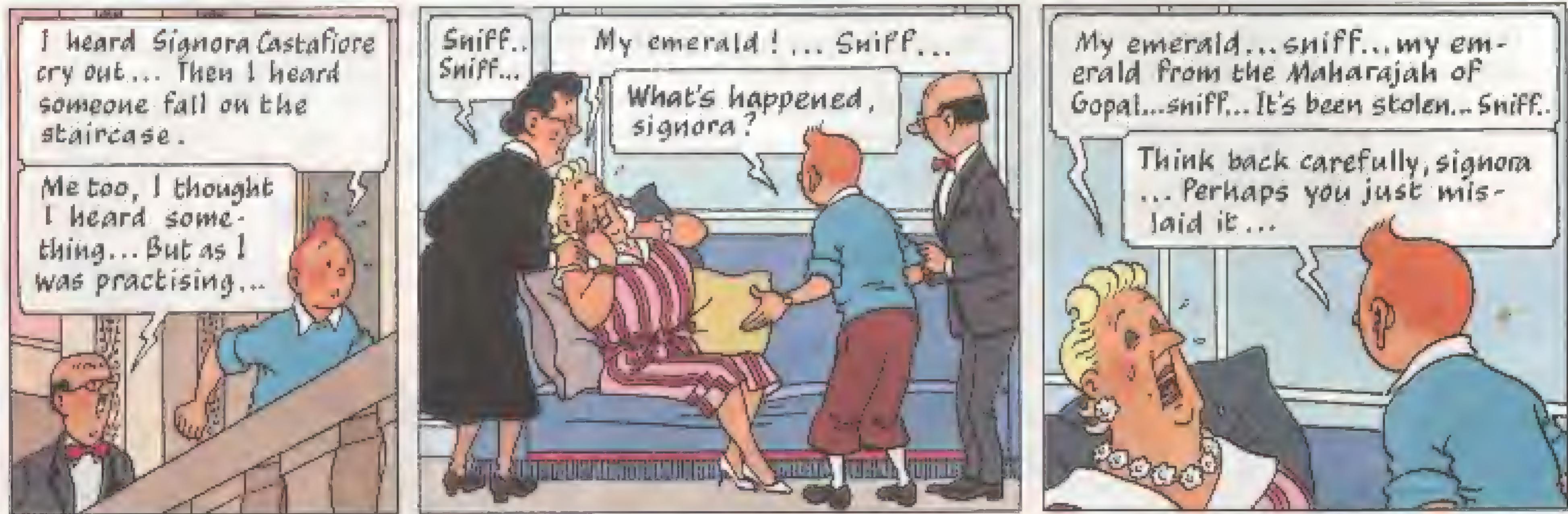
Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag!... Good morning, Mr. Sag.



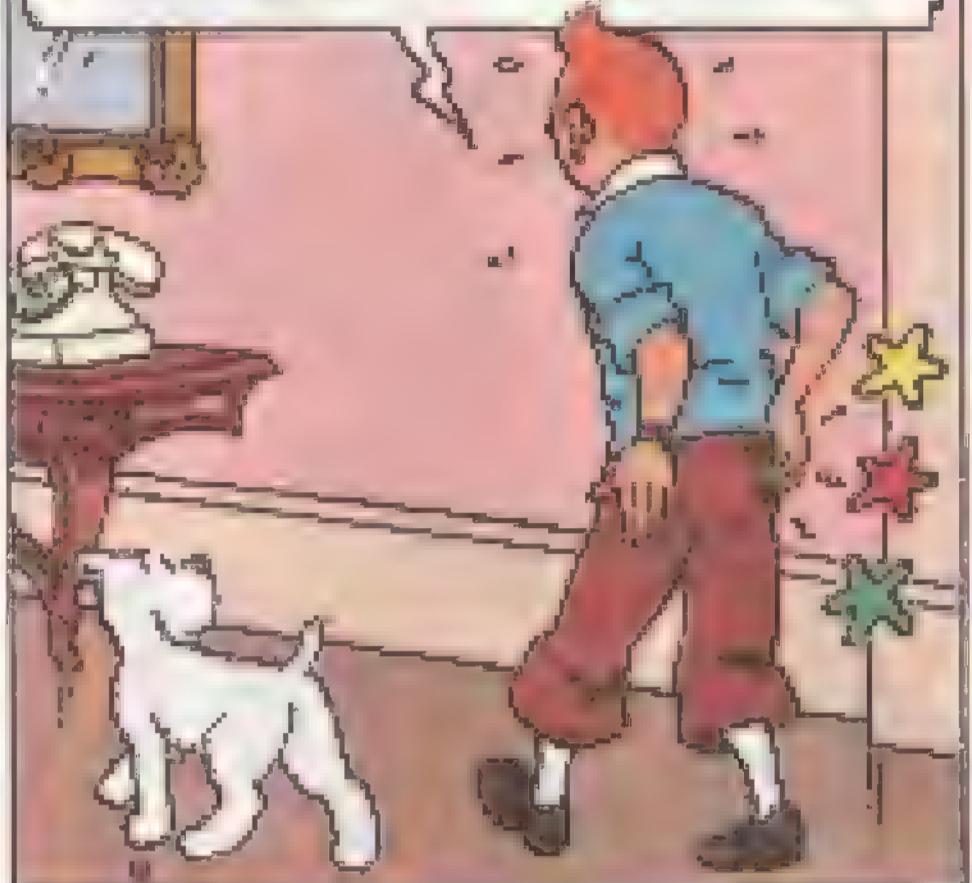
**SLAM**







Unless I'm very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.



Hello ? Yes this is me... Yes, with a 'p', as in Philadelphia ... Good mor... What... A robbery ?! ... An emerald !?! But ... I ... Look ... Signora Castafiore ... She's quite sure, isn't she; it really has been stolen this time?



Yes, I'm afraid it has.



Good... That's lucky for her. I don't mind telling you, if she'd got us up to Marlinspike on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.

Definitely not !



Half an hour later ...

In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting ... !?



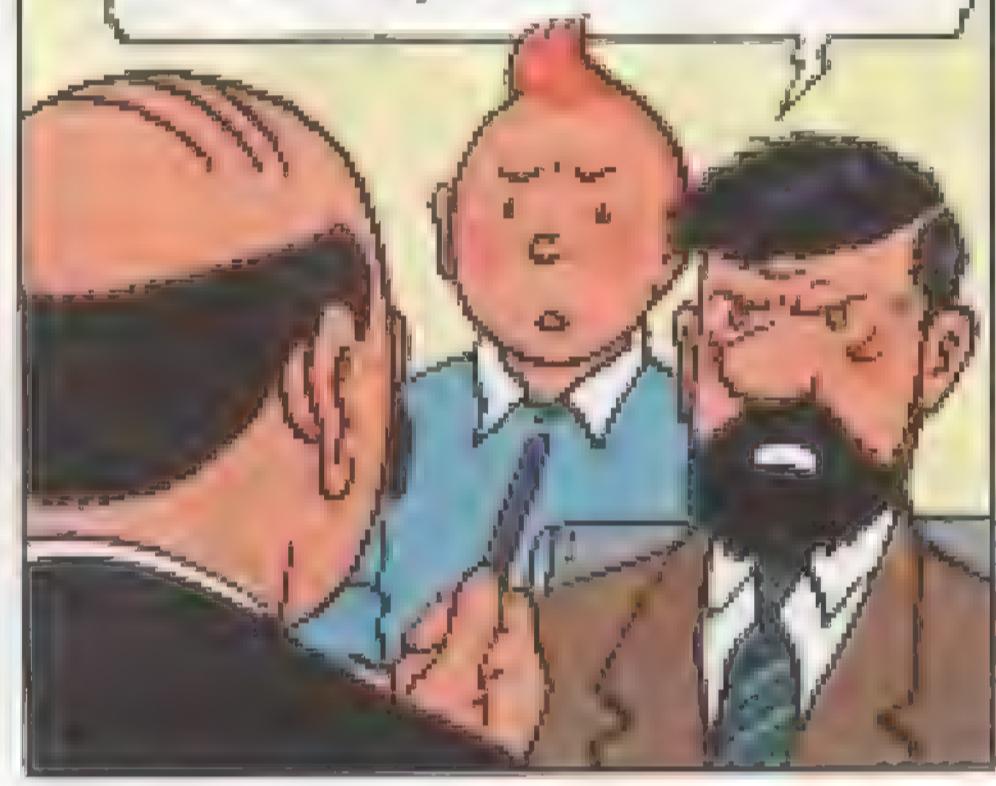
Wait !... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the maritime gallery.

If you can call it playing ...



That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal ?... You must be crazy !



And so, with your permission, we will question each of them separately, in private.

All right. I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting your time.



Where was I?... In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses... I was watering the begonias when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting... I looked up at the windows ...

Oho ! You admit you could see the windows from where you were ?



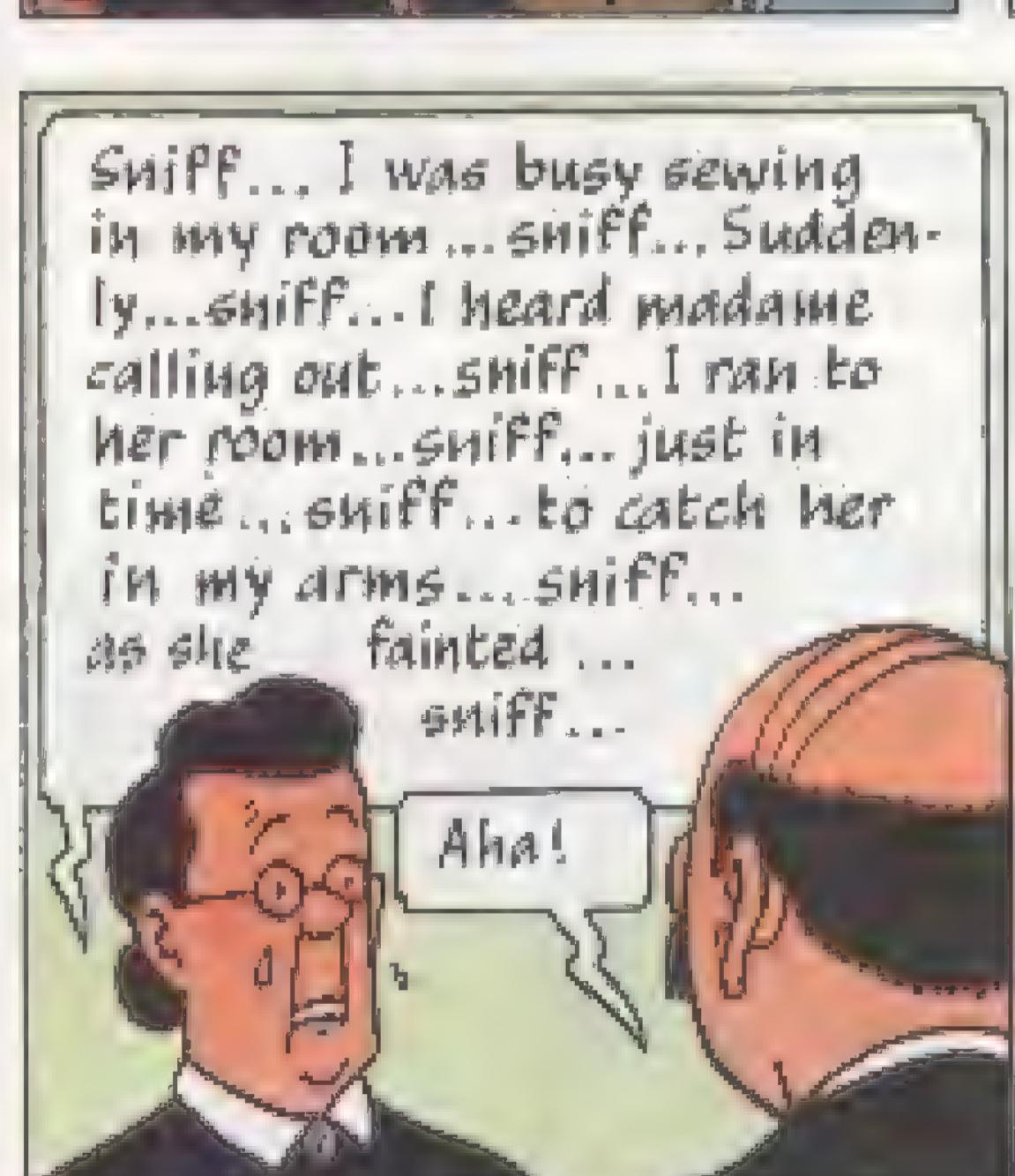
Certainly, sir... Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house...

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh ?... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.



Sniff... I was busy sewing in my room... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame calling out... sniff... I ran to her room... sniff... just in time... sniff... to catch her in my arms... sniff... as she fainted... sniff...

Aha !



Your mistress has told us she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald ... or drop it from the window to an accomplice ... To Nestor, for instance !... Come on ! Confess !

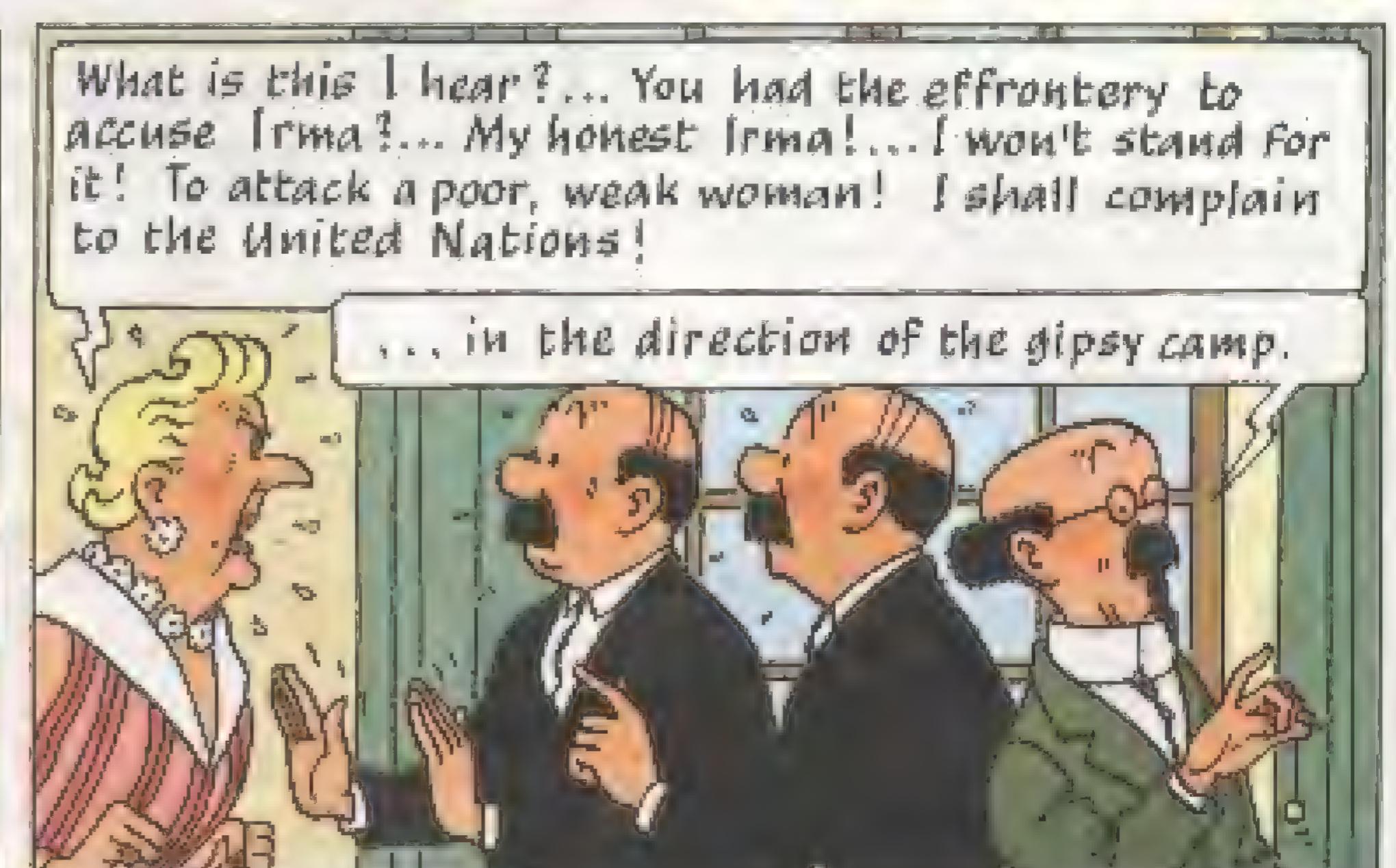
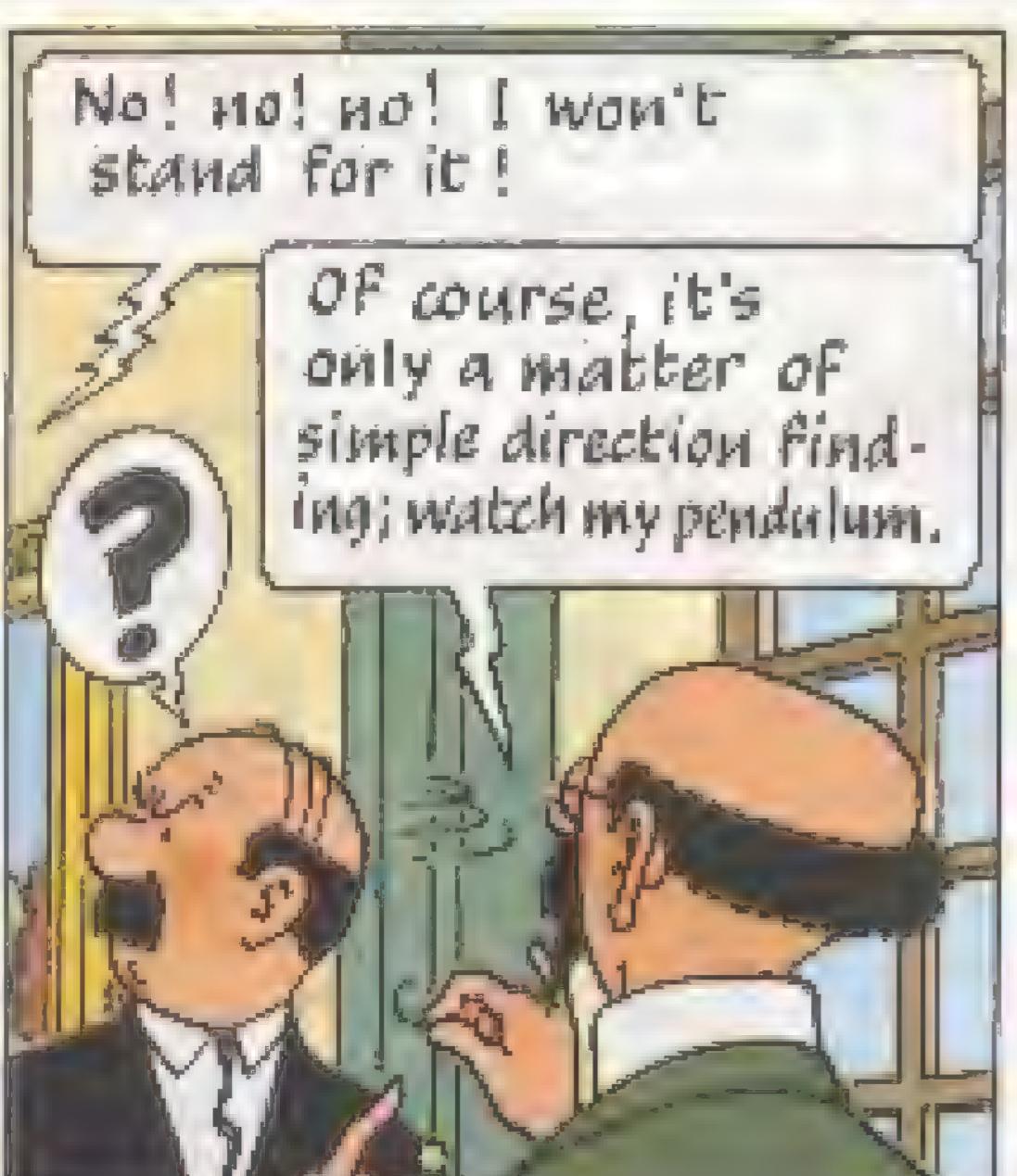
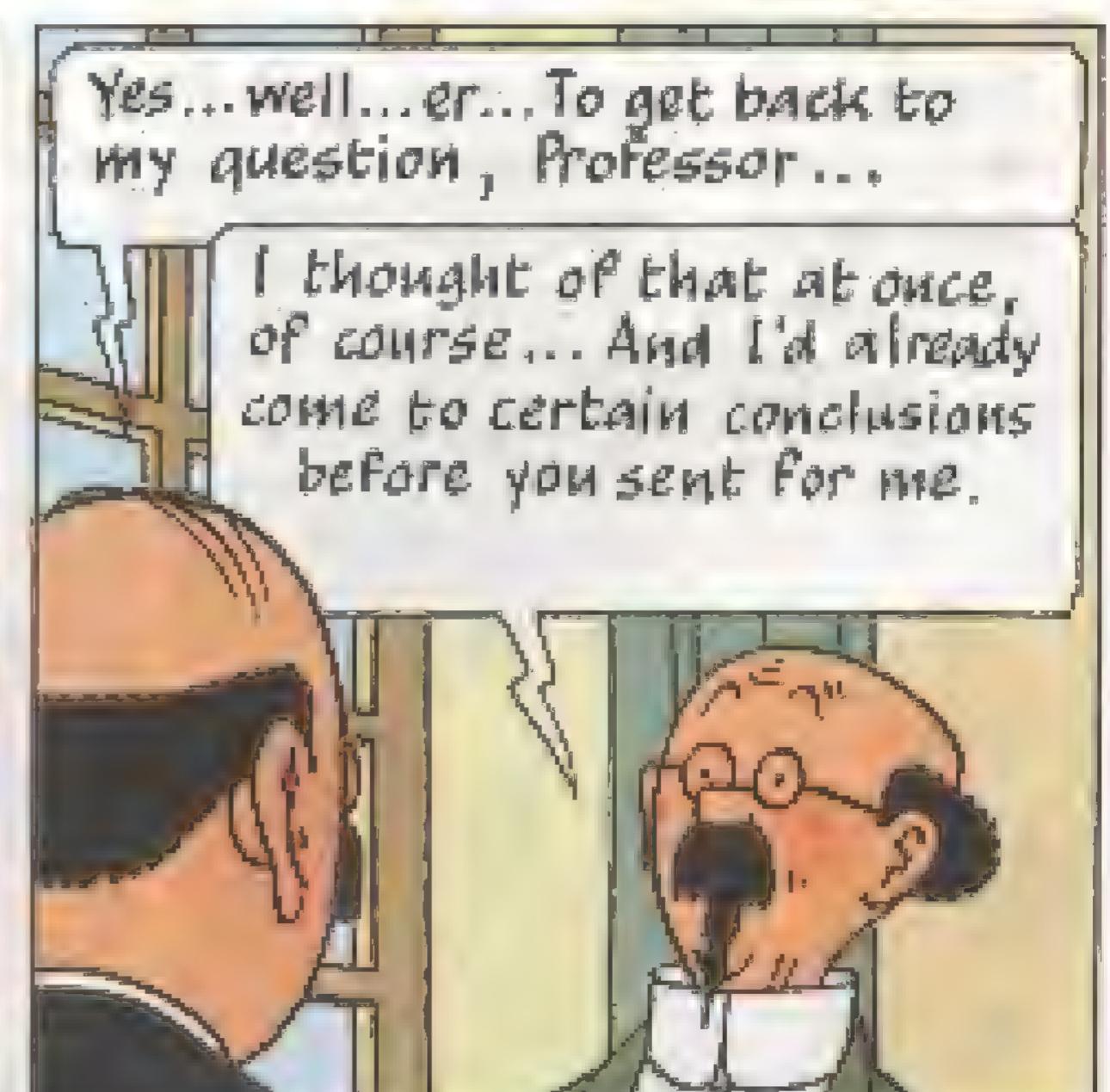
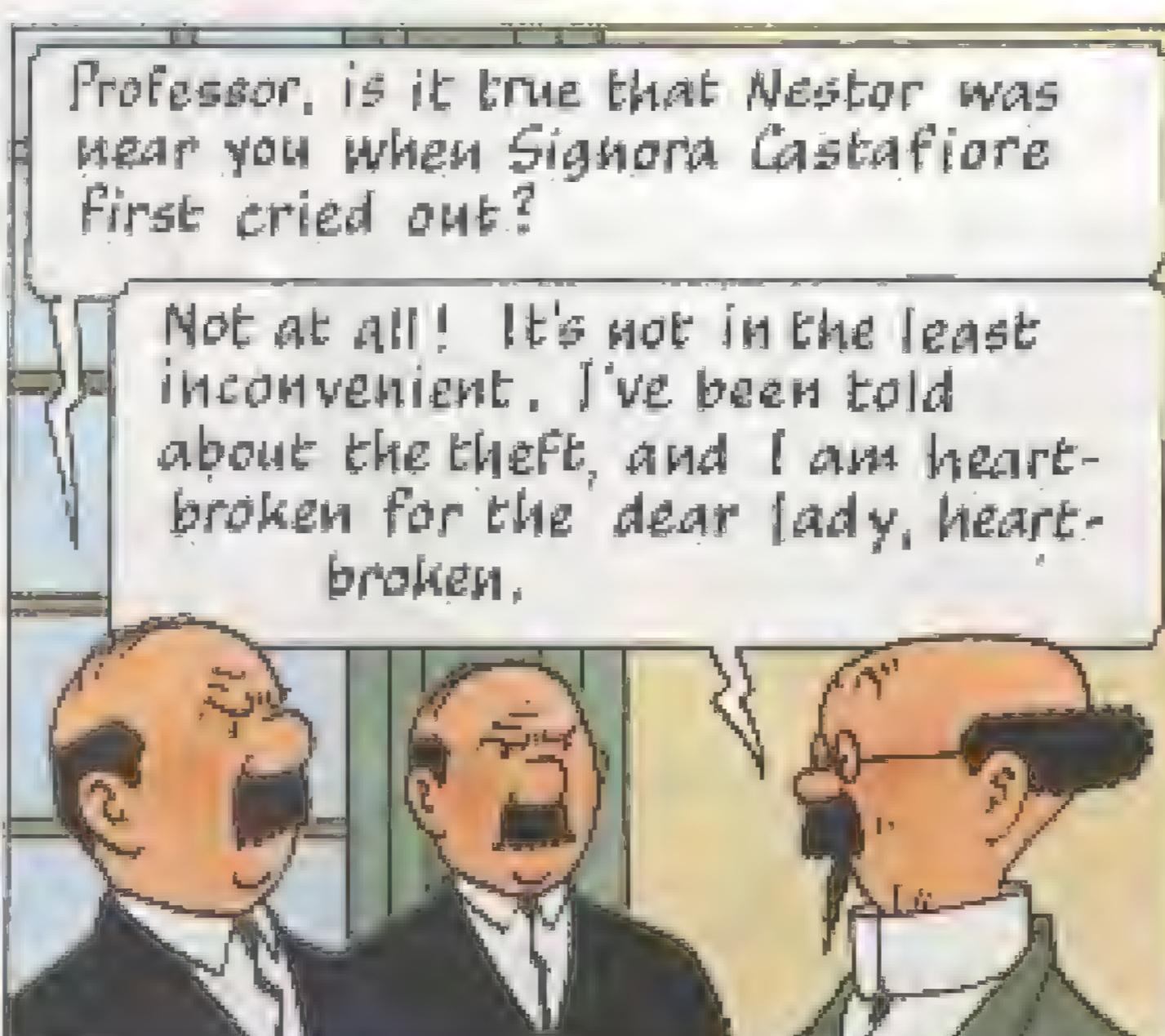
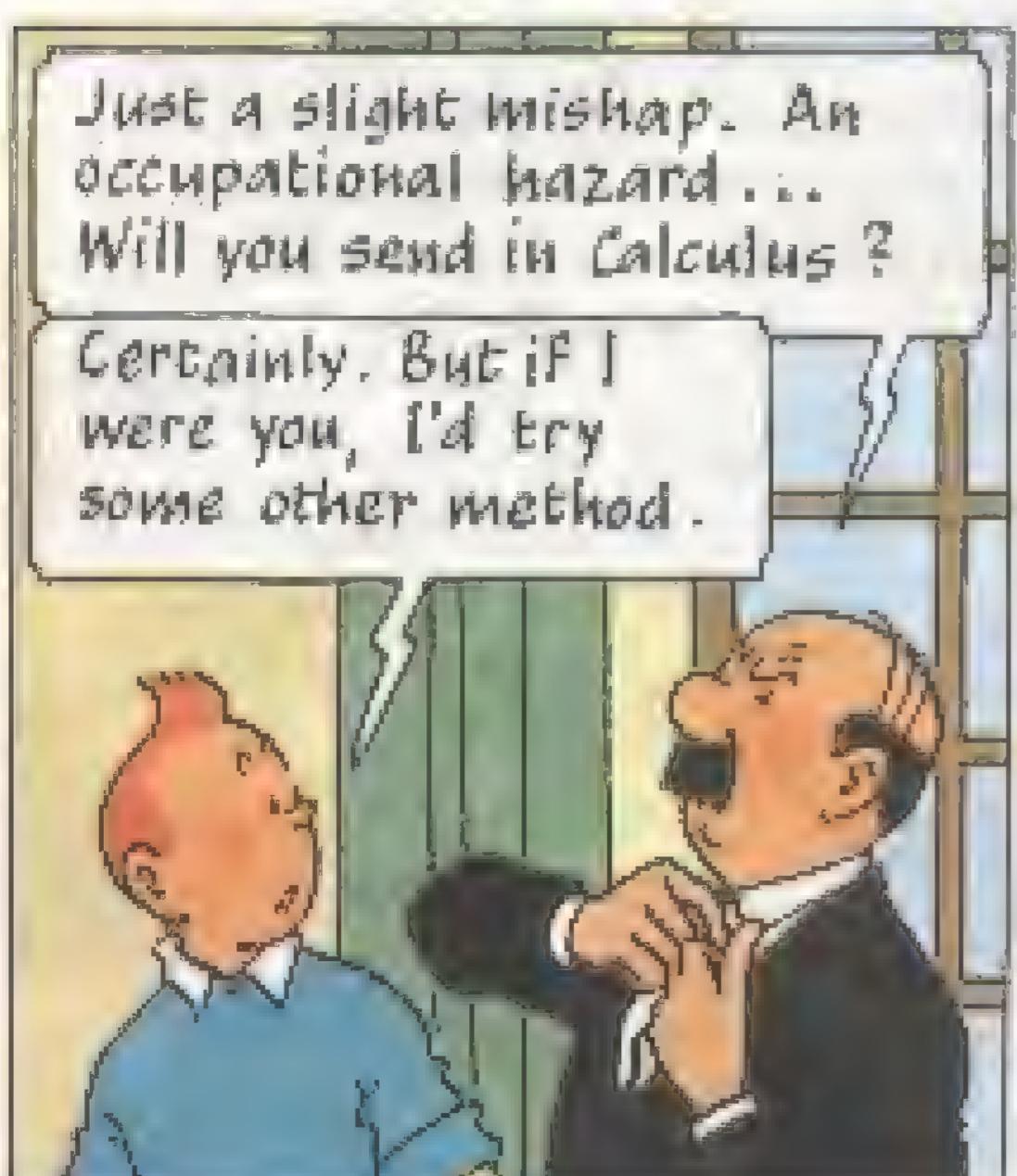
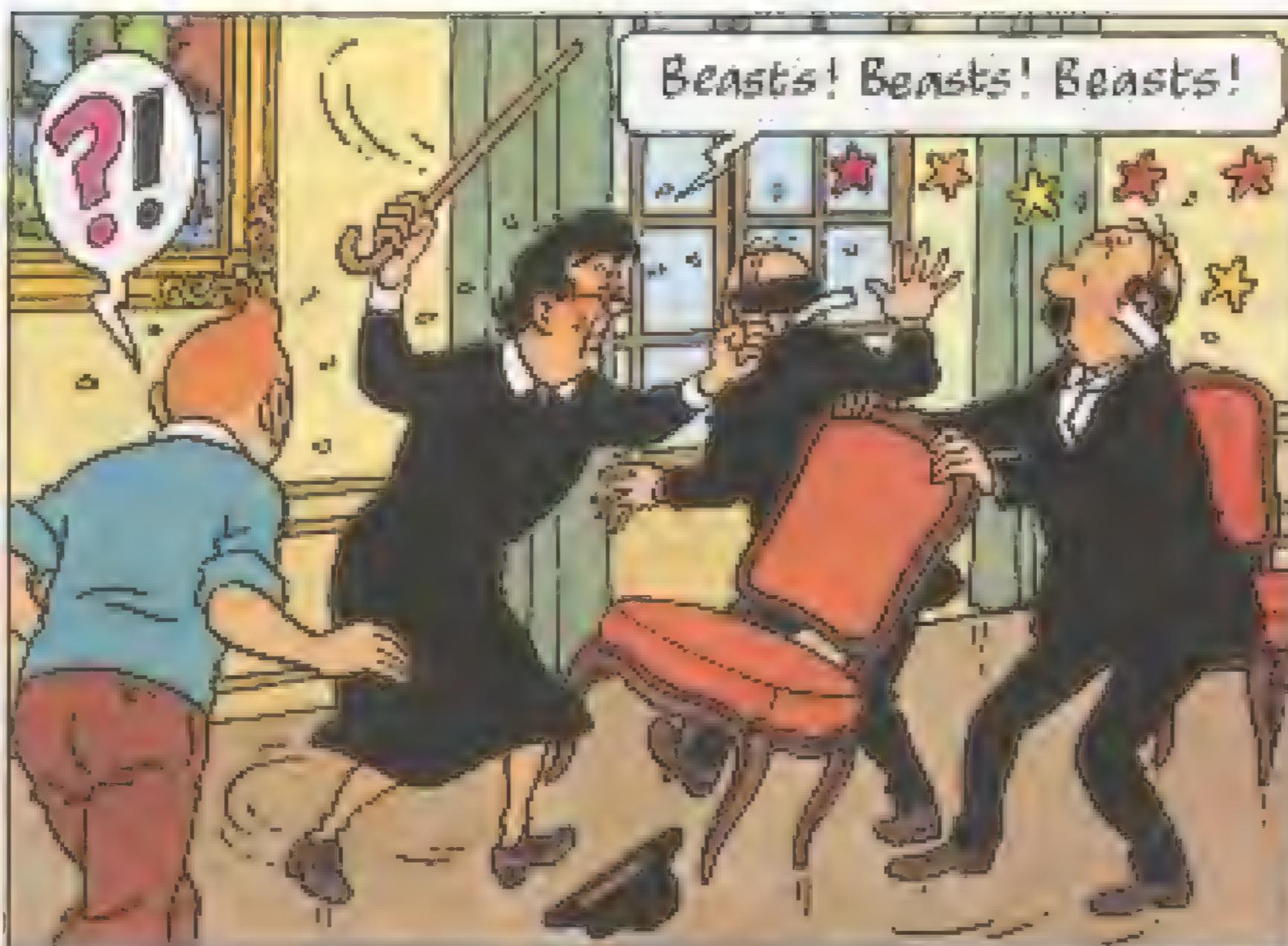


EEEEEEEEK !

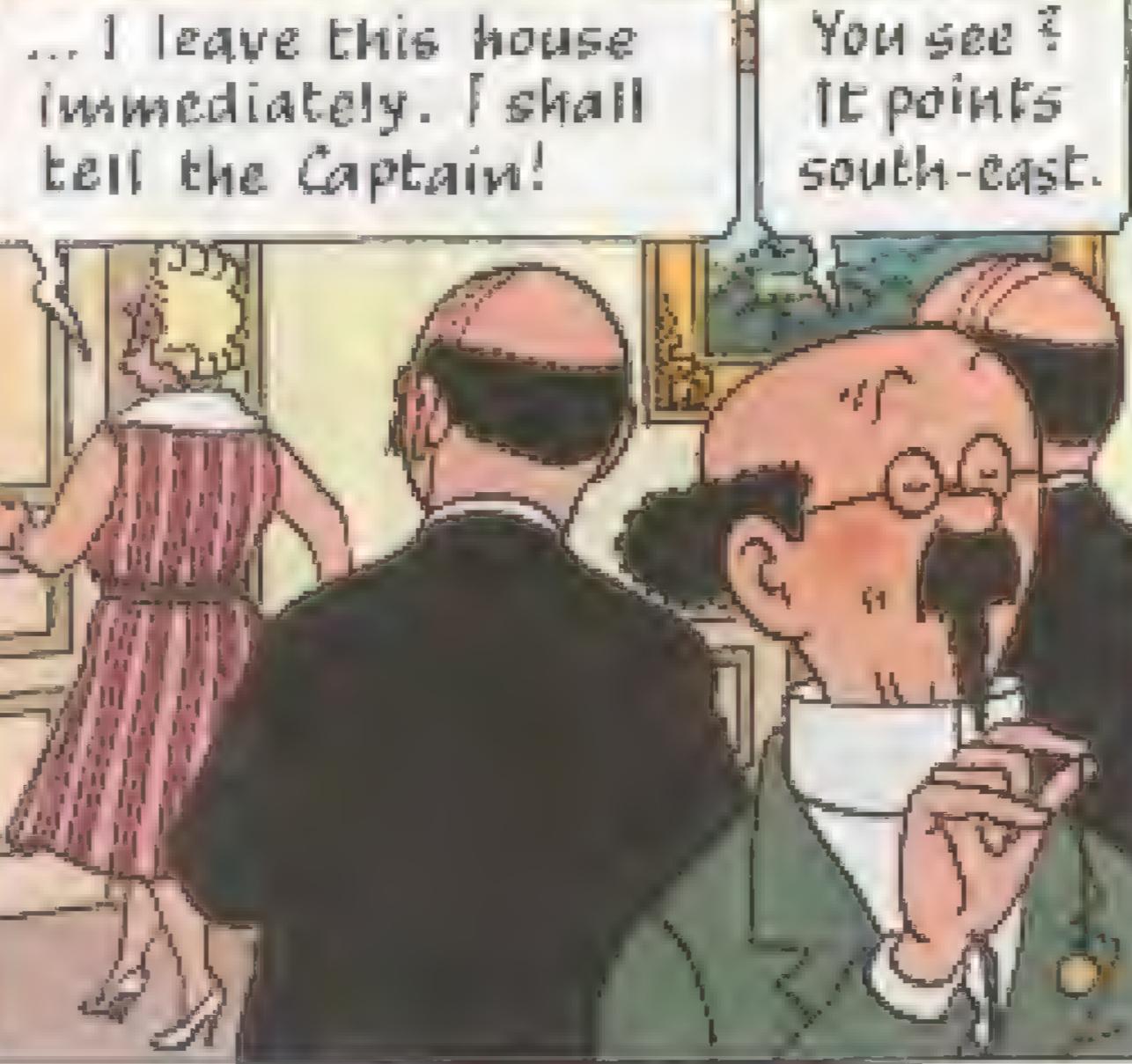
Help !

Tintin ! Save me !

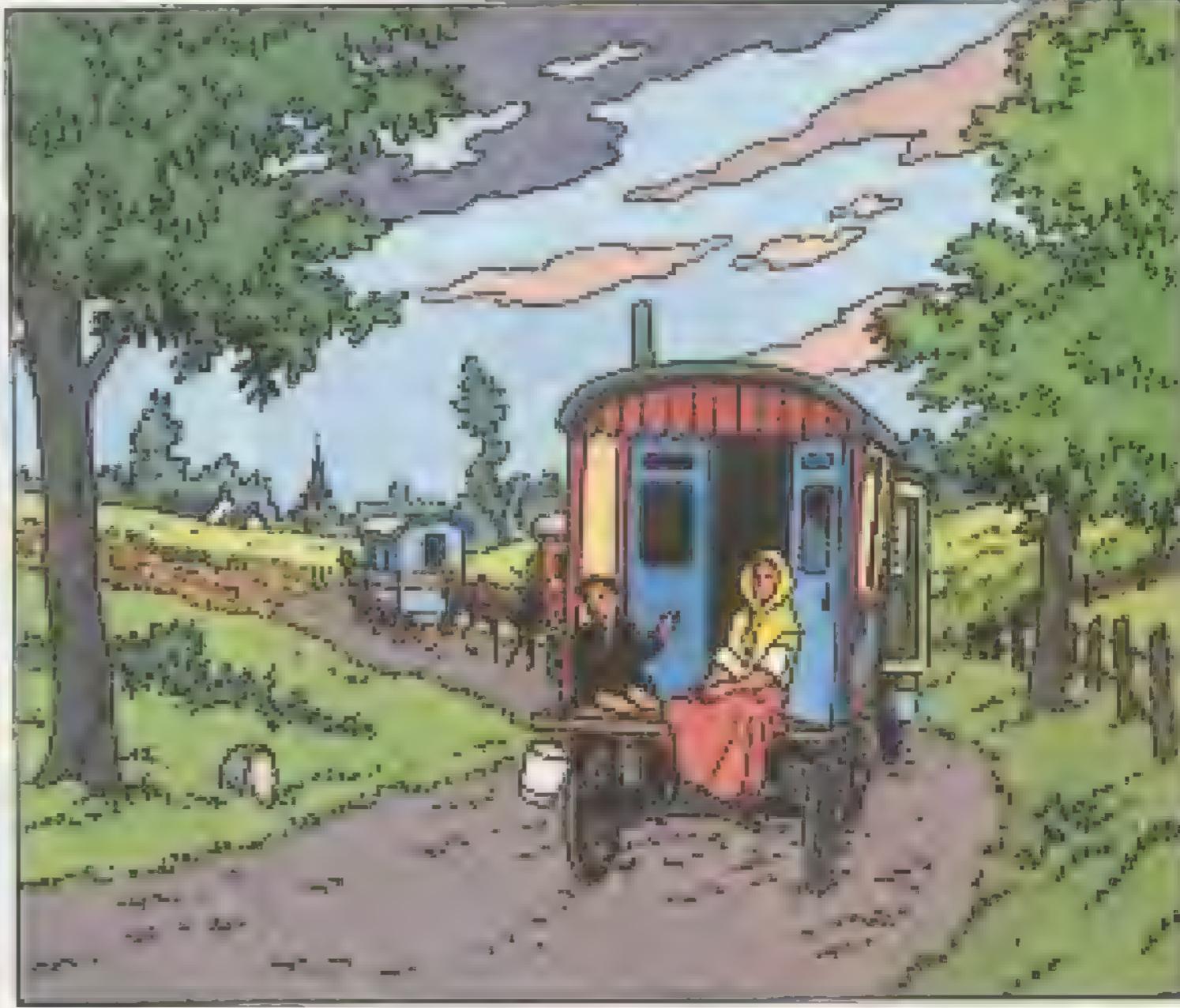
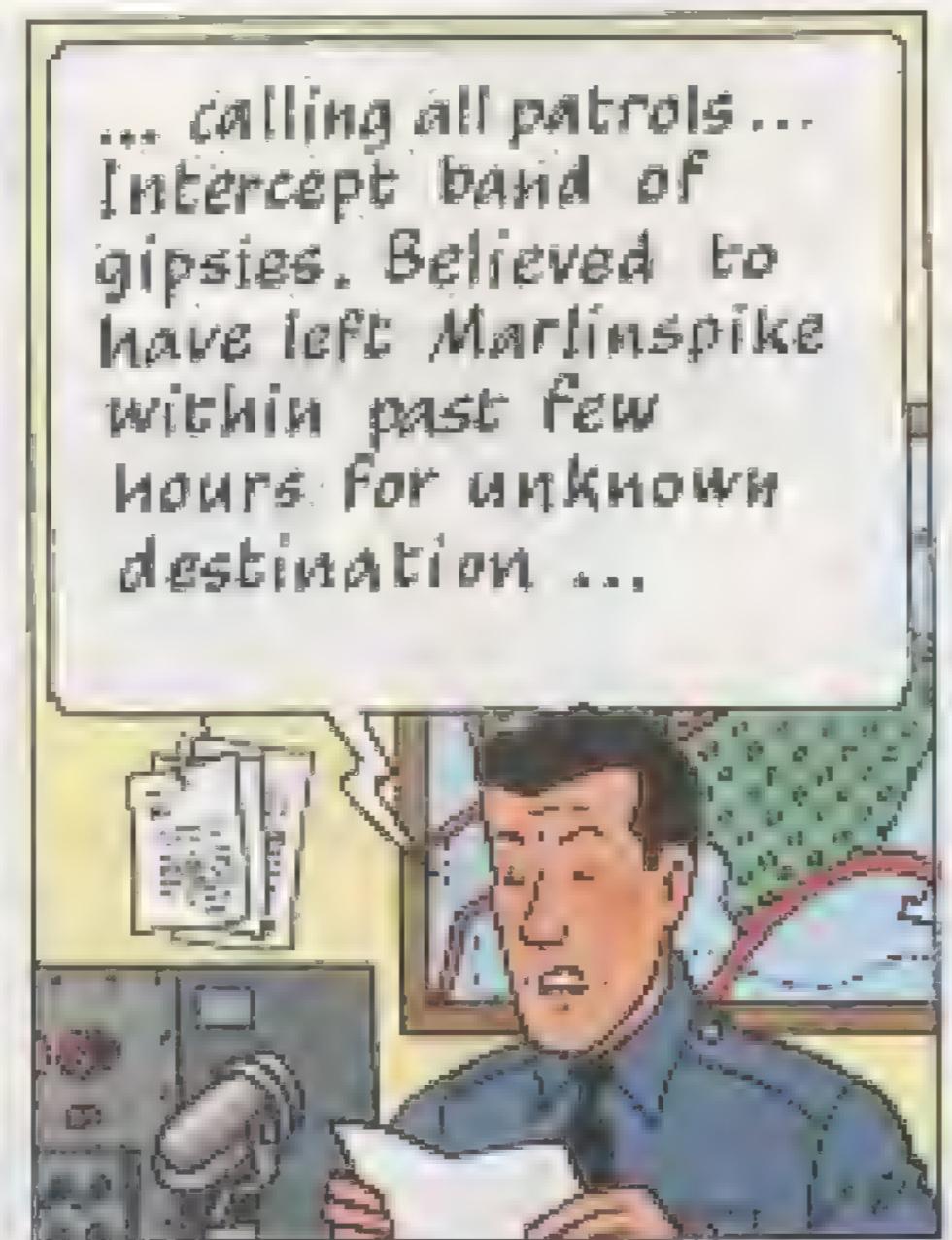
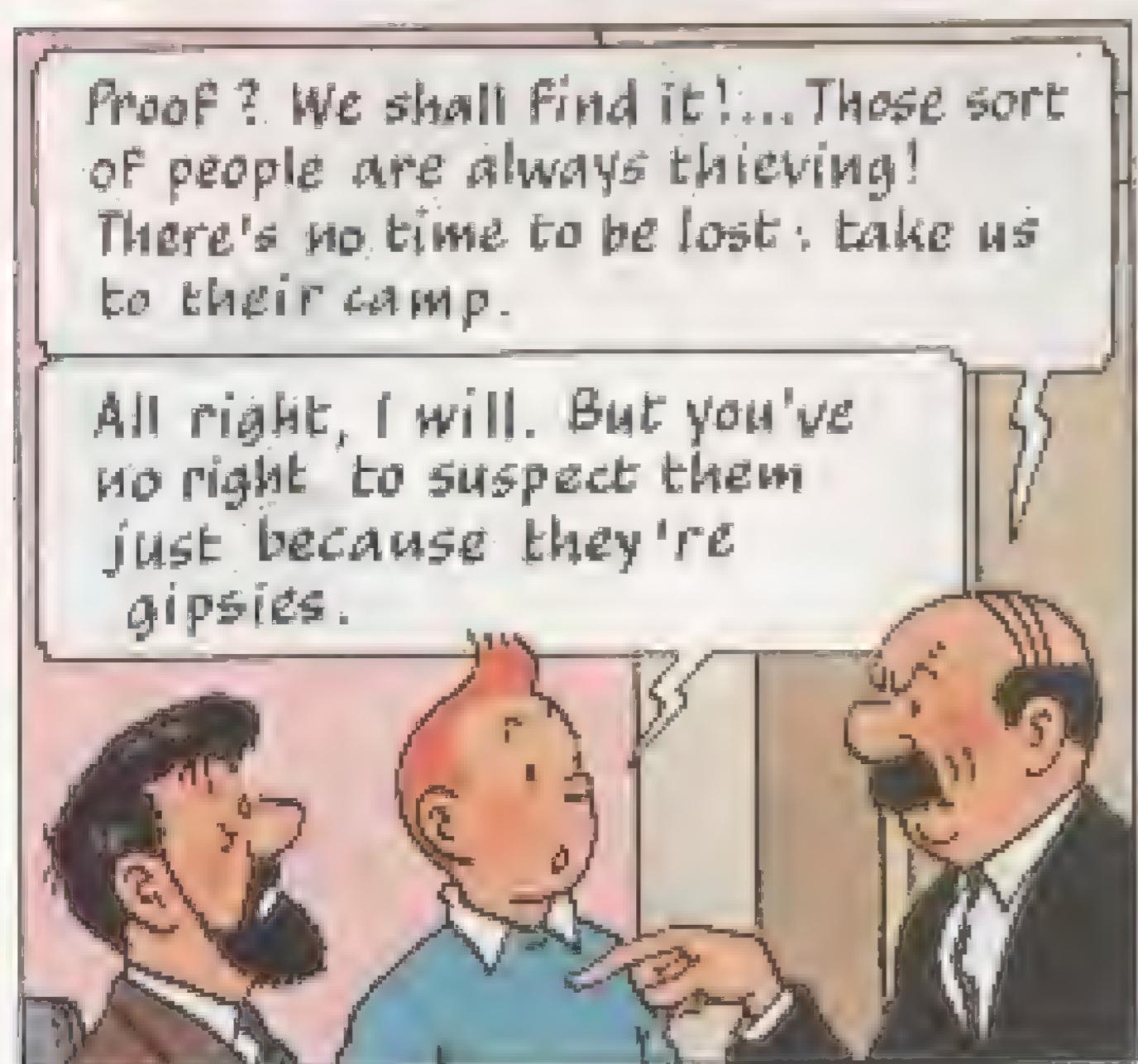
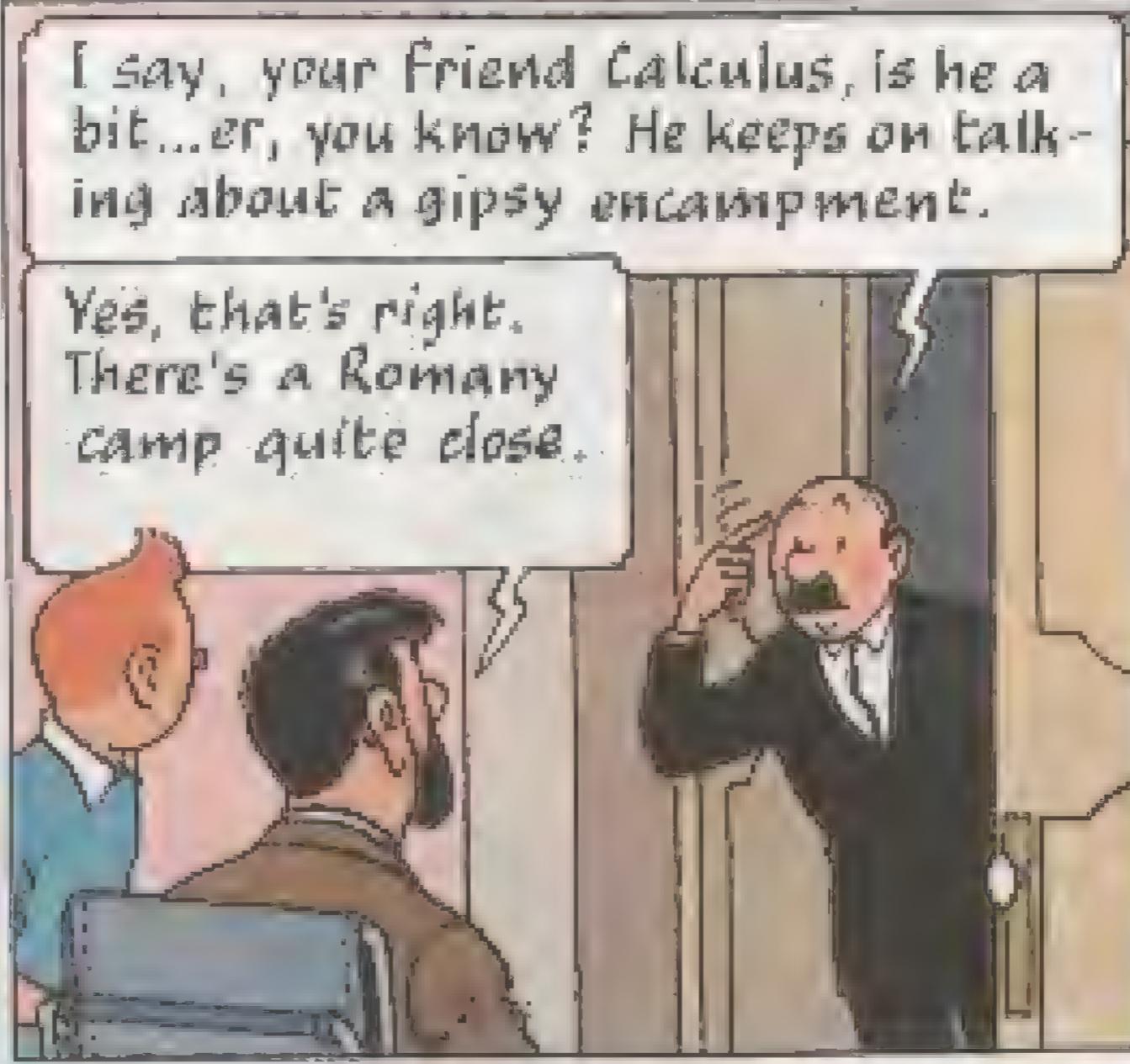
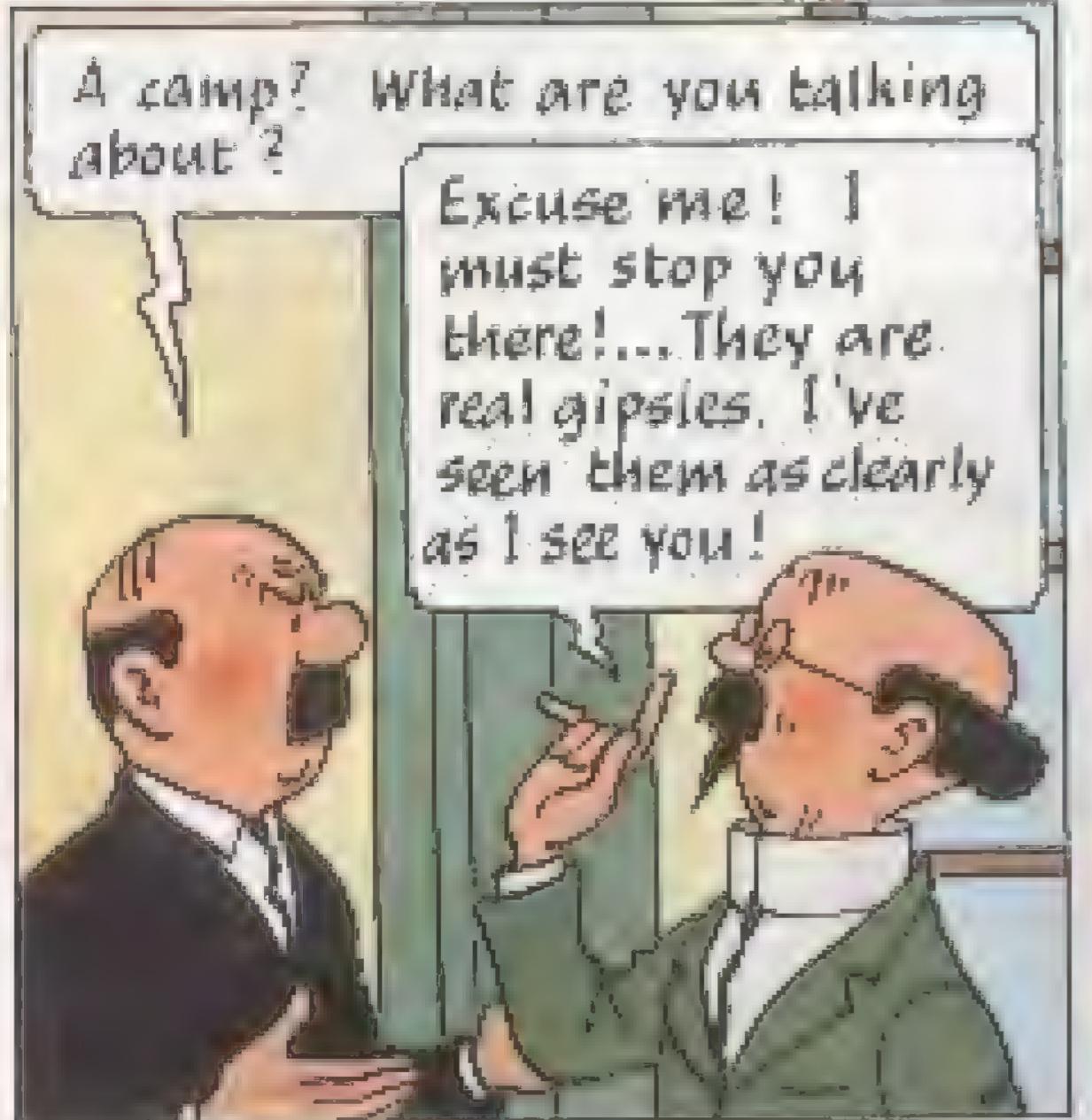




And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma...



Now... where were we?... You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.



Two days later ...

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues" ... etc. etc. ... Ah! "The gypsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair" ... There!

Those poor things ... And I'm absolutely certain they are innocent.

Me too. I'd stake my life on it ... but ...

Tintin! Captain! My dear Friends! ... A sensational discovery! ... Sen-sa-tion-all! ... I've just invented a television set!

You old pioneer!

Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already ...

Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully ... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio? ... What about that?

The studio?

Er...

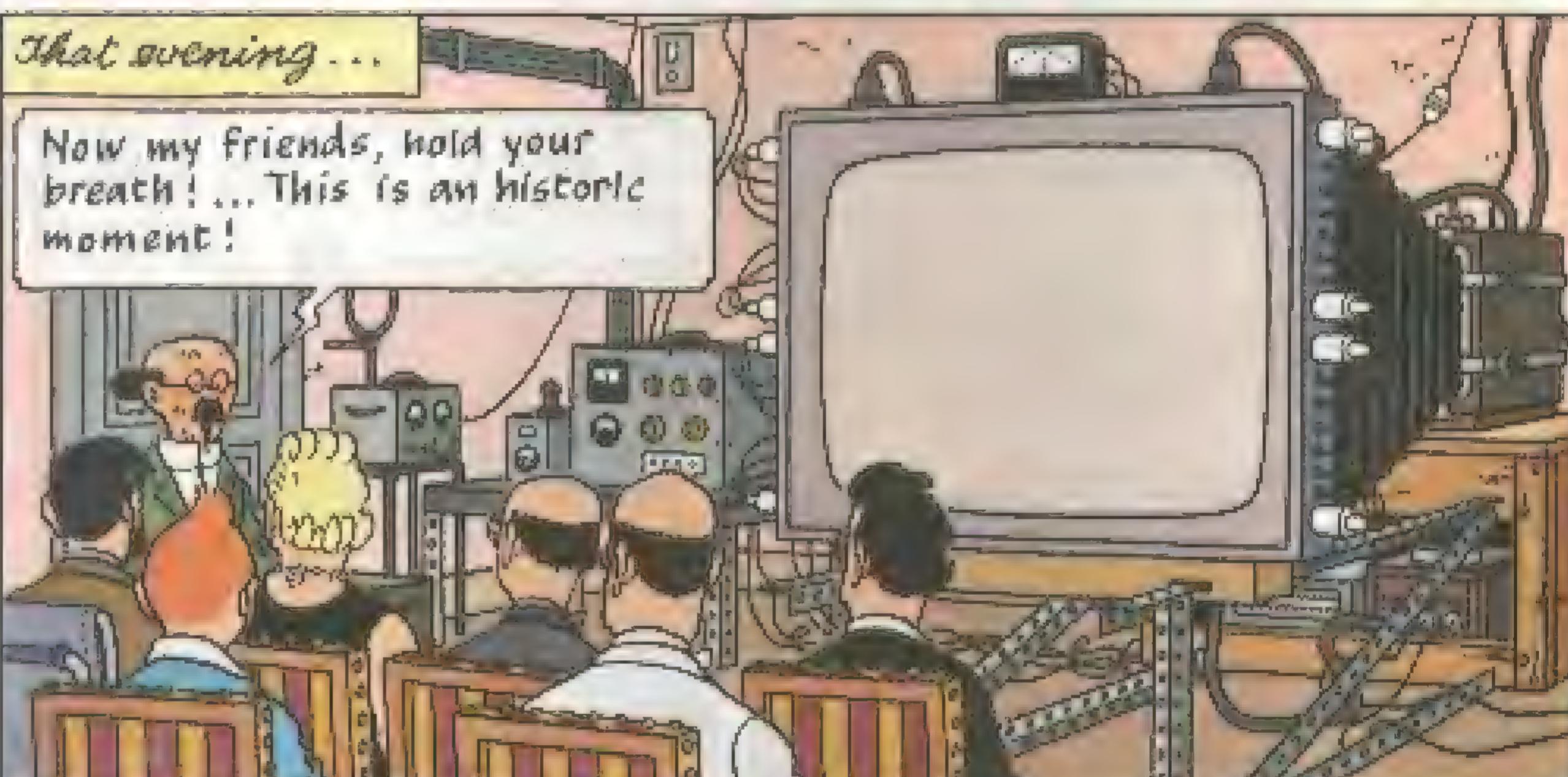
I don't need to tell you ... In the studio the subjects are all in colour ... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours! ... How? ... How? ... Well, roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcacolor"!

But that's brilliant!

You think so? ... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scandorama" ... Will you join me?

That evening ...

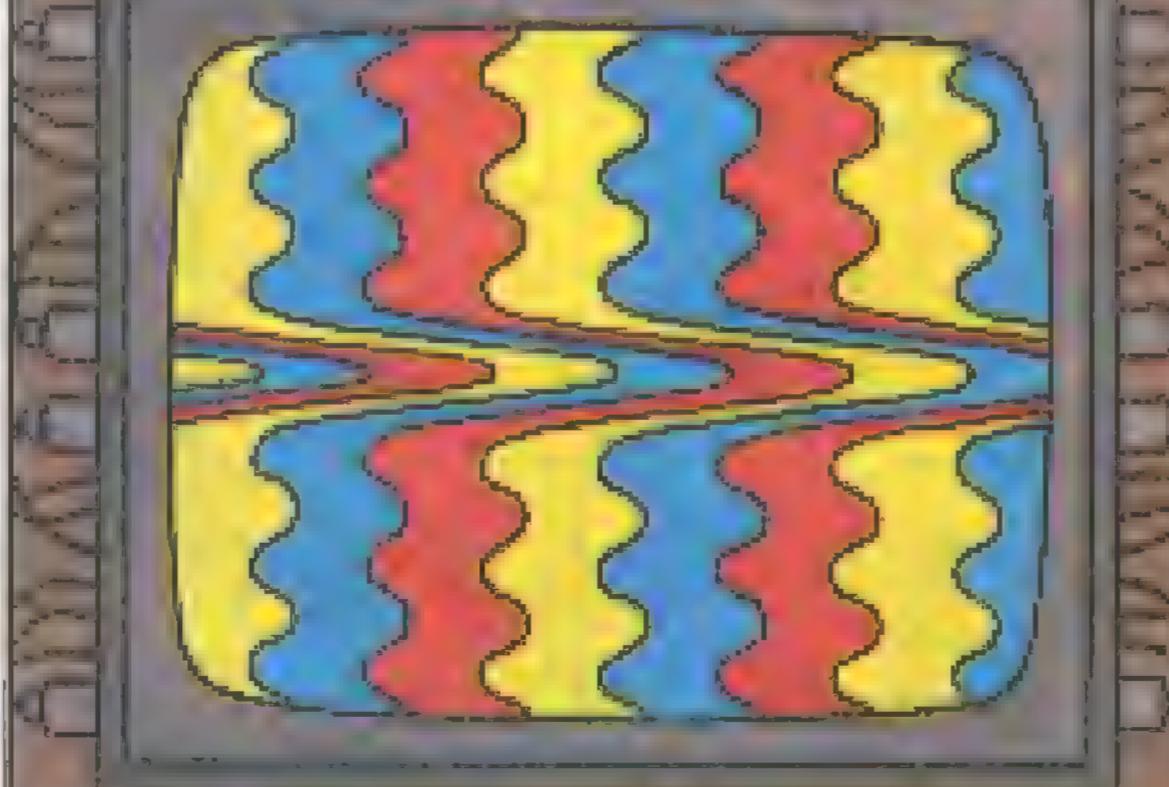
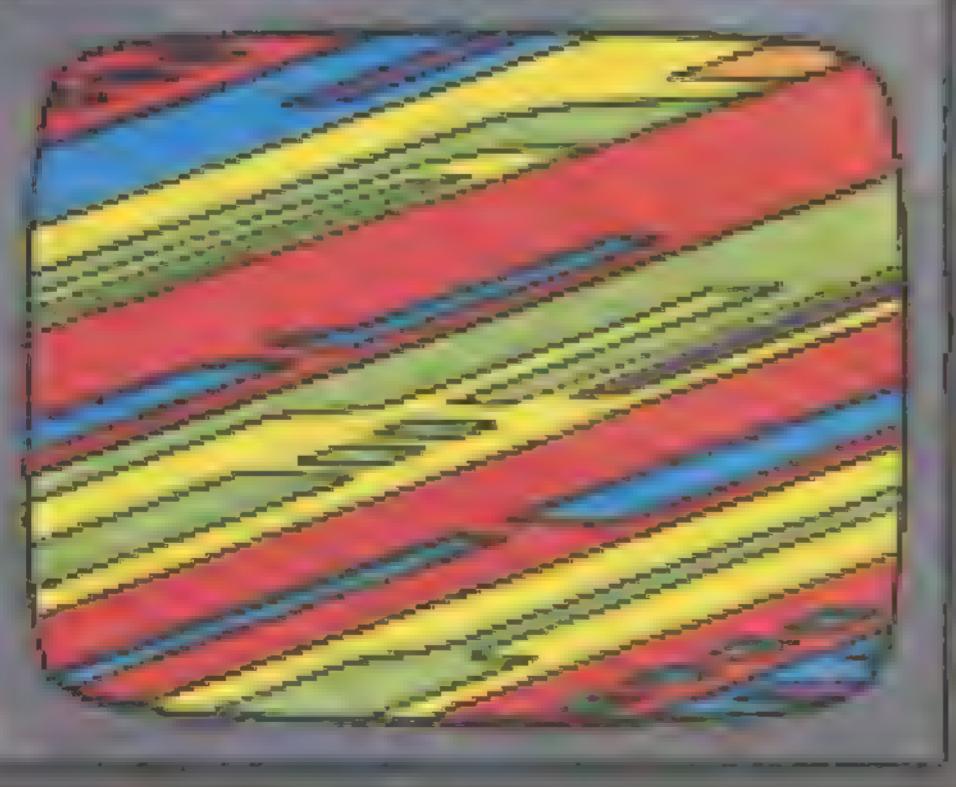
Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!



♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪  
Tonight... BING ... Scandorama...  
BONG... your look at life... DONG

...brings the big news of three continents to your fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up of...

...the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohod, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike ...



At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szolnök, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it...



DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG

That's better, isn't it?



It's the sound, now!



All right, eh?

The sound! ... Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



Oh dear! ... A valve has gone! ... It won't take long to replace...

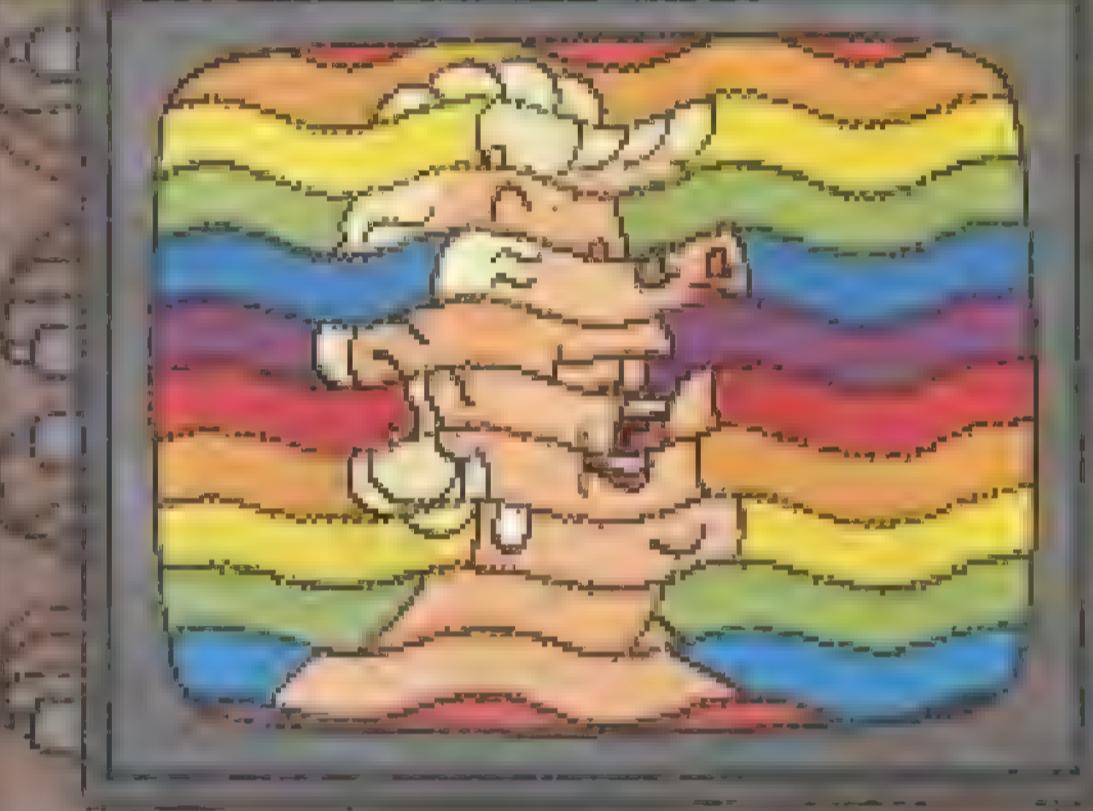


Ten minutes later ...

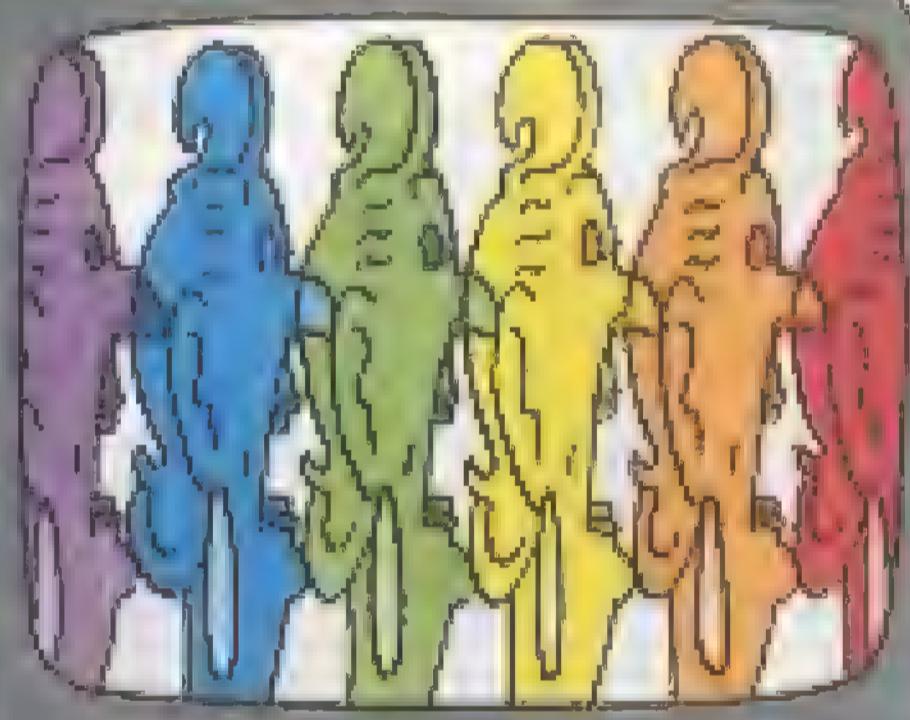
There! That's done it!



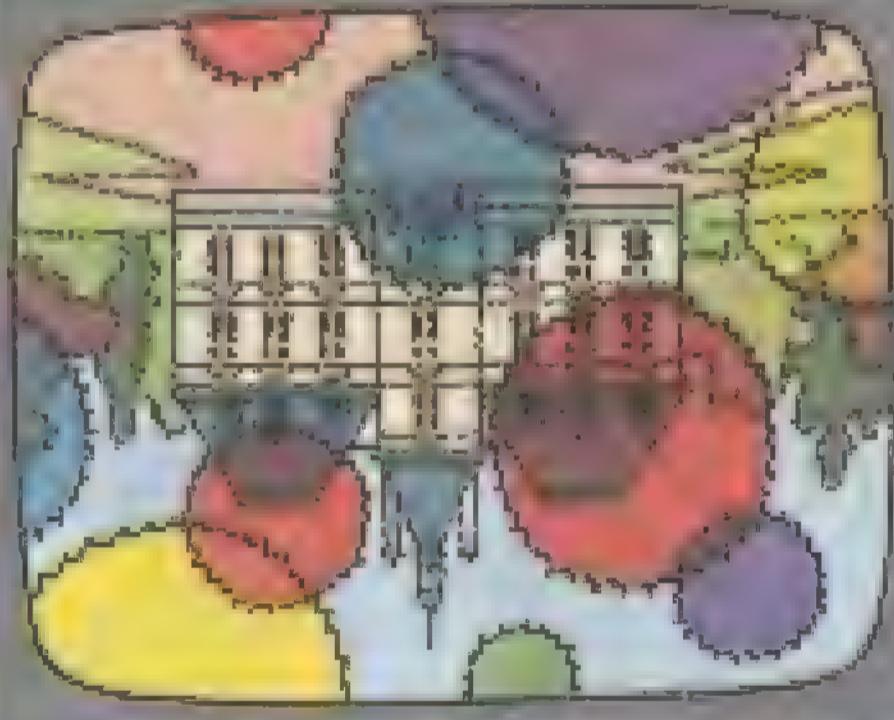
... summary of the facts. As you know, the famous Italian singer Bianca Castafiore is staying in this country...



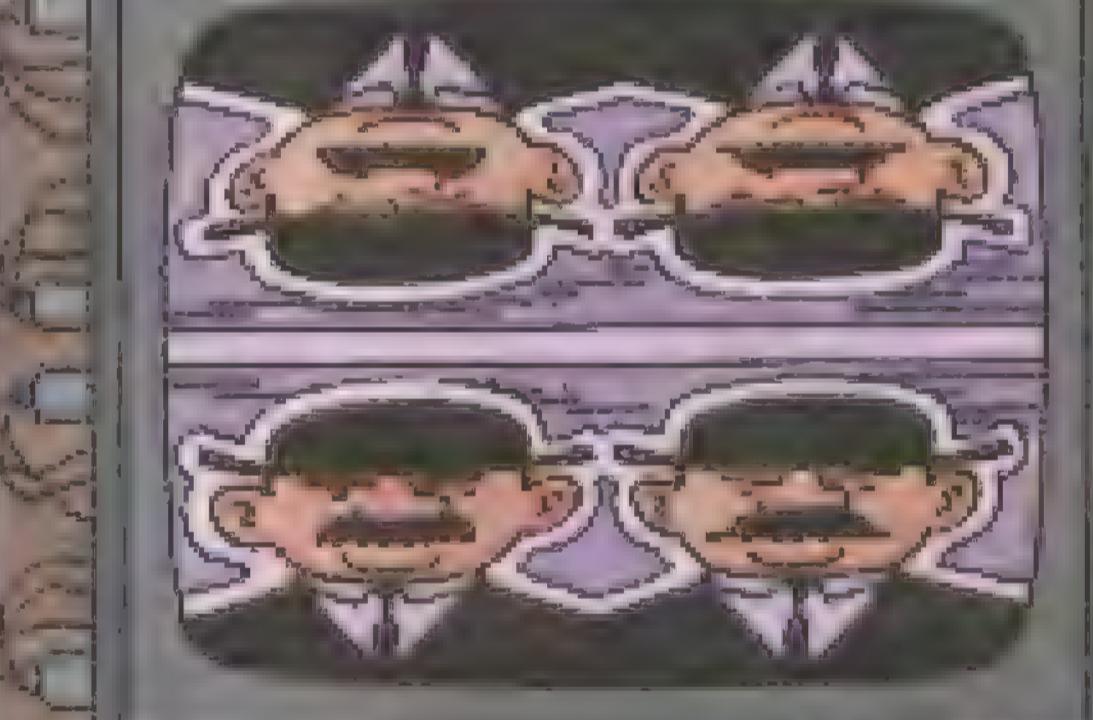
Ah, my beauty past compare Is that me? Oh, how horrible!



At historic Marlinspike Hall, the prima donna was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent emerald vanished ... mysteriously!



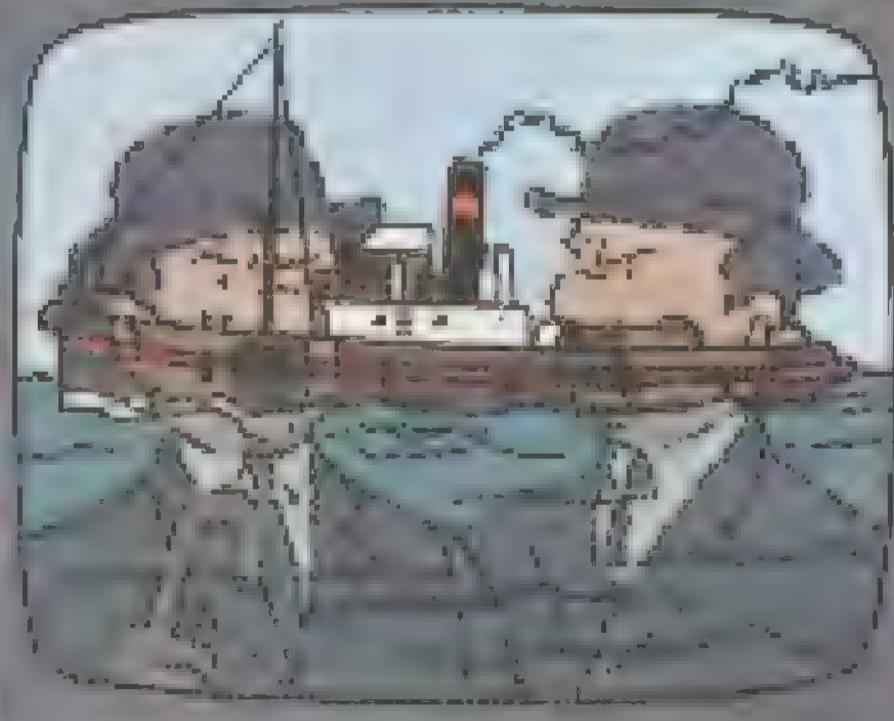
Today a Scandorama reporter went down to Marlinspike and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Over to Thompson and Thomson ...



No, our lips are sealed. We can't tell you whom we suspect, but it isn't anyone in the house. Mum's the word, you know.



Yes, dumb's the word, that's our motto. So we're not allowed to tell you about the gypsies, though we suspected them from the start...



Especially after they cleft their lamp...er...left their camp, the morning after the robbery. But we soon ran them to earth, and then when we searched their caravans we made a startling discovery!

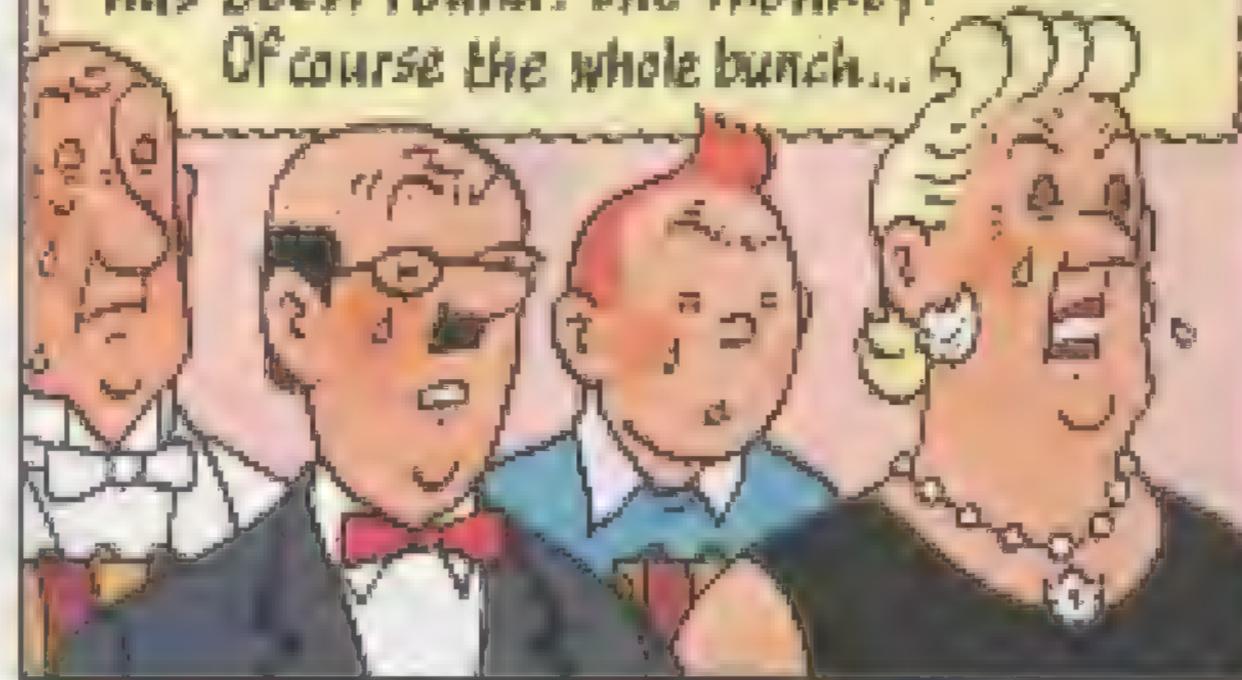


Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...

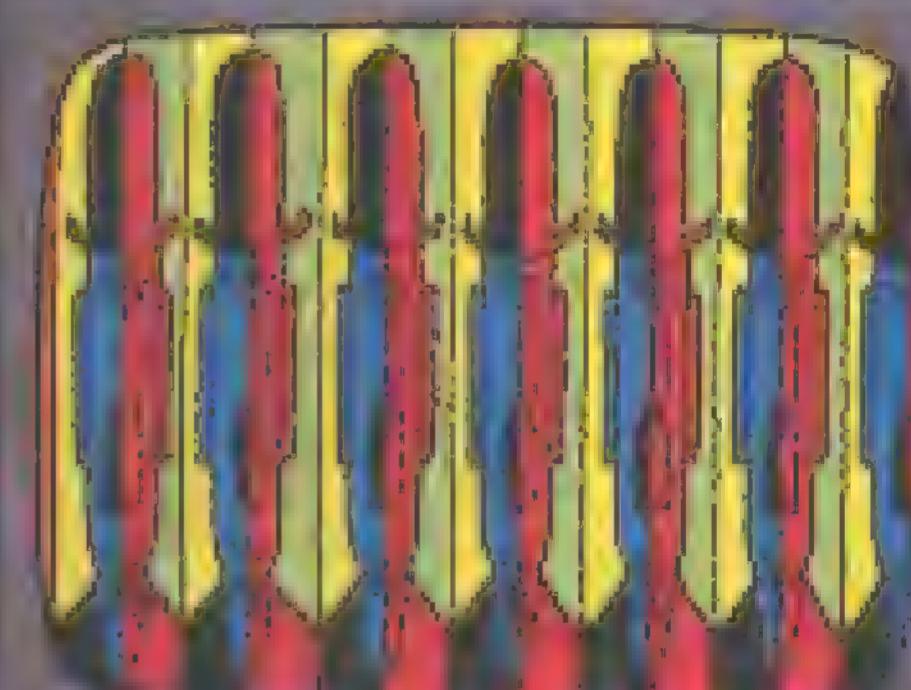


... we found a messed-up Flunkey... er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility... And that man has been found: the monkey!

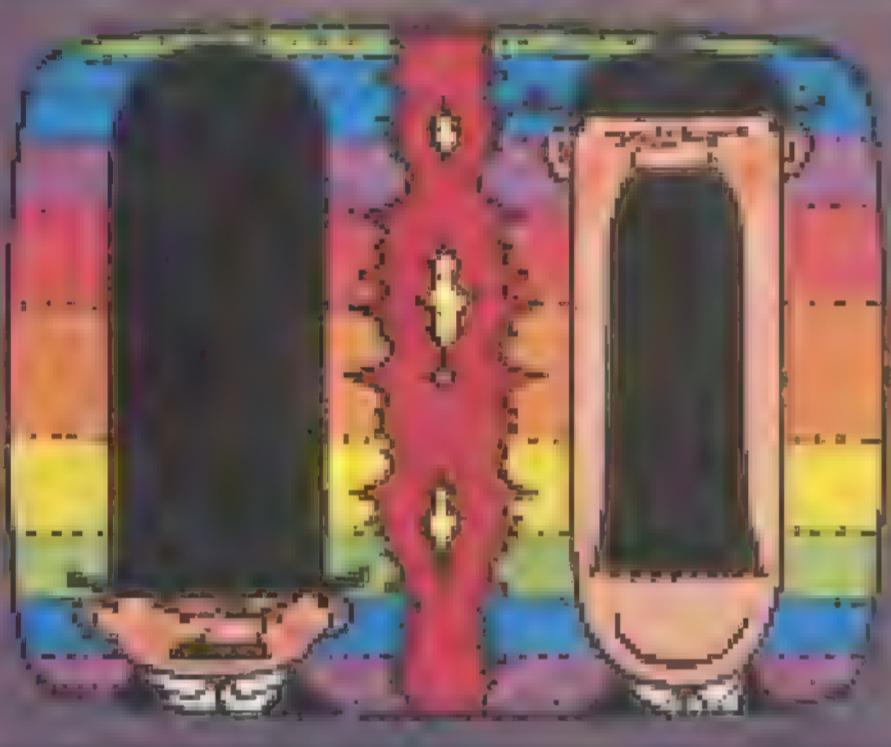
Of course the whole bunch...



... denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



So that's how things stand... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!



The next morning...

Poor gipsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.



He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...



We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!



Surely I didn't imagine it... I just saw Mr. Wagner going off on his bike... So who can be playing the piano?

What have you found, Snowy?

Oh! Someone's hidden a ladder down here... Better and better!... Well, since it's here, we'll make use of it.

He won't be back yet... Up we go!

?

Why? Why?... Well, Mr. Wagner, we're going to find out! First, I must be quick and put the ladder back.

Great snakes!

A battery tape-recorder! It's a playback of his own scales! But what's it all in aid of?

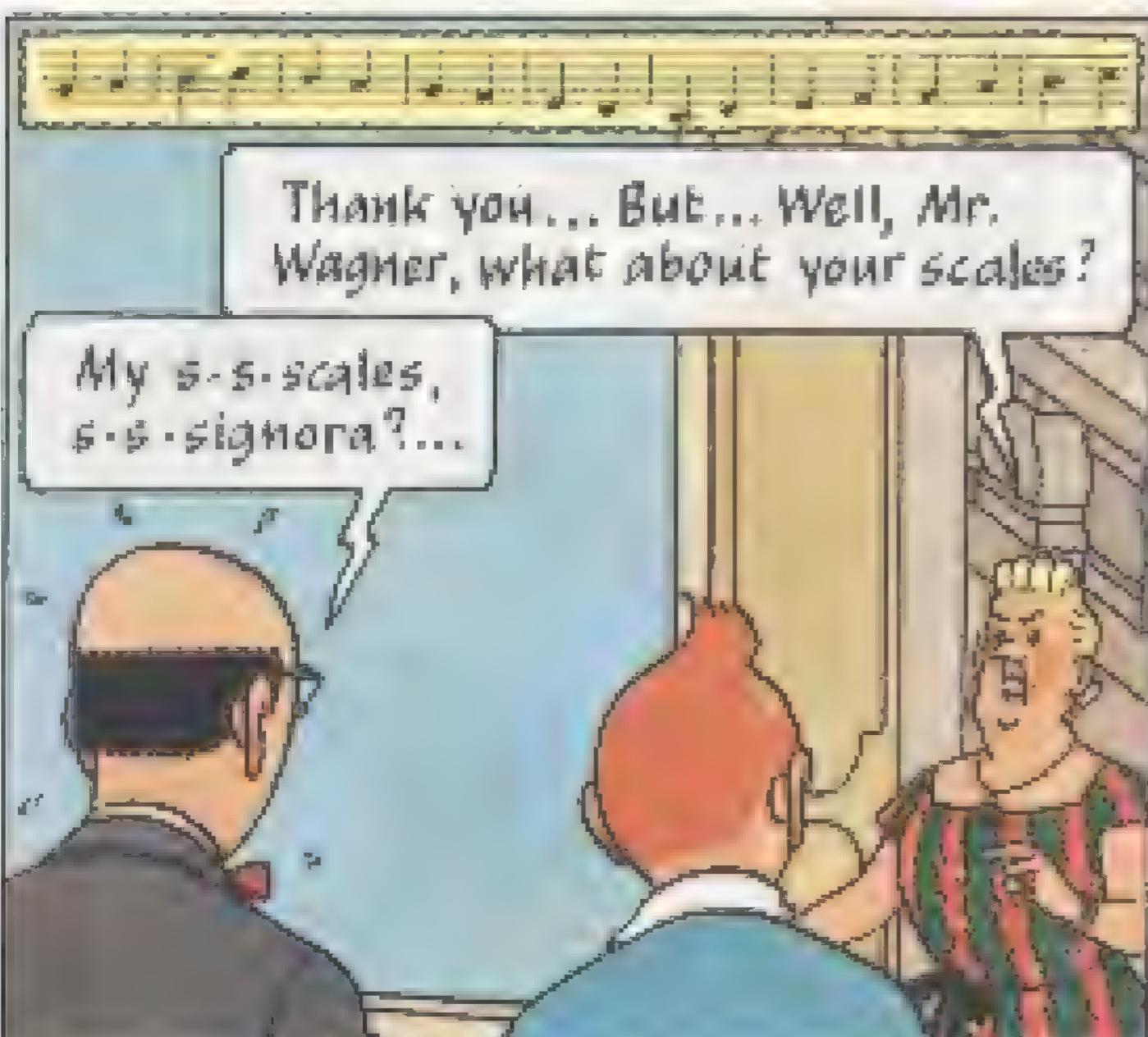
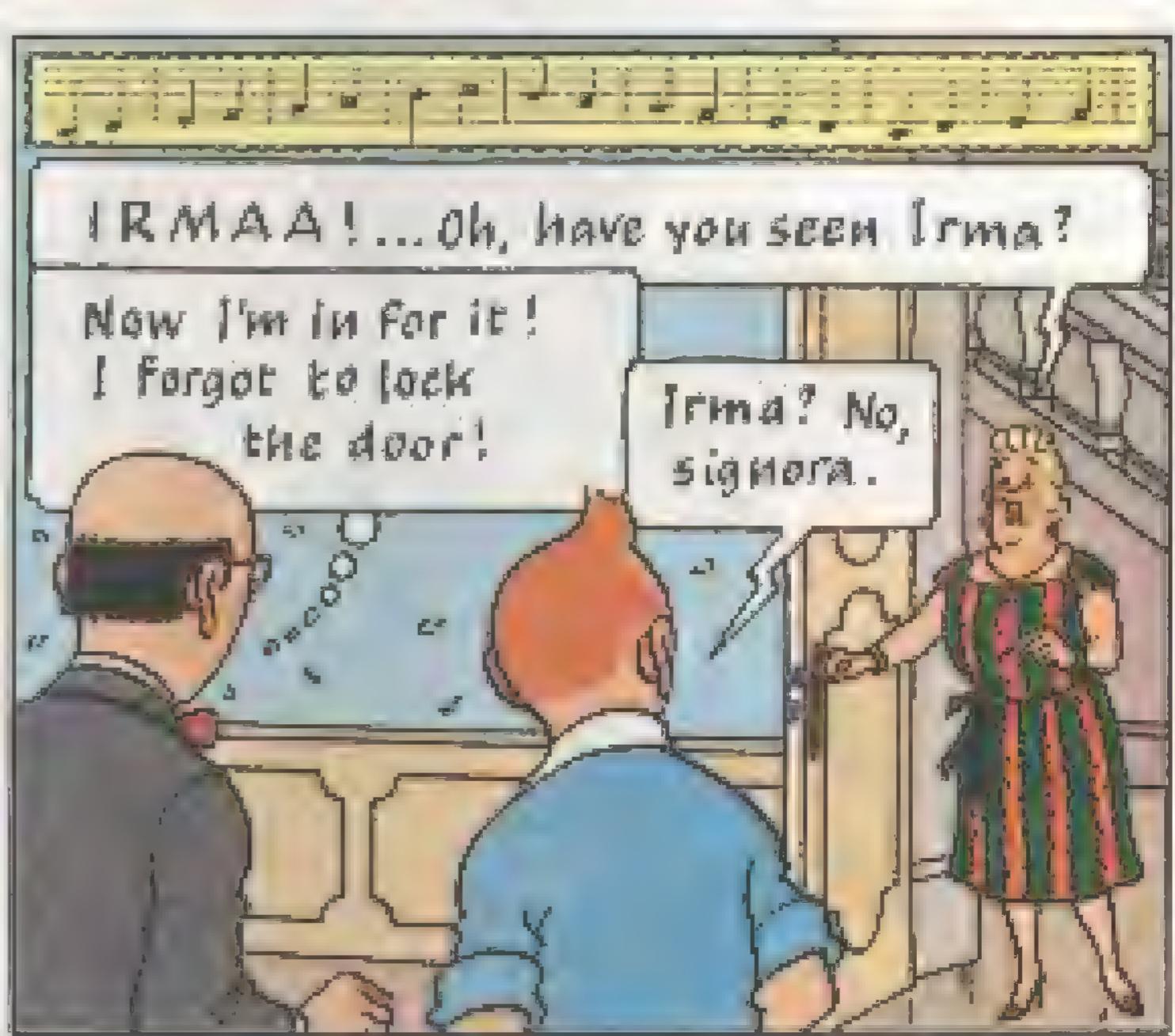
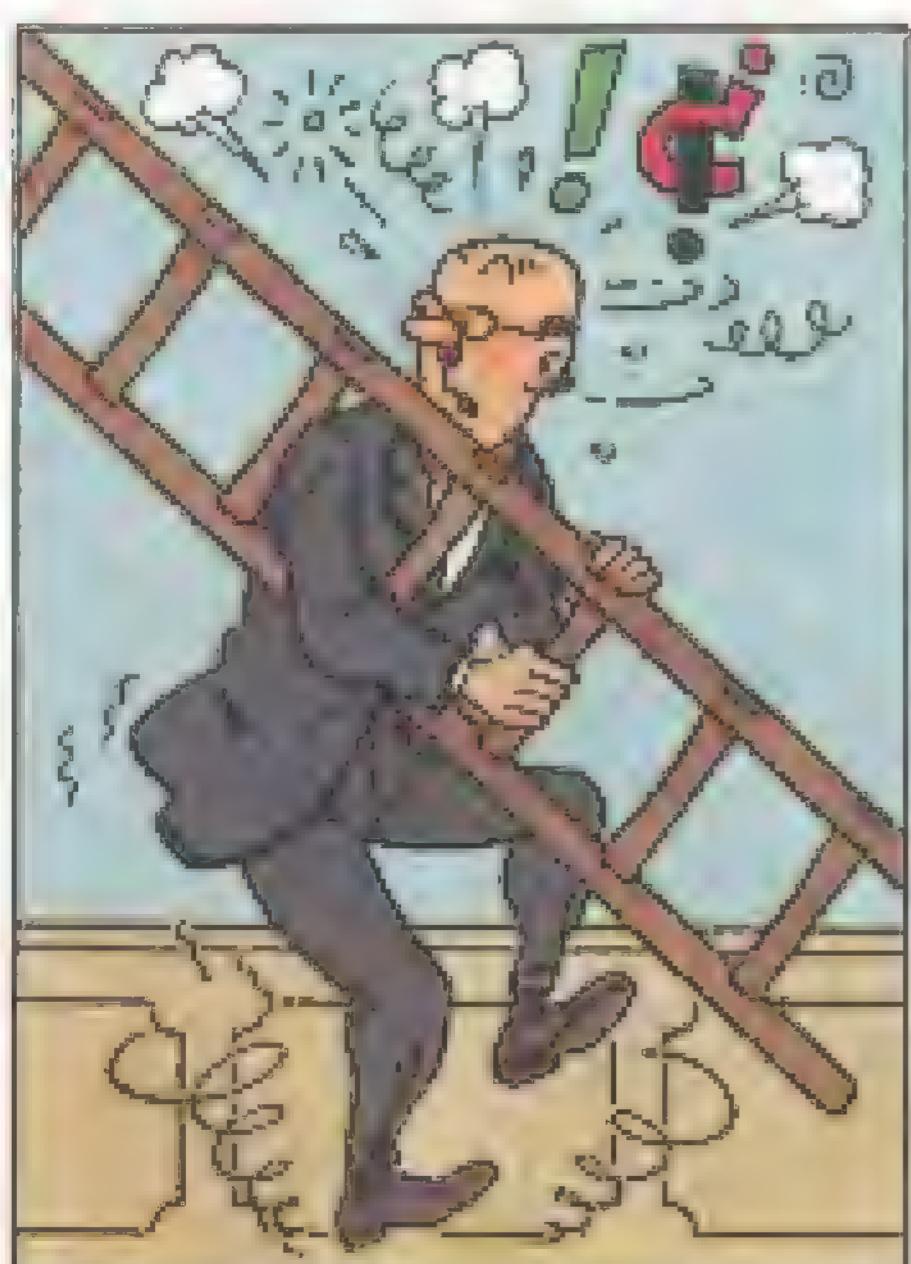
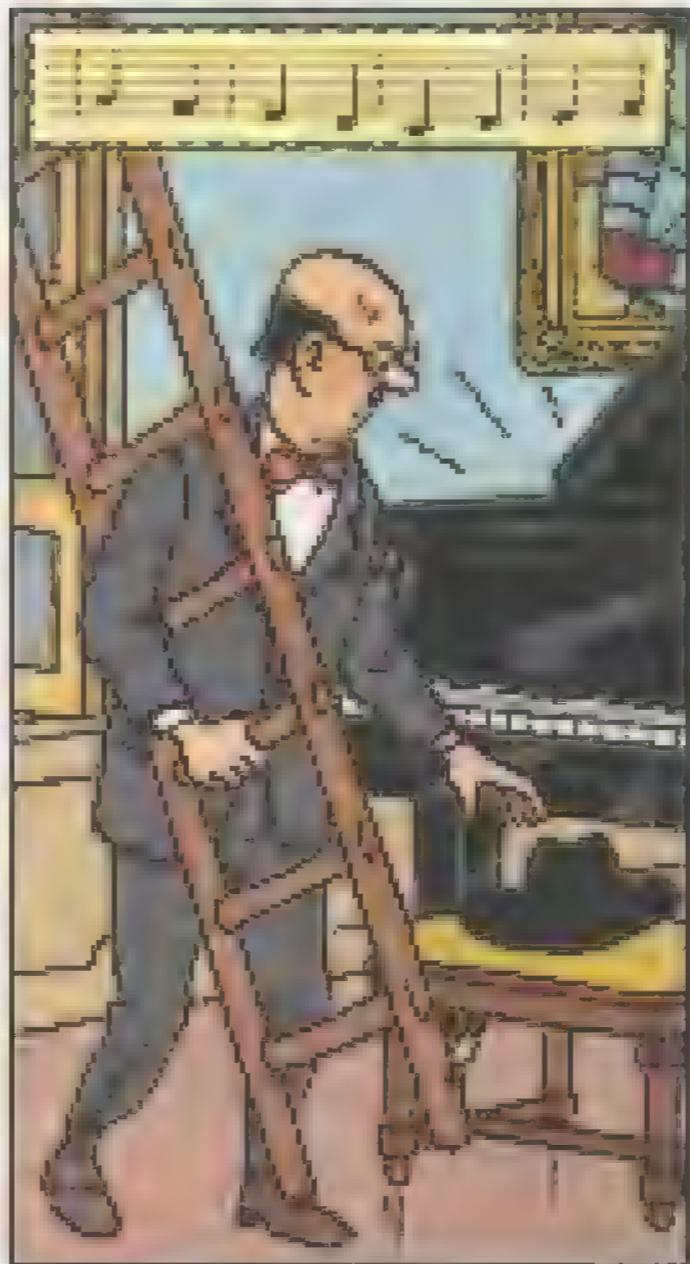
There!

Hide yourself somewhere, Snowy, and don't make a sound.

Wooh!

And now, maestro, I'm ready for you!

No one about: I'll risk it...



Thanks... But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to get you alone... Now, sit down at the piano: it's safer... Then talk!

All right!... I'll tell you everything. It's the horses... I'm a gambler, you see. I go to the village every day to telephone my bets...

Is that so?... Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen... when some unknown person fell down the stairs... It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.

I'd been up to the attic... and on my way down I heard Signora Castafiore cry out... I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?

Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there... at dusk... like the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end I decided to get to the bottom of it...

Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself, if it was only a false alarm... Anyway, I didn't find anything.

One last point, Mr. Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castafiore's window...

Golly, how some people do love to talk!

Yes... it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there, to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good... That's all the explanation I need.

No, I don't think Wagner stole the emerald: he seems to be telling the truth.. Well, now I've got to find the real culprit!

In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead... Coming, Snowy?

Ah... at last!

At nightfall...

Ssh!

I say, Tintin, how long must we stay here?

Ssh, Snowy! Listen ...

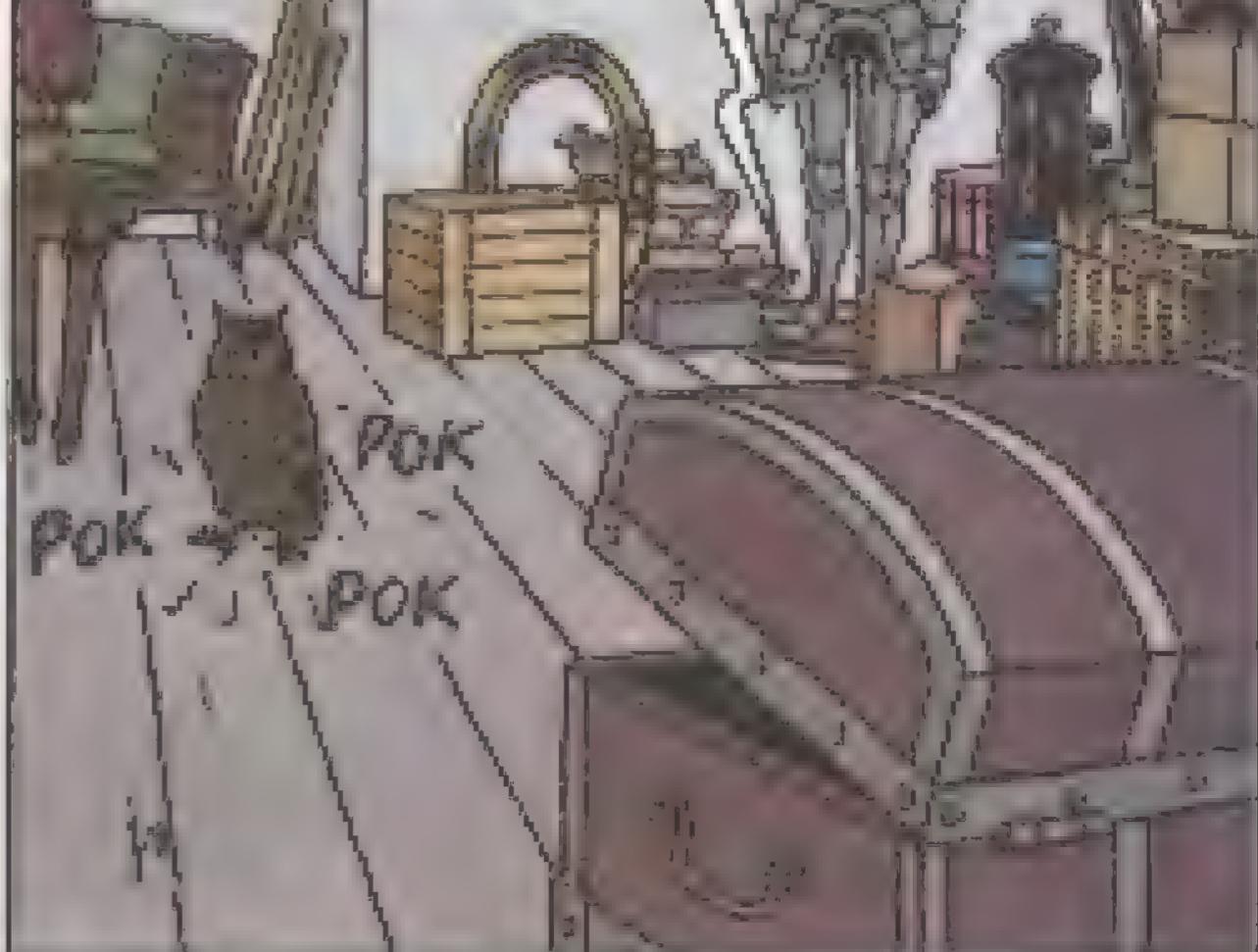


Pooh! It's only a rat, or a mouse. Shall I catch it?

Ssh!



Oh! ... Look over there! ... An old owl; he must roost up here!



There's the "monster" who paces the attic, and frightened Signora Castafiore when he looked in her window!



**TU - WHOOO**



We can go down now, Snowy. There's nothing more up here.



Just another false trail.



Why, Captain! You're better! How wonderful!

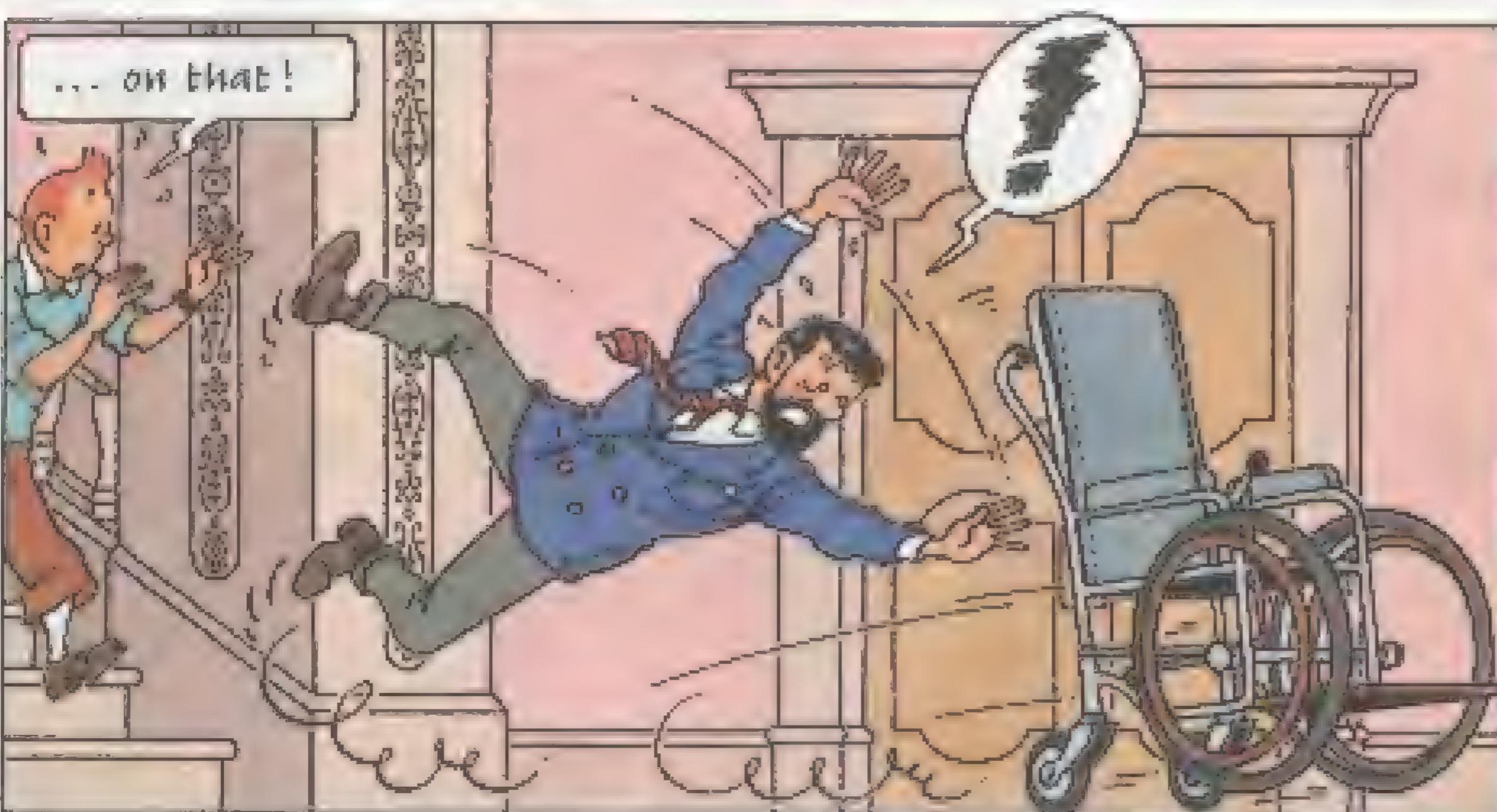


Yes, the doctor's just gone: he's taken off the plaster.

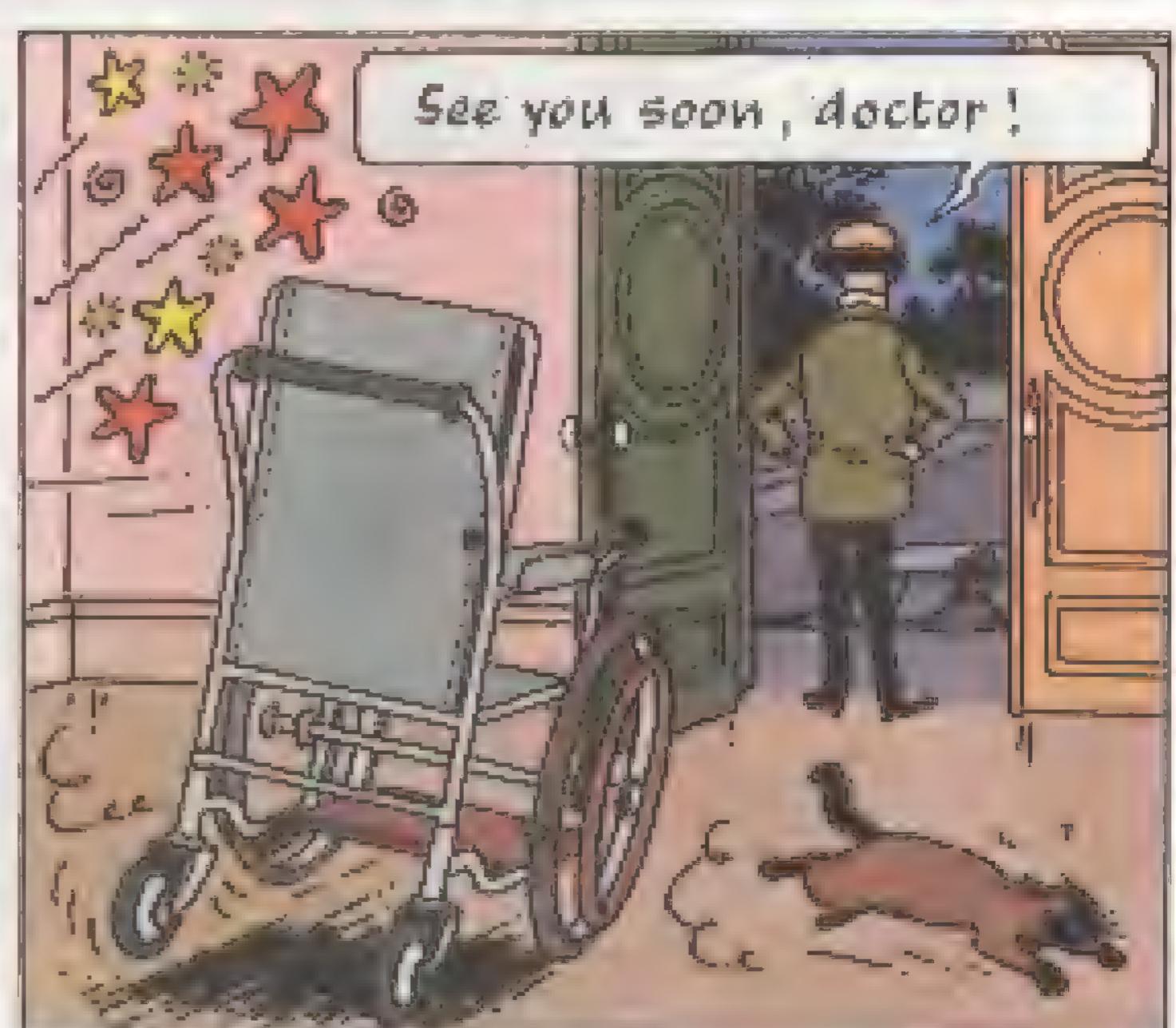
You've no idea how good it feels to be standing on my own two feet again!

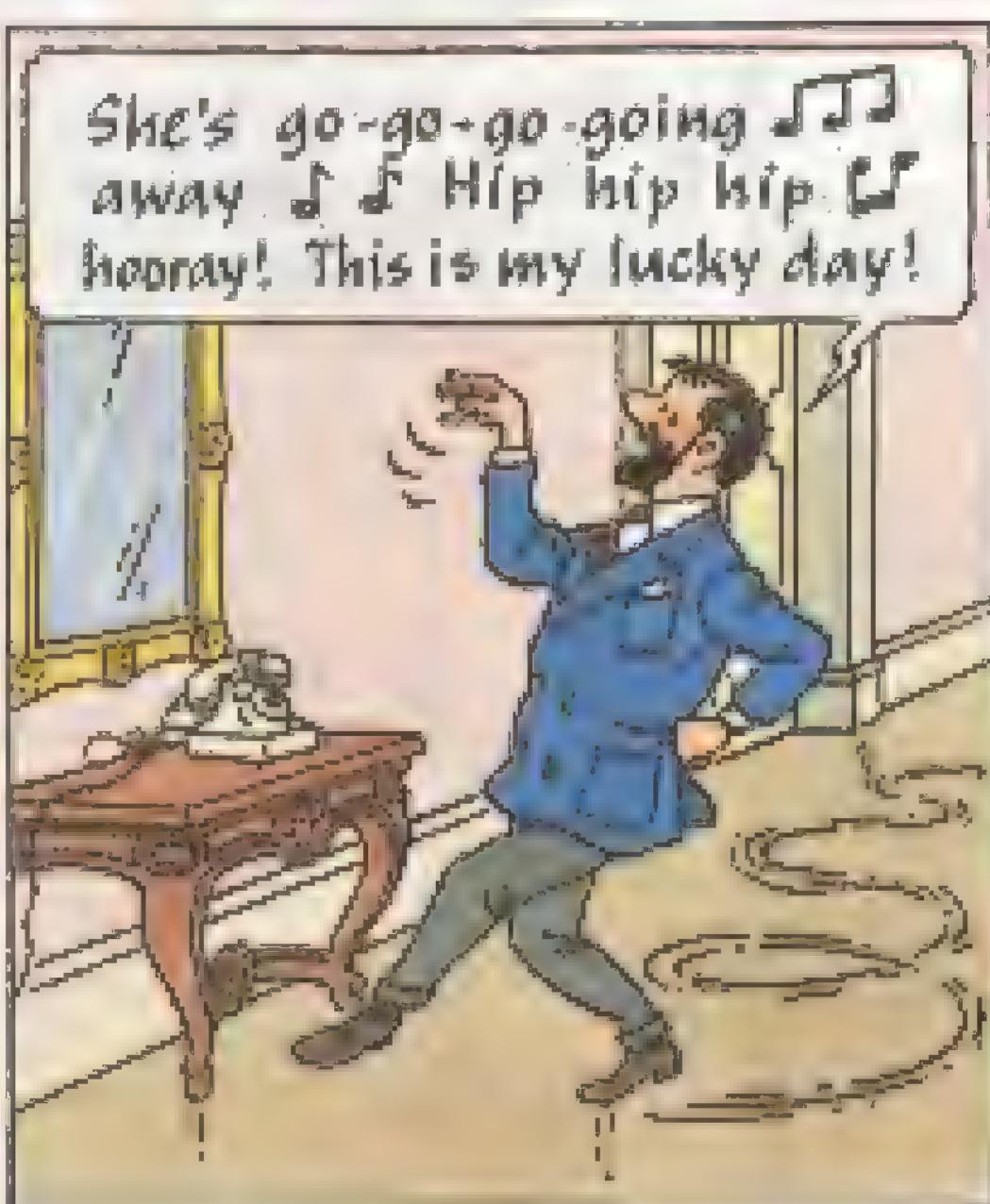


... on that!



See you soon, doctor!





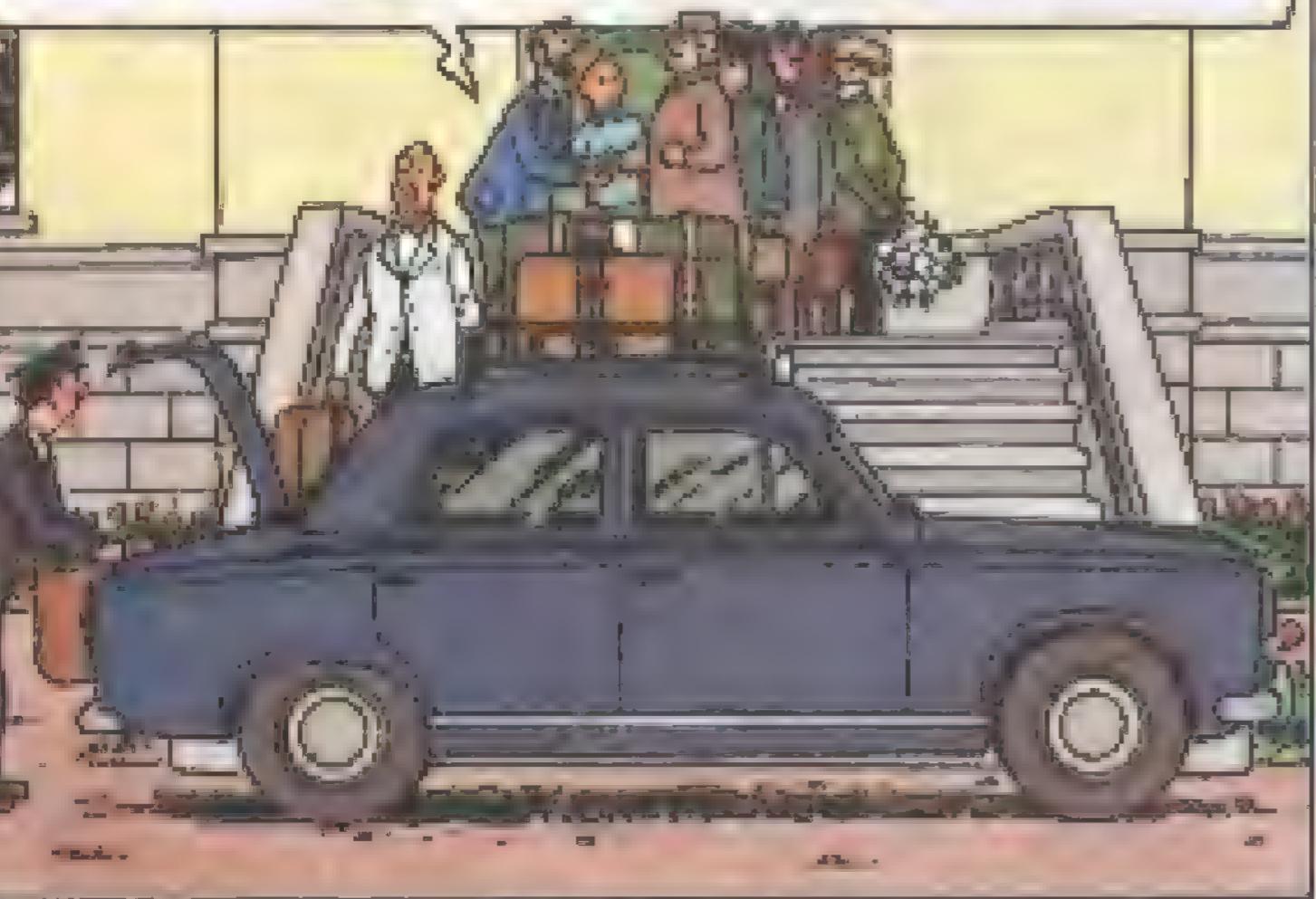
... This is my lucky day!  
... My wheelchair's  
going away!

The big  
baby!

Come along in. A drink will soon  
put you right.

The moment of departure comes...

Goodbye, signora... Bon voyage!



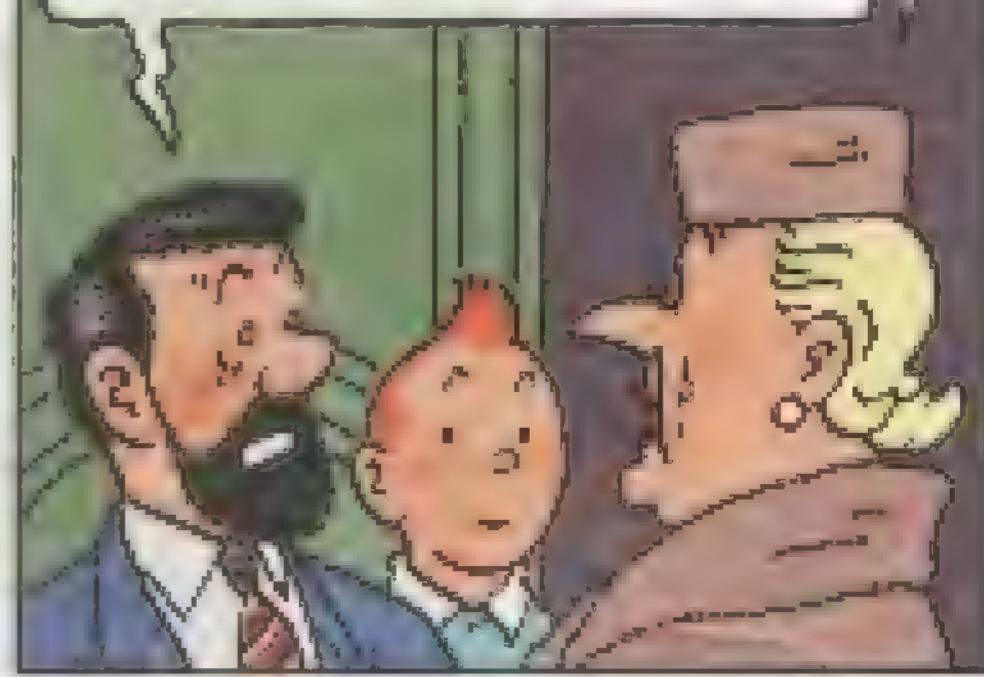
Goodbye, dear Captain Hatbox!  
Thank you again for your charming  
hospitality... It grieves me so to  
leave you, but I give you my  
promise: I'll be back!

I... I'm sure  
you will!



As for my emerald...  
sniff...sniff... the mom-  
ent you have any news...

Yes, yes, I'll let you  
know at once, never  
fear...



Dear lady, I beg you to accept these  
humble roses, the first of a new  
variety I have created... I have  
ventured to give them your  
beautiful name, "Bianca"!

What a  
sweet idea!



They are exquisite!  
... Ex-x-x-quisite!  
And what perfume!  
Smell them, Captain Stockpot!

No, thank you!



Dear Professor, let  
me embrace you!



Now I simply  
must go...

Yes...yes,  
you really  
must...Goodbye!



Arrivederci! Take care of Iago!

Don't you worry!

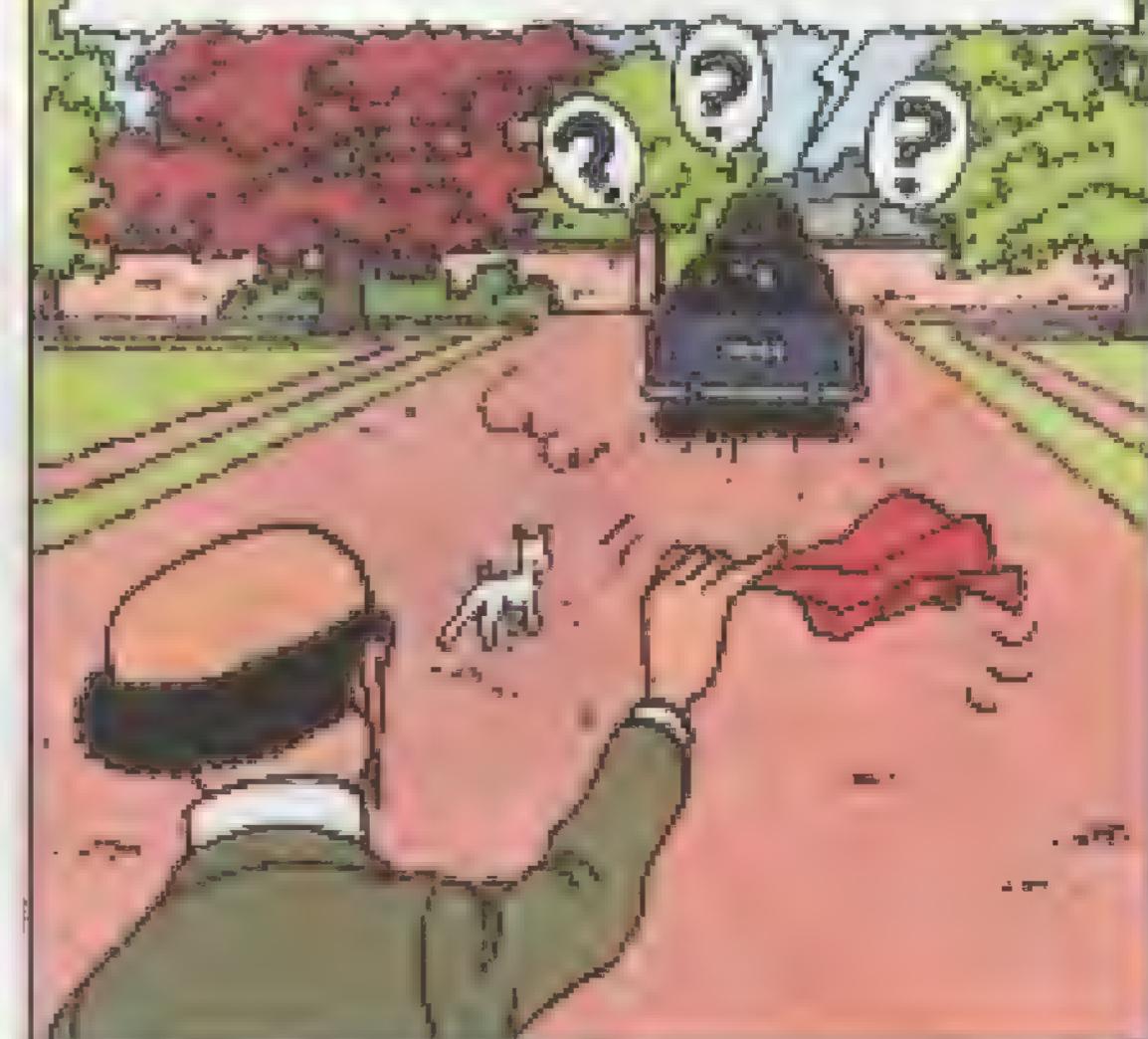
Goodbye, dear lady...

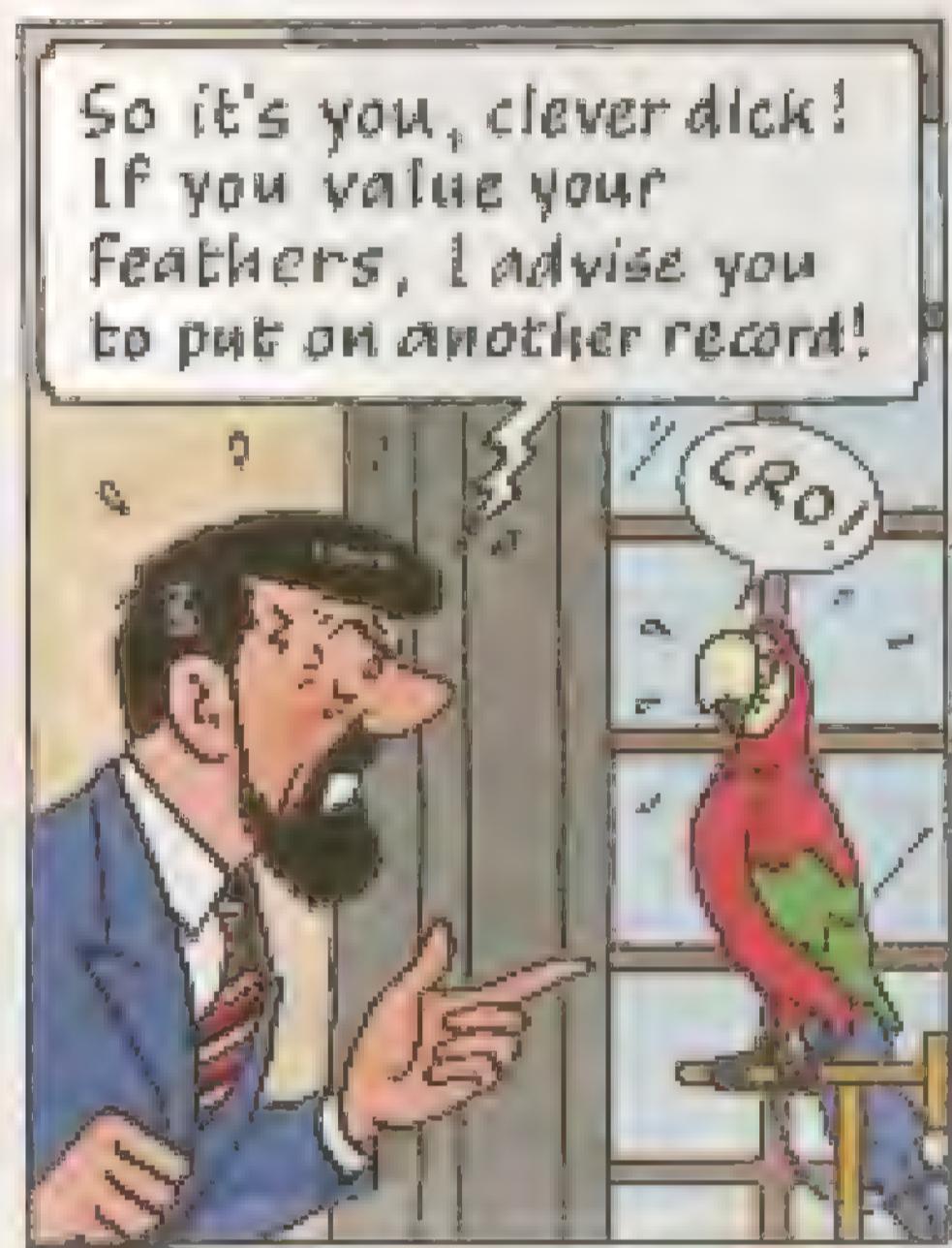


Come back soon!!



MERCY, MY JEWELS!





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## Nightingale with a Broken Heart

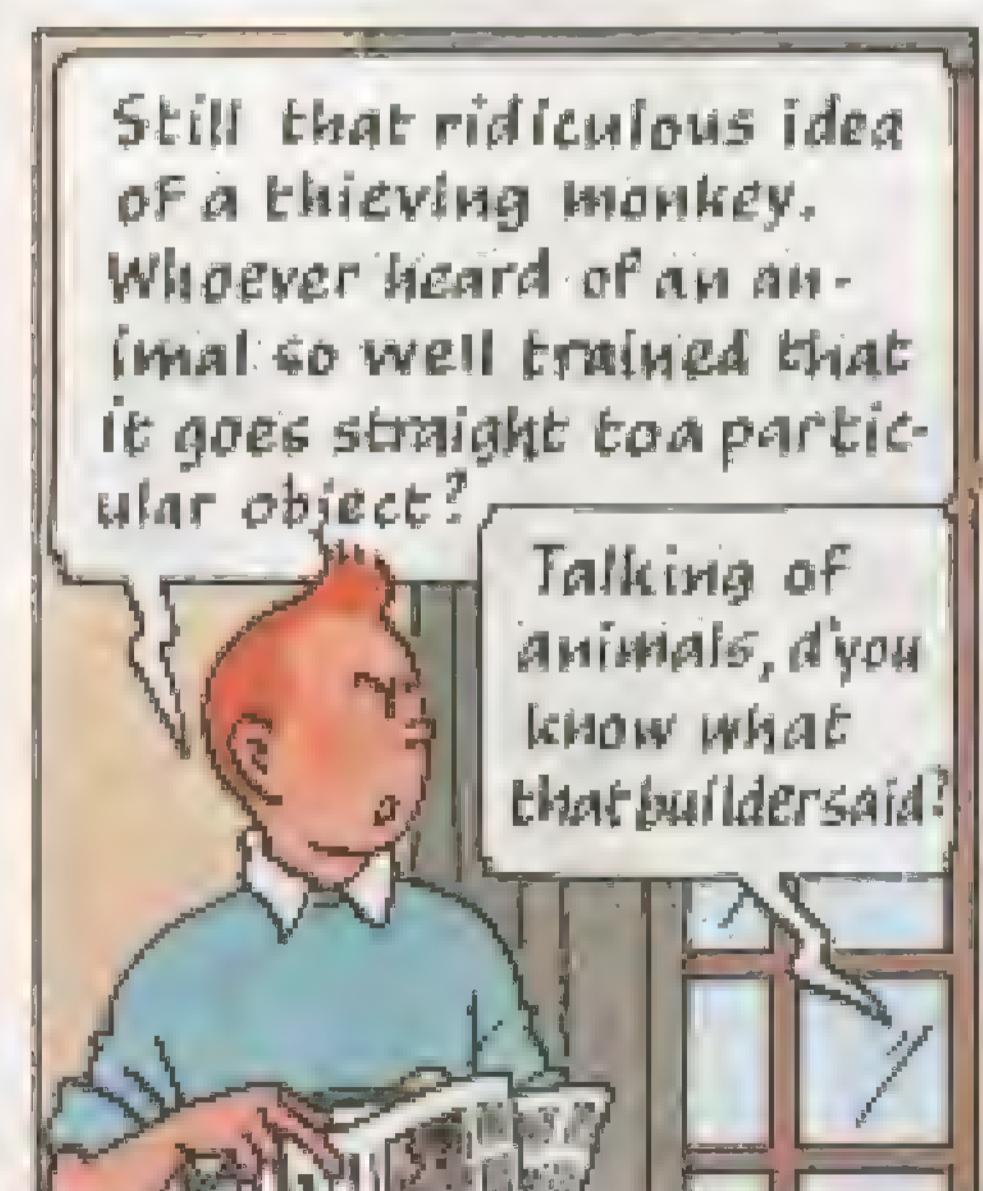
MILAN, TUESDAY

'Triumph... superlative... sublime... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castafiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's *LA GAZZA LADRA*.

Time and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtains! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marlinspike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gypsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight



I wonder what's got into him?

Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Signora Castafiore?

A message?... Me?... For Castafiore?

No, a message!... I forgot to tell you, I'm leaving today for Milan: I'm going there to demonstrate my Super-Calcacolor to the International Television Congress. Naturally, I shall call upon our charming friend.

Oh? Well, tell her whatever you like: but for pity's sake, don't invite her back to Marlinspike!

That's very kind: I'll tell her. She'll certainly be touched by your invitation...

Captain! Captain!

Now what?... Has he set the house on fire?

Is there a woodman anywhere near?

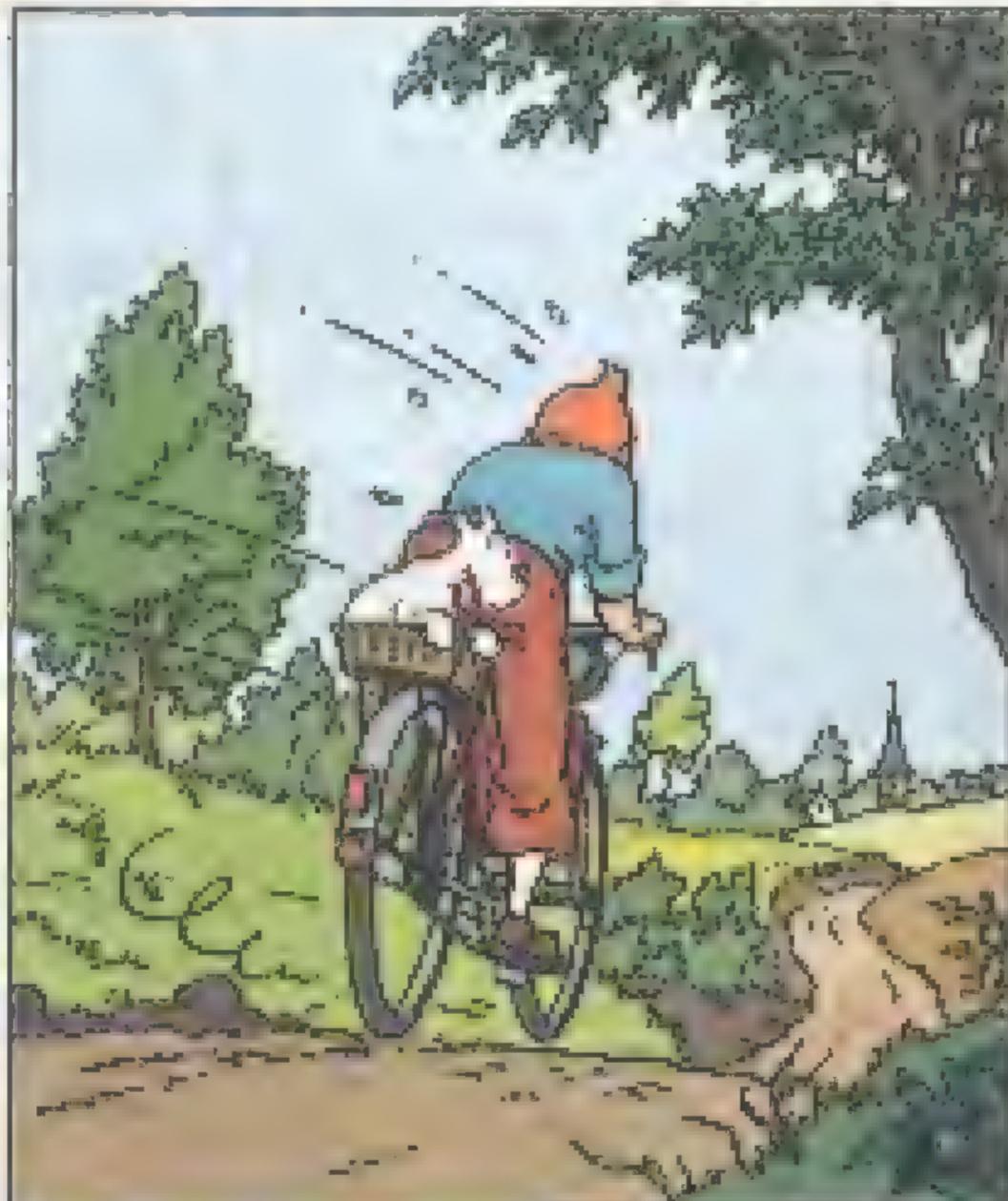
A woodman?... Yes, Charlie Sawyer, in the village... but why?

Thanks!... Oh, I almost forgot... Ring up the Thompsons... Tell them to come here as soon as possible: about the emerald.

About the emerald?... What?...

Later!... And remember to telephone, won't you?

But Tintin, look here...



Half an hour later...

We've only come as a special flavour... er, savour... er, well, so far as we're concerned, there's absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by the gipsies, with the help of their monkey.

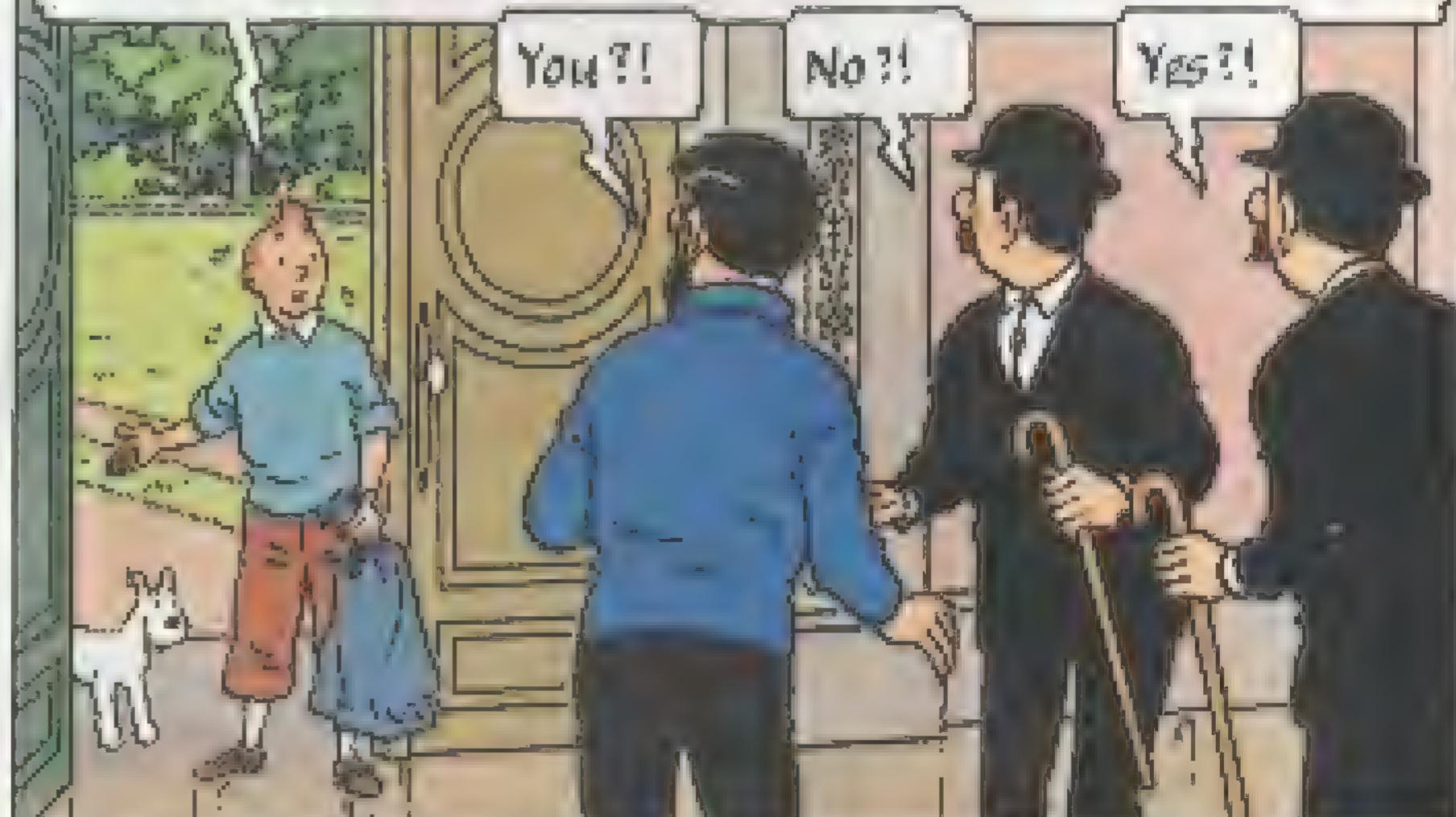


It's as clear as day to us, eh Thompson?

To be precise: dear as clay. That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!

There's only one thing Tintin can tell us: where the emerald is hidden.

And if you'll come with me, gentlemen, I will do precisely that!



You've discovered where the gipsies have hidden the emerald?

The gipsies haven't hidden anything.



Look up there... That's where you'll find the key to the whole mystery!

There?

Up where?

Yes, where up there?



Up there, in that poplar...

That poplar?... All I can see is a nest.



Yes, but it's a magpie's nest, Captain.

What? You mean to say...



That a magpie stole the emerald: yes, I'd bet my life on it.



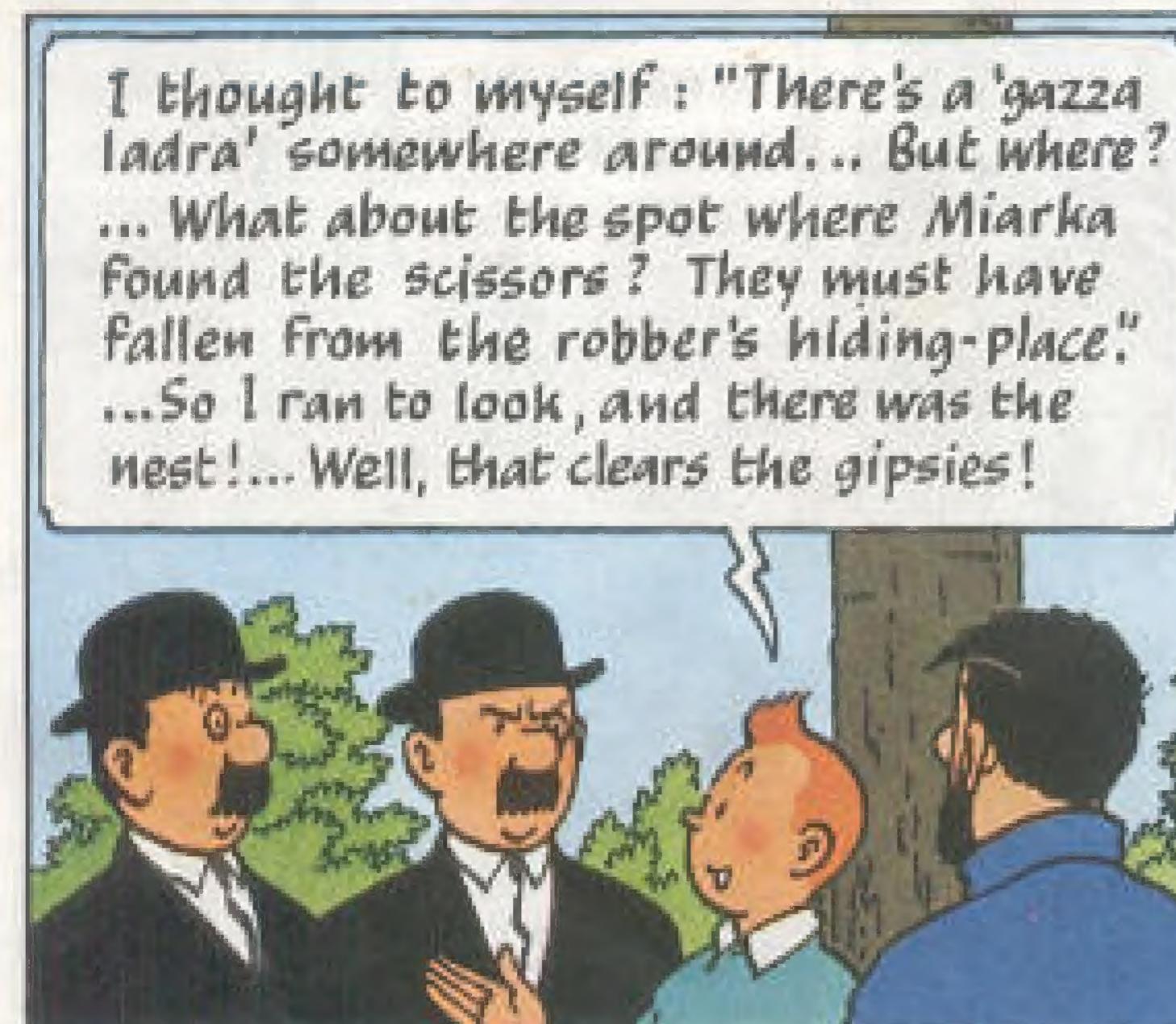
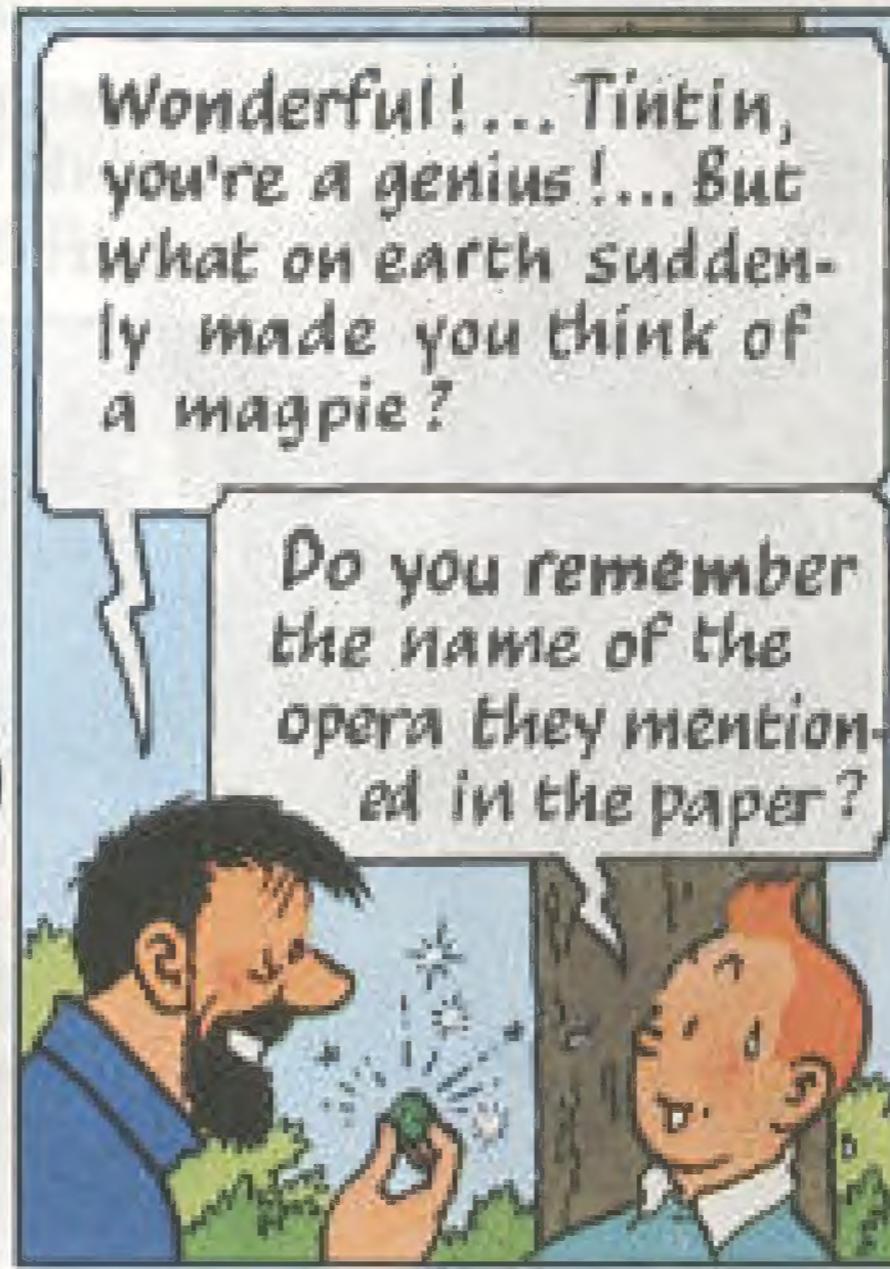
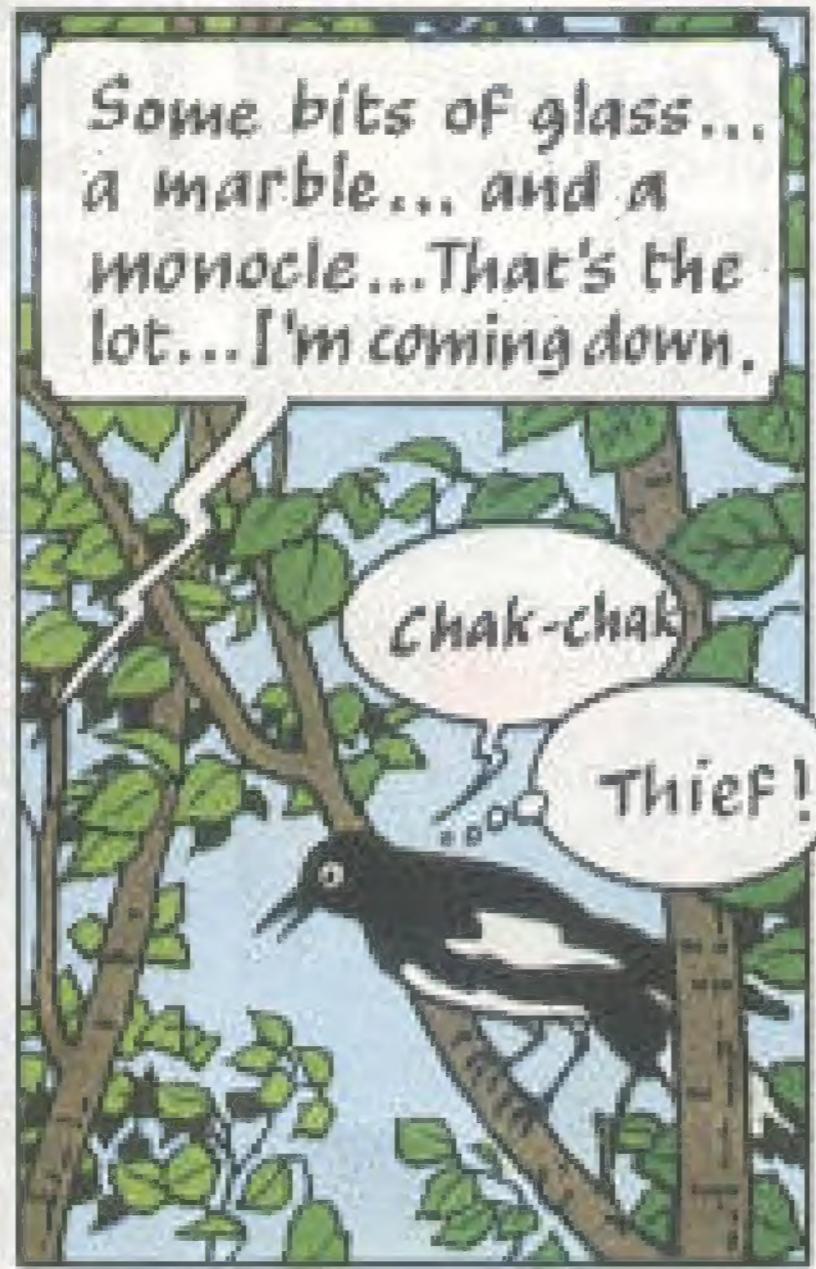
Thundering typhoons! And you borrowed that kit from old man Sawyer to climb up to the nest...

Exactly!





Yes, and how! I've got Irma's thimble...



What are you doing ?

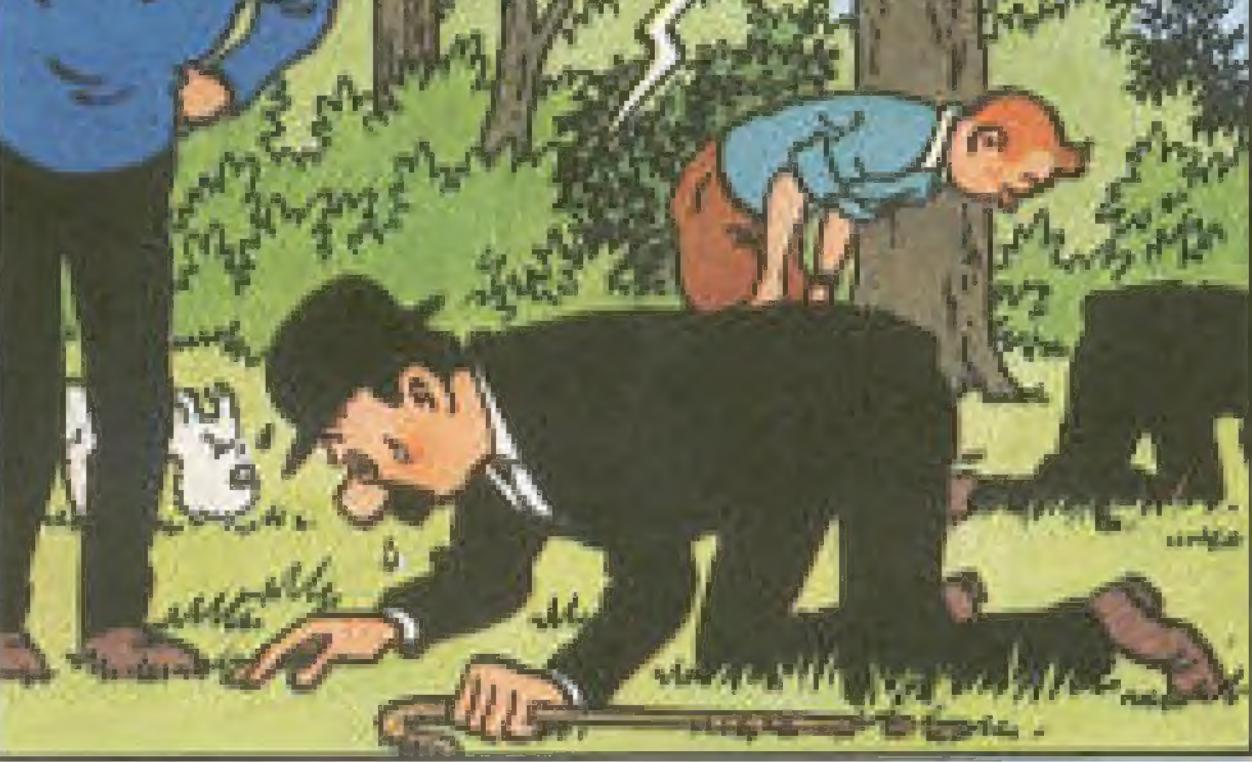
It's...er...it's the... It's the emerald... it fell on the grass... and the grass is green...

As green as grass!

That's rich!... Yes, that's rich!... Oh, it's marvellous!

It could happen to anybody...

Wooah! Wooah! Here's your brandy-ball!



There! And hang on to it, this time!

Trust me!

A few minutes later...

Goodbye, my friends. I'm just off... Is there any message for Signora Castafiore?

Yes, indeed!



Wonderful news! You can tell her that her emerald has been found... by Tintin!

Oh no! I'm flying: it's so much quicker.

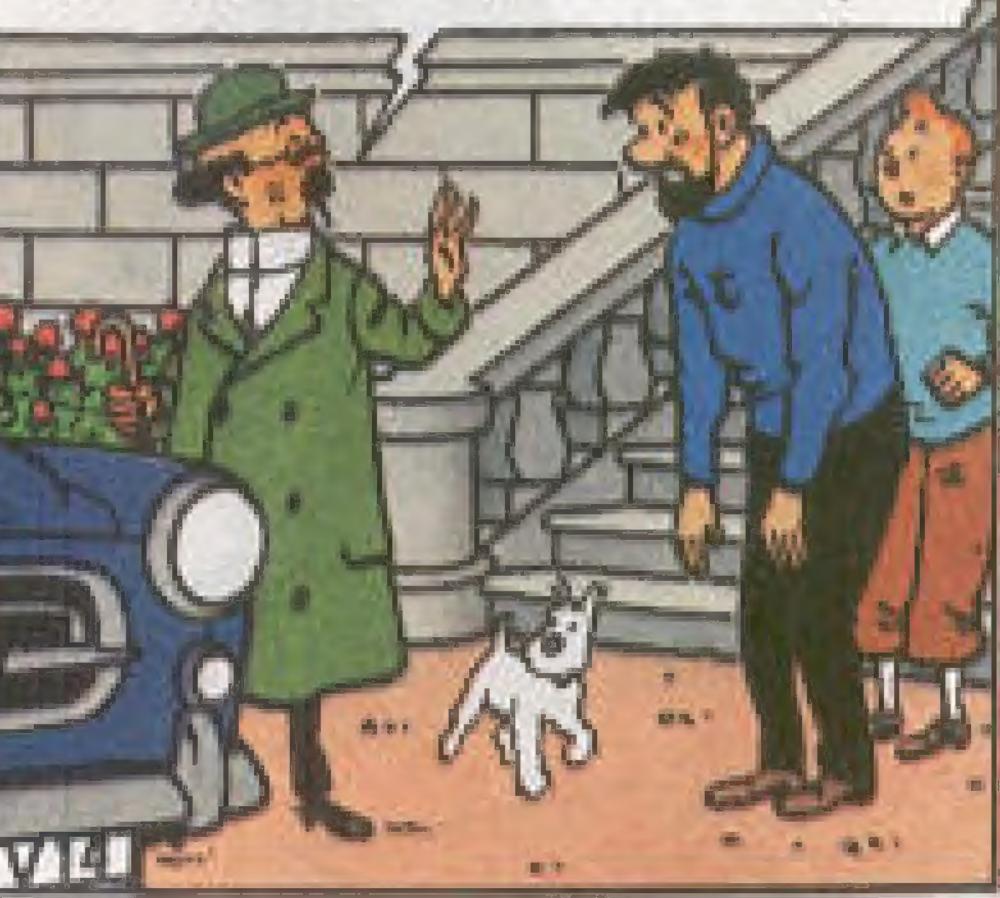


I said the Castafiore emerald has been found! The em-er-ald!

THE EMERALD !!



Certainly not... I never do... I make it a point of honour to declare everything at the customs... Goodbye.



It's all right, Captain... Calm down! All we have to do is to send a telegram to Signora Castafiore.

I won't forget to give her your invitation...



We're off now... taking the mule to Japan... er, making the gruel... faking the jewel... Anyway, goodbye, Captain.

Goodbye! Goodbye!

Goodbye! And thanks for trying to help with the case.



Have you got the emerald?

No, you've got it!

Excuse me, I gave it to you!

You certainly did not!...



Next morning...

What a glorious walk... Not a cloud in the sky! ... Perfect peace! ... Wonderful!...

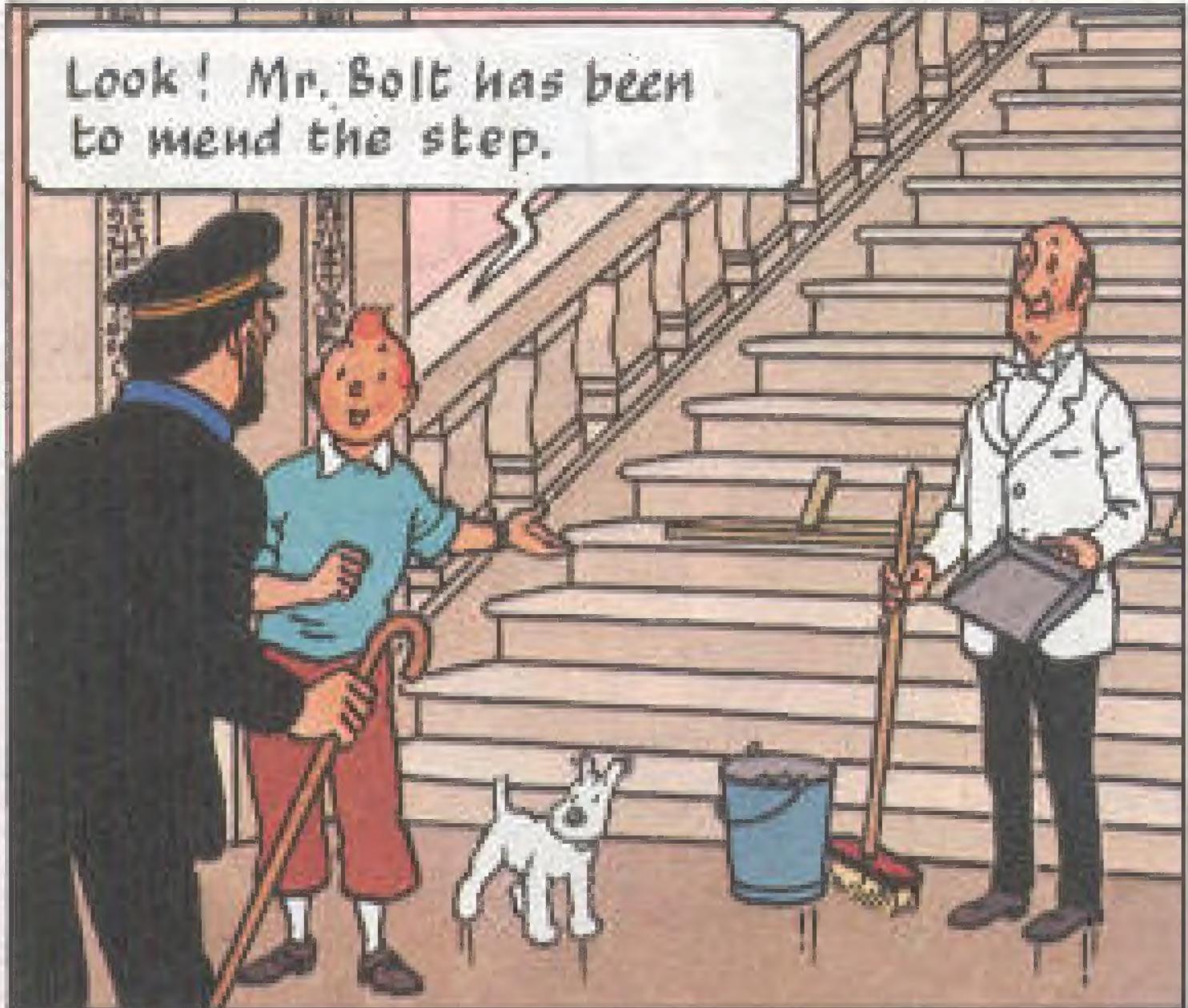


Ah, there you are! Look here!

Why?... What's happened?... Don't tell me SHE's come back!

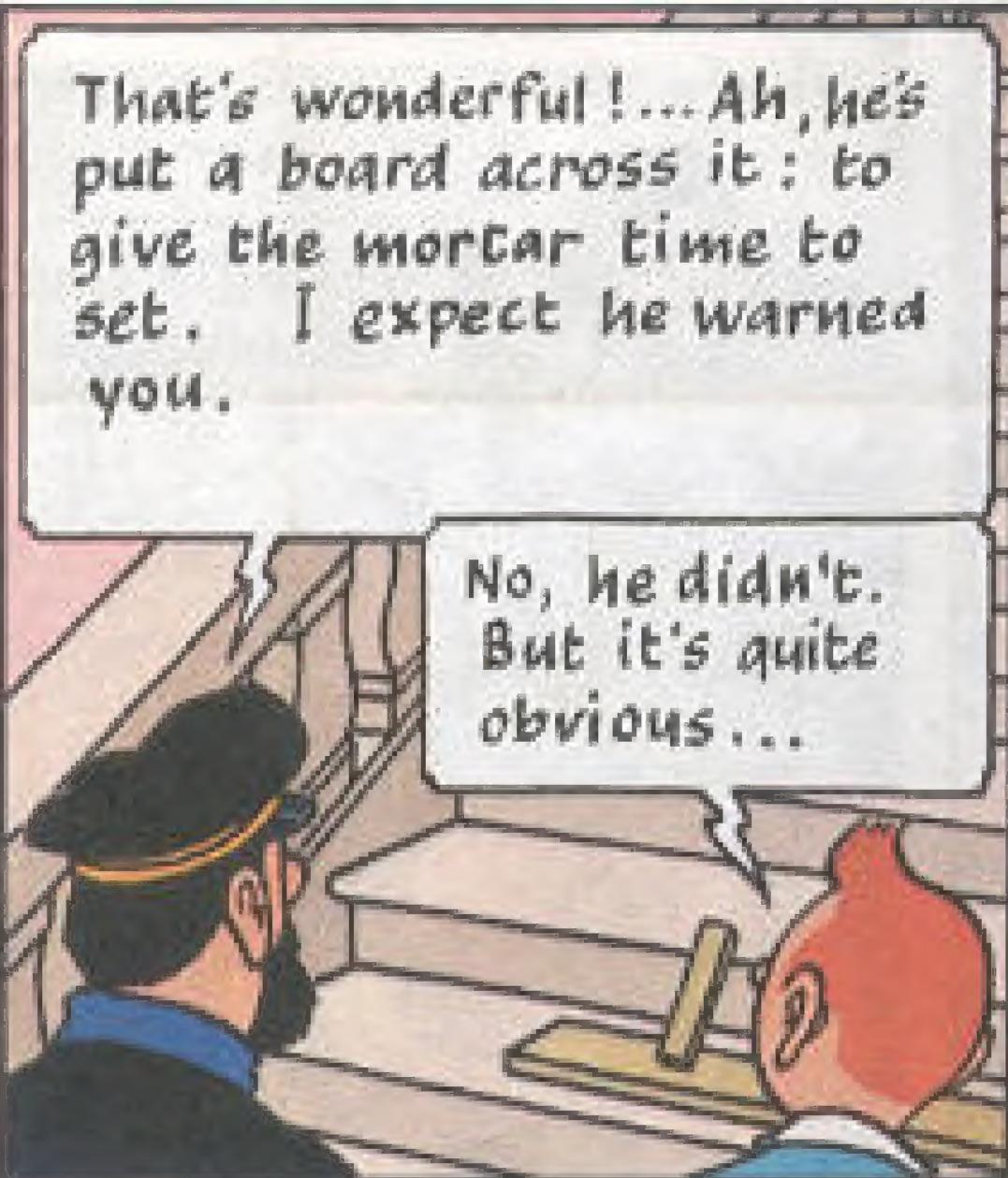


Look ! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful ! ... Ah, he's put a board across it : to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.

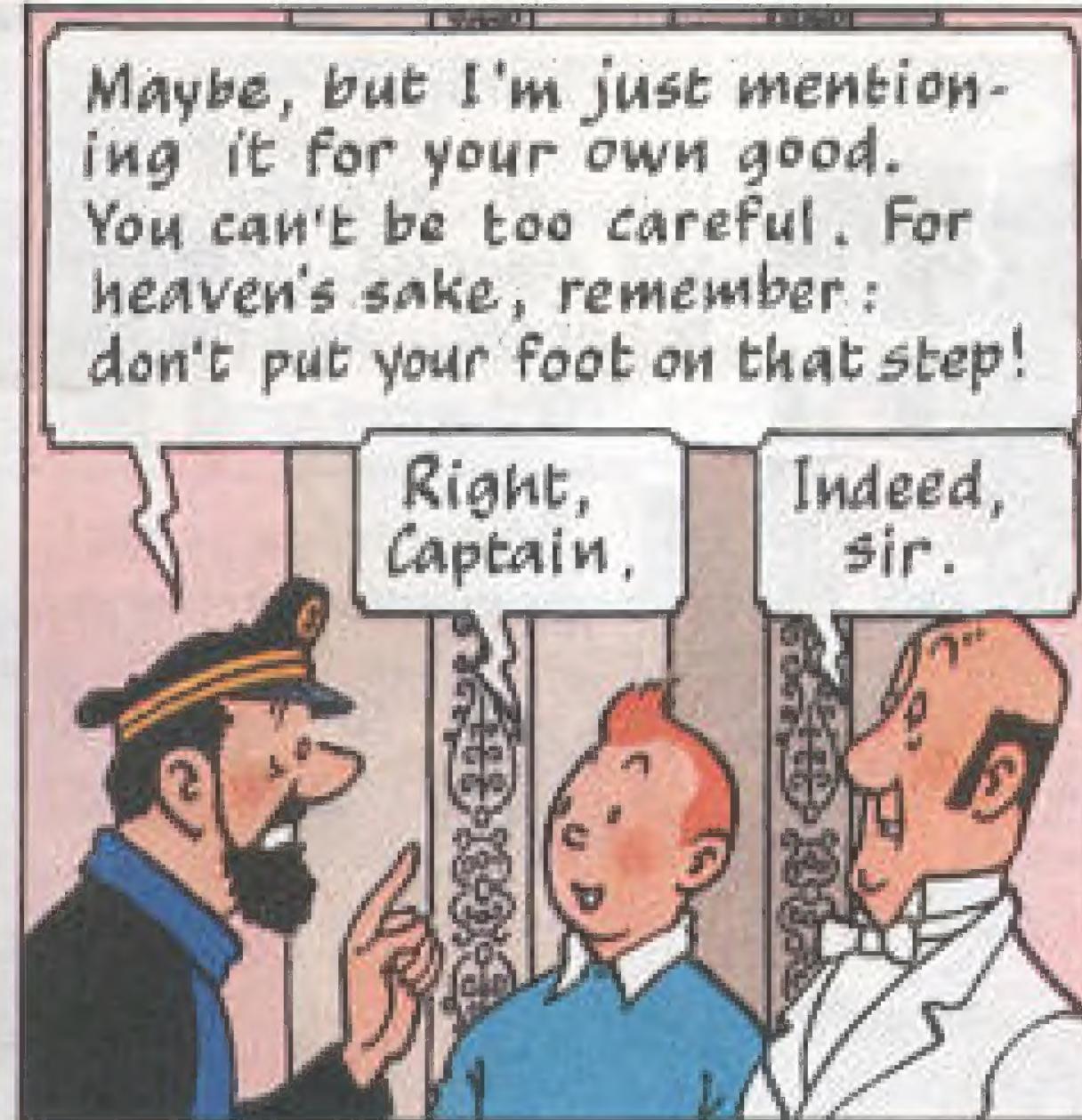
No, he didn't. But it's quite obvious...



Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember : don't put your foot on that step!

Right, Captain.

Indeed, sir.



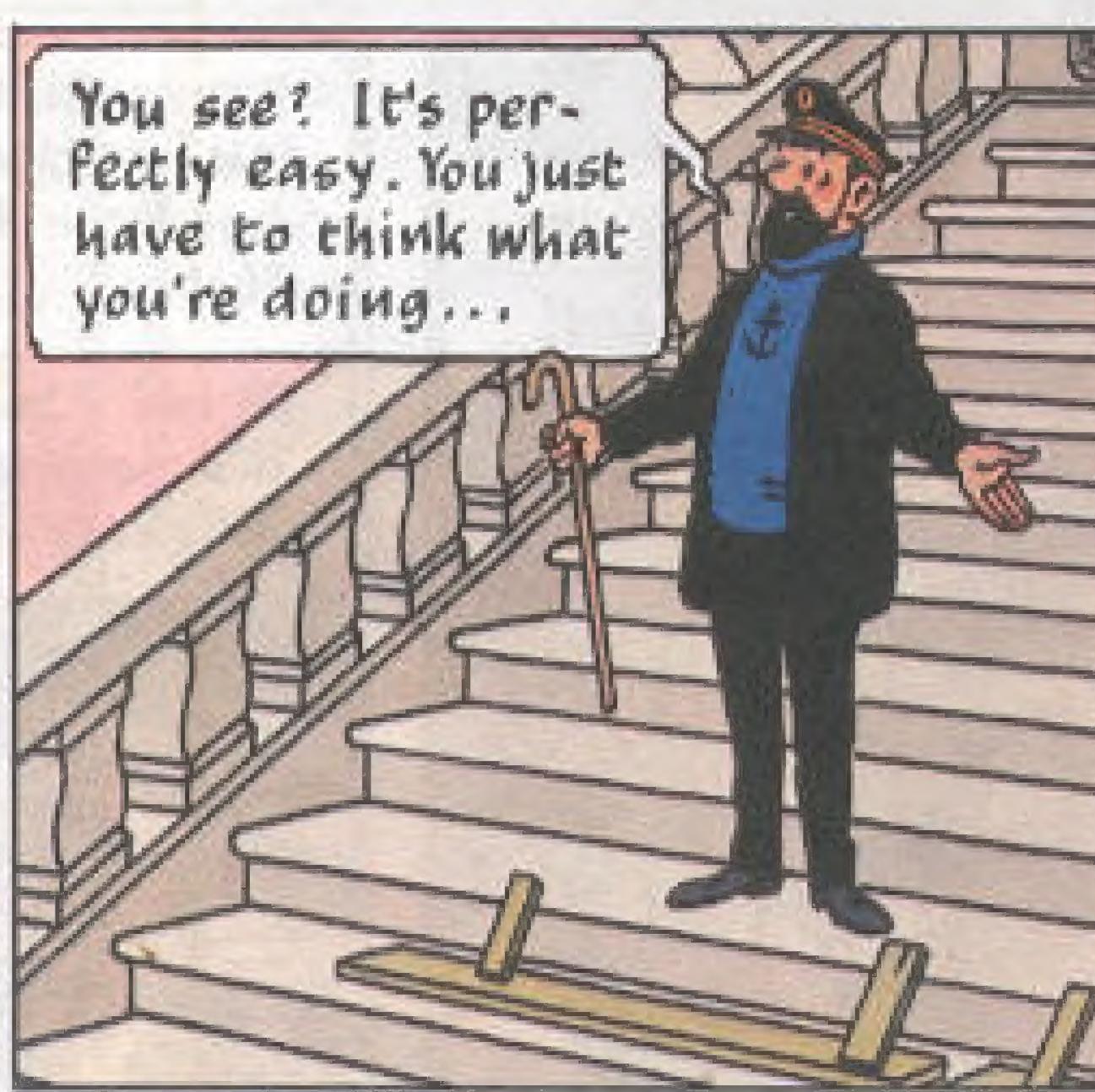
For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand ?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



You see? It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...



DONG!

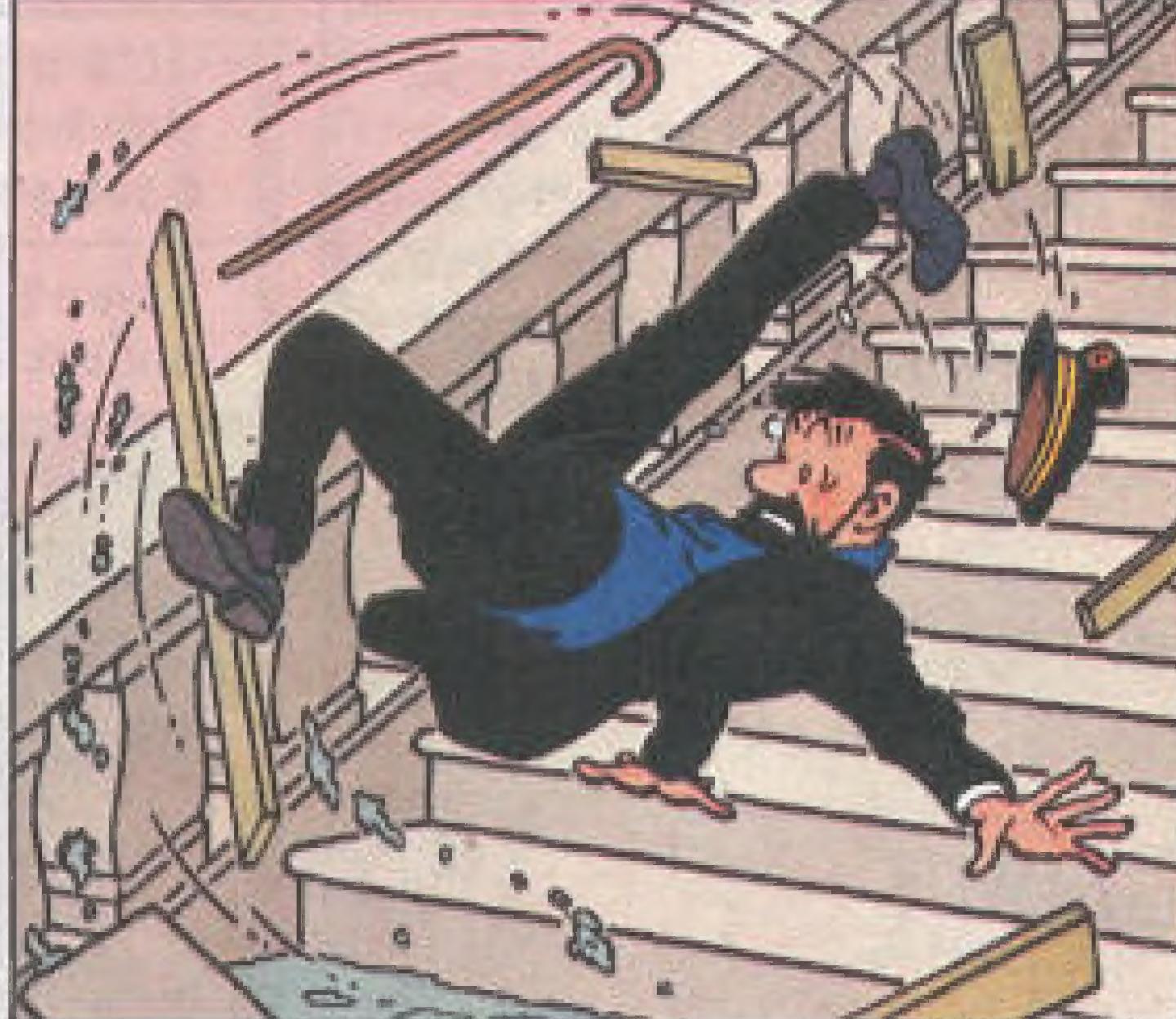
Hello... Who's that?



It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



Ah, Mr. Bolt ! It was nice of you to come ...



TU-WHOO



That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!

